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PREFACE.

IT has long been a practice amongst men of letters, to collect and record the apothegms of distinguished persons. The laconic apothegms, and apothegms of kings, princes, &c. of Plutarch were the most admired by the ancients of all the works of that amiable author. Sparta, indeed, was the native land of fine rapartee, pleasant recounter, and the real salt of jocularity; and the value of publications of this kind is still sufficiently proved by their number. It is in these we enliven our solitary hours, or find relaxation from fatiguing studies. They prepare us for society, by storing our minds with interesting conversation; and by sharpening the useful but difficult talent of raillery. They are pleasant companions in our travels. They make us acquainted with the characters they mention, in as much as each particular anecdote is a kind of mirror, reflecting some mental qualification of the person it describes.

The present volume has certain claims, however, above the common works of this nature. Its materials have been drawn from a great variety of respectable sources; and much caution has been used not to introduce anecdotes common to every collection, or otherwise grown vulgar by repetition.

All indelicacy has been carefully excluded; and while every thing that was ridiculously lofty or contemptibly mean was avoided, much attention was paid to adapt the whole to the taste of general readers. The authenticity of each paragraph was also a matter of prime consideration with the Editor; and he trusts the great number of respectable authorities he has used will greatly enhance the value of his book.

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LORD Herbert of Cherbury was a nobleman of a great and generous disposition, a fine gentleman, full of the spirit of chivalry, but remarkably vain. After prince Charles of Wales had passed through Paris, in disguise, in his way to Madrid, his lordship says: "I acquainted his highness in Spain how much it grieved me that I had not seen his highness when he was in Paris," where his lordship was then ambassador, "which occasioned him afterwards to write a letter to me, wholly with his own hand, and subscribe his name *your friend Charles*, in which he did abundantly satisfie all the unkindness I might conceive on the occasion."

Lord Herbert's Life of Himself.

TOMMY Hull, who is well known to have been the apologist-general at Covent Garden Theatre for about five and twenty years, took it into his head, at the time of the dispute between Keppel and Palliser, to distinguish himself as a lad of liberty. On the night when all London was illuminated on Keppel's acquittal, he undertook, not only to light up his tenement in Martlet-court, Bow-street, but treat the populace with small beer.—

They had drank all but one barrel, which, out of wantonness—because it was rather stale—they left running. The door was now shut, lest some of the liberty boys should take a fancy to the silver spoons. At this they grew clamorous, and bawled out very outrageously for more beer. Tommy—as was his custom—thinking it high time he should now make his appearance—popped his red night-capped-head out of the window, and there was immediately a cry of "hear him—hear him." When he thus begun:—'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to tell you—that the spiggot is out of the faucet, and the small beer is run about the cellar—and we humbly hope for—your usual indulgence.' *Dibdin's Musical Tour, p.* 43.

The following is transcribed from one of bishop Latimer's sermons, preached before Edward VI. It relates to his personal history, and is a just picture of the antient yeomanry.

"My father was a yoman, and had landes of his owne; onlye he had a farm of three or four pound by yere at the uttermost; and hereupon he tilled so much as kepte halfe a dozen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylked thirty kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesse, with hym self, and his horsse, while he came to the place that he should receyve the kynges wages. I can remembre that I buckled hys harnes, when he went into Black Heath felde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not been able to have preached before the kinges majestie nowe. He marryed my sisters with 5 pounde, or 20

nobles a pece; so that he broughte them up in godliness and feare of God. He kepte hospitaltie for his pore neighbours, and sum almes he gave to the poor, and all thys did he of the sayd farme."

THEO. Cibber, in company with three other Bon Vivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach—and while they were going the first stage—after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity—they agreed that at every baiting place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint—and, as the countrymen stood gaping round, when they first alighted, 'od rot it' cried one, 'how that man squints!' 'Why dom thee,' says a second, 'here be another squinting fellow!' The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner, they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea, they were all deaf; but at supper—which was at the Ship at Dover—each man reassumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter—'Here, you fellow, take out my teeth.' "Teeth

sir," said the man. 'Ay, teeth sir. Unscrew that wire, and you'll find they'll all come out together.' After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out 'here you—take out my eye.' "Lord sir," said the waiter, "your eye!" 'Yes, my eye. Come here you stupid dog—pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible.' This done, the third cried out, 'here, you rascal—take off my leg.' This he did with less reluctance, being before apprized that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was however mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying, with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, lying upon the table—cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, 'come here sir—take off my head.' Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils. *Dibdin's Musical Tour, p.* 118.

Lord Bacon informs us that Whitehead, chaplain to Anne Bolen, "was of a blunt stoical nature," and that he came one day to queen Elizabeth, who happened to say to him, "I like thee better, Whitehead, because thou livest unmarried." He answered: "In troth, madam, I like you the worse for the same cause." *Bacon's Apoth. No.* 90, *and Granger's Biog. Hist. v.* 1, *p.* 215.

THE following adventure is copied from the papers of Richard, earl of Cork, and is to be found among the manuscripts of Sir James Ware.

Queen Mary having dealt severely with the protestants in England, about the latter end of her reign signed a commission to take the same course in Ireland, and for that purpose nominated Dr. Cole one of her commissioners. Cole, coming to Chester, on his journey, was waited on by the mayor, and in the magistrate's presence took out of a cloke-bag a leather box, saying to him, " here is a commission that will lash the hereticks of Ireland." The good woman of the house being a protestant and having a brother named John Edmonds of the same persuasion in Dublin, was much troubled at the Doctor's words; but watching her time, while he complimented the mayor down the stairs, she took the commission out of the bag and placed in it a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost, folded in a sheet of paper. The Doctor put up the box without suspicion and next day, October 7th, 1558, sailed to Ireland. Coming to the council, after a suitable speech, he presented the box to the lord deputy, Fitz Walters, who ordered it to be opened, that the secretary might read the commission; but what was the surprise of the lord deputy, the council, and Dr. Cole when the knave of clubs and pack of cards appeared. When Cole assured them he had a commission, but knew not how it was gone, the lord deputy made answer: " Let us have another commission and we will shuffle the cards in the mean while." The Doctor, in great tribulation,

returned to the English court, obtained another commission, but waiting for a fair wind, Mary died, and thus God preserved the protestants of Ireland.

When Fitz Walters related the story to queen Elizabeth, she was so much delighted with it that she sent for Elizabeth Edmonds, and gave her a pension of 40l. for life. *Cox's Hiber. Anglic. v. 2, p. 308. & Harl. Misc. v. 5, p. 518.*

A poet was noticing how sometimes the most trivial and unforeseen accident overturns an author's hopes. 'A thing,' said he, 'once happened to me which was enough to make a man forswear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy—Garrick performed in it—I must confess the principal incident was a little similar to Lear's abdication of the throne in favour of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king—after giving them a lesson, fraught with legislative advantages that might have done honour to Solon or Lycurgus—finished his harangue by saying "and now I divide this crown between you"—Sir, a malicious scoundrel peeping over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick full in the face, cried out—"Ah, that's just half a-crown a-piece." Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and if it had been to save your soul, another syllable could not be heard.' *Dibdin's Musical Tour, p. 317.*

When Mary, queen of Scotland, in the full bloom of her beauty was walking in a procession at Paris, a woman forced her way through the crowd to

touch her. Upon being asked what she meant by her bold intrusion, she said, it was only to satisfy herself whether so angelic a creature were flesh and blood. *Granger's Biog. Hist. v.* 1, *p.* 183.

In the reign of queen Anne, when an ambassador from Peter the great, czar of Muscovy, was arrested and taken out of his coach in London, for a debt of fifty pounds which he had there contracted, instead of applying to be discharged upon his privilege, he gave bail to the action, and the next day complained to the queen. The persons who were concerned in the arrest were examined before the privy council (of which the lord chief justice Holt was at the same time sworn a member) and seventeen were committed to prison: most of whom were prosecuted by information in the court of queen's bench, at the suit of the attorney general, and at their trial before the lord chief justice were convicted of the facts by the jury, reserving the question of law, how far those facts were criminal, to be afterwards argued before the judges, which question was never determined. In the mean time, the czar resented this affront very highly, and demanded that the sheriff of Middlesex and all others concerned in the arrest should be punished with instant death. But the queen (to the amazement of that despotic court) directed her secretary to inform him, "that she could inflict no punishment upon any, the meanest, of her subjects, unless warranted by the law of the land, and therefore was persuaded that he would not insist upon impossibilities." To satisfy

the clamours of the foreign ministers, who made it a common cause, as well as to appease the wrath of Peter, a bill was brought into parliament, and afterwards passed into a law, to prevent and punish such outrageous insolence for the future. And a copy of this act, being elegantly engrossed and illuminated, accompanied by a letter from the queen, an ambassador extraordinary was commissioned to appear at Moscow, who declared "that though her majesty could not inflict such a punishment as was required, because of the defect in that particular of the former established constitutions of her kingdom, yet, with the unanimous consent of the parliament, she had caused a new act to be passed, to serve as a law for the future." This humiliating step was accepted as a full satisfaction by the czar; and the offenders, at his request, were discharged from all farther prosecutions.

Blackstone's Com. v. 1, p. 154.

GARRICK, one day—went into the painting room, and seeing, as he imagined, a prodigious quantity of gold strewed about the floor, began to abuse first the man who was grinding the colours, and afterwards to bawl out lustily for French, the painter. French made his appearance, and was thus accosted. 'Why—why—hey—damme—why you Mr French—is not it—ey—the cursedest thing—that you will in this harum skarum manner—he—a—damme—ruin me!' "God bless my soul," cried French, "what is the matter sir." 'The matter sir—why where are you—with your damned lack-lustre eyes—don't you see the ground

all strewed with gold. I believe you think I roll in money.' "Gold, sir!—oh, what the Dutch metal that we have rubbed off in gilding the new scene?—it is not worth two-pence." 'Well—two-pence—and pray why the devil should I lose two-pence?—do you consider what two-pence a day will come to in a year!' "Well, sir, it is nothing out of your pocket." 'Yes, sir, but—a—yaw—you—are a damned curious sort of a hey—how is it, nothing out of my pocket?' "why you know sir I have a salary for finding all these things." 'Oh—a—hey—a salary!—why then damme if I care two-pence about it.'

Dibdin's Musical Tour, p. 114.

La Croix, now prefect of Bourdeaux, having dislocated his shoulder, the surgeon who set it discovered a mark from a hot iron, inflicted on him as a thief and a forger. This scandalous discovery caused his removal. He is a member of the legion of honour!!! *Les Nouvelles à la Main, Messidor, an. xii. No. 3, p.* 8.

The ear of Diogenes in Syracuse is no less a monument of the ingenuity and magnificence, than of the cruelty of that tyrant. It is a huge cavern cut out of the hard rock, in the form of the human ear. The perpendicular of it is about 80 feet, and the length of this enormous ear is not less than 250. The cavern was said to be so contrived, that every sound made in it, was collected and united into one point, as into a focus; this was called the tympanum; and exactly opposite to it

the tyrant had made a small hole, which communicated with a little apartment where he used to conceal himself. He applied his own ear to this hole, and is said to have heard distinctly every word that was spoken in the cavern below. This apartment was no sooner finished, and a proof of it made, than he put to death all the workmen that had been employed in it. He then confined all he suspected were his enemies; and by overhearing their conversation, judged of their guilt, and condemned and acquitted accordingly. *Brydone's Tour.*

QUEEN Semiramis having caused her own sepulcher to be made, gave orders that this inscription should be engraven upon it. "What king soever hath neede of money, let him demolish this monument, and hee shall finde within it treasure as much as hee desireth." Now Darius having opened the said sepulcher could meet neither with silver nor gold there; but instead thereof he light upon other letters written to this effect: "If thou haddest not beene a wicked man and of insaciable avarice thou wouldest never have stirred and disquieted the graves and monuments of the dead."

Holland's Plutarch, p. 403.

SIR C—— B—— was dining with a party of friends at an inn in C——. It was a day of public rejoicing, and the bells annoyed the party. Sir C—— sent to desire the ringers to desist; they refused; and sir C—— with much sang froid entered the belfry with a hammer and broke the bells.

The churchwardens of the place presented him to the bishop of the diocese, who wrote to sir C—— telling him, he had cited him to the spiritual court for the outrage. He answered his lordship's letter thus: "My lord, I received your letter with surprise, I treat it with contempt; my goods are bespoken, and my person is sacred—I am yours,

C—— B——"

N. B. Sir C—— was in debt and in parliament.

THE Roman emperor Hadrian wrote the following lines on his death bed

Animula, vagula, blandula
Hospesque comes corporis,
Qua nunc abibis in loca,
Palidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

Little, courteous, wandring thing,
Whither wilt thou turn thy wing,
The body's friend and guest?
Pale and naked, cold as clay,
Forgot, alas, thy wonted play,
Where will thou take thy rest?

Gen. Biog.

ON a trial before lord Mansfield, an action was brought to ascertain some privileges concerning the boundaries of two parishes, upon which a great deal of money was spent, to elucidate a question which was not of three-pence consequence to either party. In the course of of the trial, lord Mansfield having taken notice of some strong pointed

observation, which had fallen from one of the witnesses, a farmer, he begged leave to ask him a few questions, merely for information, concerning the customs of overseers, and other officers, who manage the parish money. The farmer with great chearfulness appeared ready to satisfy him, and his lordship said, 'in the course of your evidence I think that you noticed that the parish money was very often improperly applied—now I do not mean to insinuate that you would be likely to misuse it, but as you mentioned that you were once churchwarden, if you have no objection, I should wish to hear what was done with the money at that time. "Why, my lord," said the farmer, "the money was worse applied while I was churchwarden than ever I knew it in my life." 'Indeed!' said his lordship, 'I should be glad to know how.' "Why my lord," said the farmer, "I'll tell you. A gentleman, who had lived some time among us, went into Yorkshire, where he died. In his will he bequeathed about an hundred and twenty pounds to the poor of our parish. We applied for it often, but 'twould not do—the executors and the lawyers, and one or another, were glad enough to keep the money in their hands; for you know, my lord, 'tis an old saying that might can overcome right. Well, we did not know what to do, and I came to your lordship for advice. You were then councellor Murray. I remember my lord, you advised us to file a bill in Chancery. We did so; and, after throwing a great deal of good money after bad, we got, I think they call it, a decree; and such a decree it was that, when all expences were

paid, I reckon we were about an hundred and seventy-five pounds out of pocket. Now, my lord, I leave you to judge whether the parish money was not likely to be worse employed while I was churchwarden, than ever I knew it before."

Dibdin's Musical Tour, p. 240.

BATCHELORS are best friends, best masters, and best servants also, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away, and in truth almost all fugitives are of that description.

Lord Bacon.

DEAN Aldrich's reasons for drinking.

"Si bene quid memini,
causæ sunt quinque bibendi
Hospitis adventus,
præsens situs, atque futura,
Aut vini bonitas,
aut quidlibet altera causa."

If right I think, we're urged to drink
By reasons five:
To treat a friend, thirst off to send,
Or thirst revive;
By wine that's worth applause,
Or any other cause.

THE following proof of the simplicity of madame Bonaparté forms a striking contrast to the character of her husband. When in the autumn of 1797, the directory negociated a loan, and Bonaparté *gave England as security* for its acquittal, madame

Grand wrote to Talleyrand, expressing her uneasiness an account of her jewels and valuables deposited in the Bank of England, and begging him to inform Bonaparté of it. In return she was answered, " that having always her interest at heart more than his own, he had obtained from the directory a separate decree, which exempted her property in England from being included in Bonaparte's pledge, and that it therefore was safe." She was simple enough to shew Talleyrand's answer to several persons, to the great amusement of the fashionable wits. Even Talleyrand himself was entertained by her simplicity. *Memoirs of Talleyrand, v. 2, p. 32.*

" If," says Lorenzo de Medicis, " we esteem those who contribute to the prosperity of the state, we ought to place in the first rank the tutors of our children, whose labours influence posterity, and on whose precepts and exertions the precepts of our family and our country in a great measure depend."

Lord Herbert says: curiosity rather than ambition brought me to court; and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the Presence Chamber, when she passed by to the chappel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopt, and swearing her usual oath demanded who is this? Every body there looked upon me, but no man knew me, 'till sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen

stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter: the queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said it was a pity he was married* so young, and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek.

Lord Herbert's Life of Himself.

When some there were who much praised unto Alexander the Great the plainnesse and homely simplicitie of Antipater, saying that he lived an austere and hard life, without all superfluities and delicious pleasures whatsoever: Well (quoth he) Antipater weares in outward shew his apparell with a plain white welt or guard, but he is within all purple (I warrant you) and as read as scarlet.

Holland's Plut. Mor. 412.

Mr Fell, in his tour through the Batavian Republic, notices the following singular custom with regard to lying-in-women;—"I must not," says he, "omit to mention a practice, which, I believe, is peculiar to Holland. When a woman is brought to bed, a bulletin is daily fixed to her house for a fortnight, or longer, if she continues so ill as to ex-

* He was then "betwixt 18 and 19 years." And at the "age of fifteen" he married Mary the daughter of Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's, and "at the age of one and twenty" he had "divers children"

His Life, written by Himself.

The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself, and published by Horace Walpole, is one of the finest and most interesting memoirs in the English language.

cite the solicitude of her friends, which contains a statement of the health of the mother and the child. This bulletin is fastened to a board ornamented with lace, according to the circumstances of the person lying-in, and serves to answer the enquiries of her friends, and to prevent any unnecessary noise being made near the door of the indisposed person.

In the reign of Peter I. king of Portugal, called the just, a priest having killed a layman was suspended from his office, which coming to the ears of the king, he ordered the man's son, who was a mason, to put the priest to death. He accordingly obeyed his majesty's commands, was seized and brought before him to receive his sentence, when the king turning to his ministers and courtiers said, the ecclesiastical judges suspended the priest from his office, I therefore suspend this mason from his work.* So much was this king beloved by his people, that at his death every one exclaimed, that either he should never have been born, or never have died. *Faria y Sousa's Hist. of Portugal.*

Grimani, after he had been in England about a month, happened—as he was strolling about—to find himself near Billingsgate—Seeing him a foreigner, he was presently hustled about; and in short, the fish-women and watermen determined to give him what they called a complete black-guarding.—Grimani—who scarcely understood a

* It was not uncommon in that age for to suspend a priest from performing his ecclesiastical functions for one year, as a sufficient punishment for such a crime.

word of English—hearing the word damn frequently used—was struck as quick as lightning with an idea that he should conquer them with their own weapons.—He thought he had nothing to do but think of a number of names unknown to the mob—and therefore began—damn Cicero—damn Plutarch—damn Aristotle—damn Demosthenes—damn Plato—damn Anaxagoras—damn Scipio—damn Hannibal—damn, damn Agamemnon—damn, damn Achilles—and thus he went on with extreme volubility, throwing his muscles—which was a pretty easy thing to do—into the most frightful contortions, till at length one of the mob cried out 'damme, come along Jack, we have no chance with this fellow, he blackguards ten times better than any one of us.'

Dibdin's Musical Tour, p. 141.

It was feared, at the court of London, that the king of Spain would join France. I found means to learn, at that time, (October, 1760,) part of a dispatch from the Spanish court, in which M. de Squillaci said, that the king his master would not long remain a quiet spectator of the war; and I communicated this information to my court. Such a disposition, so well ascertained, induced Mr Pitt to propose in the cabinet, that Great Britain should anticipate the measures of the court of Madrid, and commence hostilities. The court of London did not think proper to adopt this advice: he persisted in offering it; but being out-voted in the cabinet, he chose rather to resign his office, than to render himself responsible for the errors of which,

in his opinion, they would be guilty, by delaying a declaration of war against Spain. This circumstance was the actual cause of Mr Pitt's retirement from office.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 1, p. 245.

A Baronet of considerable notoriety addressing himself to lord Thurlow, poured out a torrent of invective and raillery against the clergy, and ended his sublime oration with: "What do you think my lord,—are they not a batch of hypocrites and greedy gluttons." 'All that you have said, Sir F. only proves that clergymen are men. Where they once do violence to good morality, you do it fifty times. But to rail against the clergy is an old stale trick; and they who do not esteem them, don't know them.' *Lyn. Arro. Vill.*

Mr Pitt and the duke of Newcastle frequently differed in opinion; but Mr Pitt always carried his point, in spite of the duke. A curious scene occurred on one of these occasions:—It had been proposed to send admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Conflans. The season was unfavourable, and even dangerous for a fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr Pitt was at this time confined to his bed by the gout; and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season. Scarcely had he entered the chamber when, shivering

with cold, he said: "What! have you no fire?" "No," replied Mr Pitt; "I can never bear a fire when I have the gout." The duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapped up in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room; and the duke, being unable to endure the cold, at length said: "With your leave, I'll warm myself in this other bed;" and without taking off his cloak, he actually stepped into lady Esther Pitt's bed, and then resumed the debate. The duke was entirely against exposing the fleet to hazard in the month of November, and Mr Pitt was as positively determined that it should put to sea. "The fleet must absolutely sail," said Mr Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. "It is impossible," said the duke, making a thousand contortions; "it will certainly be lost." Sir Charles Frederick, of the ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation.

The fleet, however, did put to sea, and Mr Pitt was justified by the event; for admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and the victory was more decisive in favour of the English than any other that was obtained over France during the war.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 1, *p.* 231.

Burton departed this life, at, or very near the time which he had some years before foretold, from

the calculation of his own nativity, and which, says Wood, " being exact, several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves, that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." This may not be true; but it seems obscurely hinted in the following epitaph, written by himself, a short time before his death.

Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus
Hic jacet Democritus junior,
Cui vitam dedit et mortem
Melancholia.
Ob. 8 Id. Jan. A. C. MDCXXXIX.
Burton's Life, prefix'd to Anat. Melan.

The Count de Torre Palma, ambassador for Spain, thought he had discovered, while at the court of Vienna, that his dispatches were intercepted. One day particularly he remarked to his secretary, that such a packet must have been opened; and he was convinced of it a moment afterwards, by finding a dispatch which was not signed, the hand-writing of which his secretary knew to be German and not Spanish, and which he declared was written by one of the clerks in the office of foreign affairs. He even produced some papers that had been given in reply to some of their memorials, which left no doubt of the fact; and they naturally imagined that, in the hurry with which these things were generally done at the offices, the copy of the dispatch had been put into the envelope instead of the original. The ambassador, without loss of time, waited immediately upon the prince

de Kaunitz. He was admitted. "I have to request, sir," said he, "that you will order your clerks to restore my dispatch, of which they have only sent me the copy, and have kept the original." "Sir," replied the prince, without appearing at all embarrassed, "I beg a thousand pardons for the trouble you have had; these careless fellows are making such blunders every day." Then ringing the bell, and calling one of his secretaries: "Go, and fetch the ambassador's dispatch, sir, of which he has only received the copy, and learn not to commit such blunders another time." When the dispatch was produced, "sir," said the prince, as he restored it to him, "I am mortified that their stupidity should have occasioned you so much trouble:" and conducted him very politely to the door, without appearing to attach any importance to the mistake which had produced the visit.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 1, p. 191.

Madame Buonaparte's passion for gambling brought her into many difficulties during her husband's wanderings in the deserts of Africa. She borrowed money as long as she had any credit, which, owing to the disasters near Aboukir, was but a short time. She then pawned all her diamonds, plundered by general Buonaparte in Italy, and presented to her, to the amount of 1,200,000 livres, or 50,000l. Money was then scarce in France, and she got only 150,000 livres, 6000l. upon them. What was her surprise, when her husband usurped the consulate, to receive them back as a present from Talleyrand, who had previously

refused her the loan of a louis-d'or. This crafty intriguer had by his spies advanced the money, with intent to keep those diamonds so cheaply possessed, should the general perish, and to shew his disinterested gallantry in restoring them, should the Corsican ever rule France. The conduct of general Moreau towards her was very different.

Revolutionary Plutarch, 3d edit. v. 1, p. 39.

THE Marquis de Breille and myself were speaking of the avarice of the famous duke of Marlborough; and I told him that I could not believe a story which I had been told, of his having one night, when alone in a room with some person, extinguished one of two candles which were burning "in his chamber. It is nevertheless true," said the Marquis; "I was the person: Prince Eugene had sent me to inform him of some disposition he had made for an attack the next morning. The duke of Marlborough was then asleep, and they awoke him: I was admitted to his bed side; a valet-de-chambre placed two candles upon the night table, and withdrew. At the beginning of the conversation, which seemed as if it would last for some time, the duke, while he was listening to me, and without saying a word, put the extinguisher upon one of the lights, and continued attending to what I had been directed to relate to him."

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 1, p. 176.

ALEXY Bestucheff, grand chancellor of the Russian empire, was the son of a Scottish officer, named Best, whom Peter the Great brought with

him from England. Best, which in the Russian language signifies *beast,* is a horrid term of abuse, when applied to a man or woman; therefore, Peter familiarly told him to change it. " If your majesty does not approve of my name," said the lieutenant, " I beseech you to alter it to your own mind." Well then returned the tzar, " let it be Bestucheff, and thou art a Russian at once."

Life of the Empress Catherine II. *v.* 1, *p.* 67

THE 17th of Februar (1598) the king (James VI.) being in the grate kirk (i. e. St. Giles) of Edinburgh at the ceremone, Mr Patrick Galloway red out likit the forme or manner of the divisione of the four kirkis of Edin. ane quarter of the toune to everie kirke. The said 17th Februar, betwixt 9 and 10 in the morning, ane grate darknes be reasone of eclipes, sick ane darknes hes net beine sene, for the hail pepell within Edin. yat knew quhat it wes, yat it had bene duimsday. Merchantis and utheris yat war ignorent, stekit ther buit doris and ran to the kirke to pray, as gif it it had bene the last day. *Birrel's Diary, p.* 45.

THE following laughable incident that happened at a rehearsal of Coriolanus, while it was preparing for the benefit of Thompson's sisters, is thus related by the celebrated Mrs Bellamy—Mr Quin's pronunciation was of the old school. In this Mr Garrick had made an alteration. The one pronounced the letter *a* open; the other sounded it like an *e;* which occasioned the following ludicrous mistake. In the piece, when the Roman ladies

come in procession to solicit Coriolanus to return to Rome, they are attended by the tribunes; and the centurions of the Volscian army bearing *fasces*, their ensigns of authority, they are ordered by the hero (the part of which was played by Mr Quin) to lower them as a token of respect. But the men who personated the centurions, imagining, through Mr Quin's mode of pronunciation, that he said their *faces*, instead of their *fasces*, all bowed their heads together. *Mrs Bellamy's Life by herself.*

The 10 of Julii, 1598, ane man, sum callit him a juglar, playit sic sowple tricks upone ane tow, qlk wes festinit betwixt the top of St. Gill's kirk steeple, Edinburgh, and an stair beneath the crosse, callit Josias Close Heid, the lyke was never sene in yis countre; as he raid doune the tow and playit sa many pavies. *Birrel's Diary, p.* 47.

In the year 1785, Kien Long liberated, by a public edict, twelve missionaries out of prison, who, being detected in privately seducing the Chinese from the religion and customs of the country, had been condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This edict, of which I procured a copy in Pekin, does great honour to the humane and benevolent mind of the emperor. After stating their crime, apprehension, and trial, he observes, "Had they made known their arrival to the officers of the government, they might have proceeded to the capital and found protection. But, as transgressors of the law, which forbids the entrance of

strangers, they have stolen into the country, and secretly endeavoured to multiply converts to their own way of thinking, it became my duty to oppose a conduct so deceitful, and to put a stop to the progress of seduction. Justly as they were found to deserve the punishment to which they have been condemned, touched, nevertheless, with compassion for their imprudence, it was not without injury to my feelings that I ratified the sentence. But recollecting afterwards that they were strangers—strangers perhaps ignorant of the laws of my empire, my compassion increased for them, and humanity suffers on account of their long confinement. I will, therefore, and command that these twelve strangers be set at liberty."

Barrow's Travels in China, p. 447.

When the fanatics, in the year 1567, came to pull down the cathedral of Glasgow, a gardener, who stood by, said: "My friends, cannot you make it a house for serving your God in your own way? for it would cost your country a great deal to build such another." The fanatics desisted, and it is the only cathedral in Scotland, that remains entire and fit for service. *Earl of Buchan's Life of And. Fletcher.*

A copy of the original letter containing the order issued at the reformation, as given in the Stat. Acc. of Dunkeld, p. 422.

"To our traist friendis the lairds of Arntilly and Kinvaid.

Traist friendis, after maist harty commendacion,

we pray you fail not to pass incontinent to the kirk of Dunkeld, and tak down the hail images thereof, and bring forth to the kirk-zayrd, and burn thaym openly. And sicklyk cast down the alteris, and purge the kirk of all kynd of monuments of idolatyre. And this ze fail not to do, as ze will do us singular empleseur; and so commitis you to the protection of God.

From Edinburgh the xii. of August 1560.

Signed AR. ARGYLL.
JAMES STEWART.
RUTHVEN."

"Fail not, bot ze tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks, nor durris, be ony ways hurt or broken,—eyther glassin wark or iron wark."

KING William III. was passionately fond of hunting; and he made it a point of honour never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A certain Mr Cherry, who was devoted to the exiled family, took occasion of this, to form perhaps the most pardonable design which was ever laid against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost, and took the most desperate leaps, in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous, that the king, when he came to the spot, shook his head and drew back. *Universal Magazine, v.* 10, *p.* 120.

NOVELS may be arranged according to the botanical system of Linnæus.

Monandria Monogynia is the usual class, most

novels having one hero and one heroine. Sir Charles Grandison is Monandria Digynia. Those in which the families of the two lovers are at variance may be called Dicœcious. The Cryptogamia are very numerous, so are the Polygamia. Where the lady is in doubt which to chuse of her lovers, the tale is to be classed under the Icosandria. Where the party hesitates between love and duty, or avarice or ambition, Didynamia. Many are poisonous, few of any use, and far the greater part are annuals. *Athenæum, v. 3, p. 246.*

Ismenias was sent as an ambassador from his country, to the king of Persia. On coming there, he desired an audience on the business of his embassy. The Chiliarch, named Tithraustes, whose office it was to deliver messages to the king, and to introduce those who wished it, said to him in a pleasant manner, by an interpreter, "Theban stranger, it is the Persian law, that every one, who comes into the presence of the king, must prostrate himself on the ground before he be permitted to exchange a word with him. If, therefore, you would have an interview with him yourself, you must do what the law requires; but if not, the business shall be transacted by us, without your prostrating yourself." Ismenias replied, "Conduct me to him." When he came near him, and was presented to the king, pulling off his ring, and letting it fall unperceived at his feet, he instantly threw himself along, as if in act of prostration, took it up again, and preserved the appearance of practising the Persian homage; when, at the same time, he

did nothing that would disgrace him among the Grecians. He thus obtained what he wanted, and all his negociations at Persia succeeded.

Ælian's Various History, p. 209.

THE celebrated Corregio had so so seldom been rewarded during his life, that the paltry payment of ten pistoles of German coin, and which he was obliged to travel as far as Parma to receive, created in his mind a joy so excessive, that it caused his death. The payment to him was made in *quadrini*, a species of copper coin. The joy which the mind of Corregio felt in being the bearer of so large a quantity of money to his wife, prevented him from thinking either of the length of the journey, or of the excessive heat of the day. He walked twelve miles with so much anxiety to reach home, that, immediately on his return, he was seized with a violent pleurisy, of which he died.

Zimmerman on Solitude, p. 29.

THE matrimonial tobacconist of Gretna Green, having bound an old lady, and a youth of "unrazored lips," in the silken bonds of wedlock, observed to a friend, "I have just tied a *withered stick* and a *green twig* together with a *cobweb*."

Morning Chronicle, March 7, 1808.

HE that tries to recommend Shakspeare, by select quotations, will succeed like *the pedant* in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare.

AUGEREAU, the son of a fruit-woman at Paris, has served most of the powers of Europe as a common soldier, and has been flogged in Austria and Prussia for desertion. He was a fencing master at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, in 1789, where he robbed a watch maker, Courvoisier, of a horse and two watches, and then inlisted as a soldier in the Neapolitan service, where he gave lessons as a fencing-master; he again deserted, and became first a French spy, and afterwards a French general. At Verona and Venice, he plundered upwards of six millions of livres: he is, in private, remarkable for his presumption and vanity; his boasts deprive all other commanders of their merit, and the ostentatious decorations of his person, with rings and jewels, form a ridiculous contrast with his ignorance in conversation, and the gross vulgarity of his manners. *Recueil d' Anecdotes*, page 360.

Revolutionary Plutarch, p. 125.

ON the anniversary of the king's birth-day, lord Tavistock invited the few English gentlemen, who were then at Paris, to dine with him, in honour of the day. I was of the party; not one of which was known to me, except those with whom I had travelled to Paris. I sat between lord Berkeley, who was going to Turin, and the famous Sterne, author of Tristram Shandy, who was considered as the Rabelais of England. We were very jovial during dinner; and drank, in the English manner, the toasts of the day. The conversation turned upon Turin, which several of the company were on the point of visiting: upon which Mr Sterne, ad-

dressing himself to me, asked me if I knew Mr D***, naming me. I replied, " Yes very intimately." The whole company began to laugh; and Sterne, who did not suppose me so near him, imagined that this Mr D*** must be a very singular character, since the mention of the name alone excited merriment. " Is not he rather a strange fellow?" added he, immediately. " Yes," replied I, " an original."—" I thought so," continued he; " I have heard him spoken of:" and then he began to draw a picture of me, the truth of which I pretended to acknowledge; while Sterne, seeing that the subject amused the company, invented from his fertile imagination many stories, which he related in his way, to the great diversion of us all. I was the first who withdrew; and I had scarcely left the house, when they told him who I was: they persuaded him that I had restrained myself at the time from respect to lord Tavistock; but that I was not to be offended with impunity, adding that he might expect to see me on the next day, to demand satisfaction for the improper language which he had used concerning me. Indeed he thought he had carried his raillery too far, for he was a little merry: he therefore came the following morning to see me, and to beg pardon for any thing that he might have said to offend me; excusing himself by that circumstance, and by the great desire he had to amuse the company, who had appeared so merrily disposed from the moment he first mentioned my name. I stopped him short at once, by assuring him that I was as much amused at his mistake as any of the party; that he

had said nothing which could offend me; and that, if he had known the man he had spoken of as well as I did, he might have said much worse things of him. He was delighted with my answer, requested my friendship, and went away highly pleased with me. *Dutens' Memoirs, v. 2, p. 5.*

An affray happened in Macao a few years ago, in which a Chinese was killed by the Portuguese. A peremptory demand was made for one of the latter, to expiate the death of the former. The government of this place, either unable or unwilling to fix on the delinquent, proposed terms of compromise, which were rejected, and force was threatened to be used. There happened to be a merchant from Manilla then residing at Macao, a man of excellent character, who had long carried on a commerce between the two ports. This unfortunate man was selected to be the innocent victim to appease the rigour of Chinese justice, and he was immediately strangled.

Barrow's Travels in China, p. 368.

In the distracted state of Fleetwood's management at Drury Lane, in 1743, tho' he had the advantage of Garrick's powers, as an actor, bailiffs were often in possession of the theatre; and the properties, clothes, and other stage ornaments of the comedians, were sometimes seized upon by these low implements of the law. Many ridiculous contests and foolish squabbles between the actors and these licensed harpies might here be recorded for the reader's amusement; I shall content myself

with relating one of them. The hat of king Richard III., by being adorned with jewels of paste, feathers, and other ornaments, seemed to the sheriff's officers, a prey worthy of their seizure; but honest Davy, Mr Garrick's Welch servant, told them, they did not know what they were about; "For, look you," said Davy, "that hat belongs to the king." The fellows imagining that what was meant of Richard III. was spoken of George II., resigned their prey, though with some reluctance.

Davies' Life of Garrick. v. 1, *p.* 71.

BUONAPARTE: "His library is fitted up in the English taste, and rather plain than otherwise; it is decorated with marble busts of great men, among which you find those of the late regretted Mr Fox, and the immortal Nelson. The emperor had a great personal esteem for Mr Fox, and treated him, while that illustrious patriot remained in Paris, with the most conciliating attention. I am told that he has remarked that Mr Fox was to Great Britain, what Cassandra was to the Trajans, always telling truths, but, unfortunately, never believed.

I carried my curiosity so far, as to take measures to learn what books this extraordinary character was fond of perusing, and found that Ossian's Poems, (well translated into Italian,) the works of Newton and Leibnitz; Smith, on the Wealth of Nations; the works of Montesquieu; Tacitus, Guiccardini, &c. formed the leading articles with which he amused or informed himself in his leisure hours; if such an active mind can be supposed to have any leisure.

To indulge the curiosity of those natives and foreigners, whose rank and talents do not entitle them to an introduction at court, he takes an airing every Sunday evening in the gardens of St. Cloud, with the empress, the imperial family, and his marshals: I have observed that his attendant mameluke is uniformly behind his person; and I was told that he sleeps at the entrance of his apartment, or tent, when he is on duty from the capital." *View of Modern Paris—M. Mag. v. 25, p. 105.*

A lady invited a gentleman to her house one evening, and being there, he very obligingly carved for all the company. Seeing him do nothing else, the lady at length asked him why he did not eat? 'That, madam,' said he, 'is not my office, you only invited me to carve.' The lady's note was produced, and instead of *Monsieur est invité de venir souper*, the words were *Monsieur est invité de venir couper*. The c with a cidilla, ç, has the sound of s; this occasioned the lady's mistake.

Mr Holcroft observes, in England such a joke would have been an affront, never to be forgiven. In France it was something to laugh at, and it is polite never to take offence at a joke. The rule is excellent, and highly deserves imitation.

Holcroft's Travels.

Philip gained a great victory over the Athenians, at Chæronea; but, though exalted by success, he, at the same time, governed his mind and refrained from every thing insolent or injurious.

On this account, he thought that one of his attendants should be accustomed to remind him that he was a man. He assigned this office to a youth; and it is reported, that he neither left his apartment, nor permitted any one to have access to him, before the page every day came and had accosted him three times with this proclamation:—" Philip, thou art a man."

Ælian's Various History, p. 208.

Major Bernardi, in his Life written by Himself, informs us that after king Charles, in his escape, arrived at the late sir Geo Norton's house, near Bristol, he went into the kitchen, by the advice of his supposed mistress, the better to conceal himself: and that, as he was " standing by the fire-side, near the jack, the cook-maid desired him to wind it up; and he fumbling until the spit stood still, the maid struck him, and calling him black blockhead, asked where the devil he had lived, that he had not learned to wind up a jack? The king modestly answered her with a blush, that he was a poor tradesman's son, and had not been long in his lady's service." *Bernard's Life, p.* 6.

The Roman pandects will furnish us with a piece of history not inapplicable to our present purpose, says sir William Blackstone speaking of the utility of a knowledge of the law to the members of the house of lords. Servius Sulpicius, a gentleman of the patrician order, and a celebrated orator, had occasion to take the opinion of Quintus Mutius Scævola, the then oracle of the Roman

law, but for want of some knowledge in that science, could not so much as understand even the technical terms, which his friend was obliged to make use of. Upon which Mutius Scævola could not forbear to upbraid him with this memorable reproof, 'That it was a shame for a patrician, a nobleman, and an orator of causes, to be ignorant of that law in which he was so peculiarly concerned.' This reproach made so deep an impression on Sulpicius, that he immediately applied himself to the study of the law; wherein he arrived to that proficiency, that he left behind him about an hundred and fourscore volumes of his own composing upon the subject; and became, in the opinion of Cicero, a much more complete lawyer than even Mutius Scævola himself.

Blackstone's Commentaries, v. 1, p. 11.

Thomas Killegrew was page of honour to Charles I. and gentleman of the bed chamber to Charles II. and who, in 1651, appointed him his resident at Venice. He was a man of wit and humour, and frequently entertained the king with his drollery. As Charles was wholly engrossed by his pleasures, and was frequently in his mistress' apartment when he should have been at the council-board, Killegrew used the following expedient to admonish him of his extreme negligence in regard to the affairs of the kingdom. He dressed himself in a pilgrim's habit, went into the king's chambers, and told him that he hated himself and the world, that he was resolved immediately to leave it, and was then entering upon a pilgrimage to hell. The

king asked him what he purposed to do there. He said, "to speak to the devil to send Oliver Cromwell to take care of the English government, as he had observed, with regret, that his successor was always employed in other business."

Granger's Biog. Hist. v. 3. p. 414.

In Malabar, a stranger might easily form a false notion of the cause of so much grief, as the wives exhibit there, on the death of their husbands, if he were not previously told that it is customary to burn both parties, the living and the dead, on the same pile. An epigram, written by a friend of mine, will put this instance in a clearer light.

EPIGRAM

On a woman of Malabar weeping excessively at the loss of her husband.

Stranger.

Sure never with affliction more sincere,
Did widow heave a sigh, or shed a tear.

Man of Malabar.

'Tis true, but think not parting grieves her so:
They must not part; and hence her sorrows flow.

This asiatic custom has one great merit: it ensures the wife's *tenderest care of her husband's health* while he lives, and the most *unfeigned* grief at his death.

Old Nick, a satyrical story, v. 1, p. 33.

The artist, David, was educated at Rome, in the French academy of painting, at the expence of the king of France, by the recommendation of the unfortunate queen Maria-Antoinette. In return

for this generosity of his benevolent sovereign, he, from the beginning of the revolution, joined the standard of rebellion, and became one of the most violent of the revolutionary fanatics. He was called the pillar of the jacobin club; in which, in November 1791, he proposed to draw the likenesses of two thousand of the principal aristocrats, that is to say, loyal subjects, and to send copies of them to the forty thousand municipalities in France, with orders to hang on the *lantern, without a trial,* the originals, wherever they should appear. At the head of these aristocrats were the king's brothers, sister, and the other members of the royal family.

On the 2d of September, 1792, when republican assassins were butchering the prisoners at the prison called La Force, the national deputy, Reboul, observed David calmly drawing a picture of the dying, as they were heaped up on the pile of the already murdered: when asked what he was doing there, he answered, with *sang froid, "I am catching the last emotion of nature in those scoundrels;"* and when reproached for his barbarity, he said, with a laughing indifference, *"If I love blood, it is, doubtless, because nature has given me this disposition."* In his cabinet David shews to his friends drawings of thirty-two mutilated heads, with the mangled and disfigured countenances of persons who perished on that day.

Revolutionary Plutarch, v. 1, p. 370.

In 1559, people of all ranks were married at the church door. When Elizabeth of France,

daughter of Henry II. married Philip the II. king of Spain, Eustache de Bellay, bishop of Paris, performed the celebration of the nuptials, at the church door of Notre Dame. Apparently it was then thought indecent to grant permission in the church itself for a man and woman to go to bed together.

Formerly the bride and bridegroom were not allowed to go to bed until it had been blessed. It was a little additional perquisite for the priest.

The priests of Picardy were very troublesome. They pretended the newly married could not, without their permission, sleep together for the first three nights after nuptials. An *arrêt* appeared March 19th, 1409, prohibiting the bishop of Amiens and the curates of that town, from exacting any more money from new married people on that pretence, and it further decreed, that the said inhabitants might so sleep, each with his bride, without permission from the bishop or his officers.

Saint Foix.

Bohemia abounds in corn, and has also some considerable forests; but what surpasses all belief, and is nevertheless very true, is the prodigious quantity of game of all sorts, which abounds in that kingdom. The prince Colloredo gave me an account of a hunting party which the emperor Francis I. made in the year 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the princes Charlotte de Lorraine was one of them. The chace lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of

game and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 77 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9,499 pheasants, 114 larks. The emperor fired 9,788 shots, and the princes Charlotte 9,010: in all, there were 116,209 shots fired.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 2, p. 239.

Immediately before lord Russel was conveyed to the scaffold, he wound up his watch, saying with a smile, "Now I have done with time, and must henceforth think solely of eternity."

Lady Rachael Russel's Letters, pref. xlv.

In the year 1590, the king of Spain sent forces to take possession of Bretagne, a province of France, pretending a title to it for himself; and some of the English courtiers advised queen Elizabeth not to concern herself any further in the affairs of that kingdom, to her great impoverishing, and no advantage, telling her, Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, used to say, "It would be better for all the neighbour nations to have France under twenty kings than one:" to which she as stoutly replied, "The evening of the last day the crown of France should see, would be fatal to England."

Bohun's Charac. of queen Eliz. p. 210, anno 1693.

Diogenes ordered himself to be thrown any where without burying. "What," said his friends, "to the birds and beasts!" "By no means," cried he, "place my staff near me, that I may drive them away." "How can you do that," they re-

plied, "Since you will not perceive them?" "How am I concerned then," added he, "in being torn by those animals, if I feel nothing of it?"

Cicero Tusc. Quæst. lib. 1, § 43.

When the Parisians first saw the Opera-house of the *Palais-Royal* burning, they were afflicted deeply. But to shew they loved lively emotions, our author quotes the following from the *Curiosités de Paris.*

"The next morning the people regarded the ravages of the fire with consternation, when a cart loaded with dresses that had escaped the flames passed the square before the palace. A fellow who was in it thought proper to place a helmet, which he found near him, on his head, and throw a royal mantle over his shoulders. Erect in his car, like a conquerer making his public entry, he soon drew the attention of the people, whose sorrow soon changed into peals of laughter. Such is the sorrow of the French. A few days afterwards there were dresses *couleur de fue d'Opera.* Several persons perished by this fire, which continued burning eight days." *Holcroft's Travels.*

We are informed, that the original of the following curious note is still in the possession of Dr. Wolcot:—

"I promise to paint, for Dr. Wolcot, any picture or pictures he may demand, as long as I live; otherwise I desire the world will consider me as a d—d ungrateful son of a b—h.

John Opie."

This is a curious document, and serves to shew the opinion entertained by Opie, of the services rendered him by the doctor. Nor does it appear that he ever swerved from this voluntary obligation: but the reader will smile when he hears that he always made his friend pay 1s. 6d. for the canvas. Such are the eccentricities of men of genius!

Mr Opie had not been long in London before his talents rendered him conspicuous. Through the recommendation of Dr. Wolcot, his pictures were shewn to Mrs Boscawen, and by this lady he was introduced to the late Mrs Delancy. It was she that procured to our artist the royal notice. Having contrived an opportunity for the royal family to see his '*Old Beggar Man*,' the painter of that picture was soon afterwards honoured with a command to repair to Buckingham house. Opie's account of this affair was given, on his return, in a characteristical manner to the doctor, who has often been heard to relate it with great humour.

"There was Mr West," said John, "in the room, and another gentleman. First, her Majesty came in; and I made a sad mistake in respect to her, till I saw her face, and discovered by her features that she was the queen. In a few minutes afterwards his M—y came hopping in; I suppose," says John, "because he did not wish to frighten me. He looked at the pictures, and liked them; but he whispered to Mr West,—'tell the young man I can only pay a gentleman's price for them.' The one he bought was that of '*A Man struck blind by Lightning*;' the price given was 10l.;

and with this John returned to the doctor full of spirits. His friend, when he heard the story, told him,—"Why, John, thou hast only got eight pounds for thy picture." "Indeed but I have tho'," cried John; "for I have got the ten pounds safe in my pocket." At this he shewed him the money.—"Aye," rejoined the doctor, "but dost thou know that his M——y has got the frame for nothing, and that was worth two pounds." "D—n it, so he has," cried John: "I'll go back and *knack* at the door, and ask for the frame; d—n it, I will." He was about to proceed, but was dissuaded from it by his friend.

The consequence, however, of this royal interview was, that he immediately became popular.

Universal Magazine, v. 7, p. 492.

An emperor of China, making a progress, discovered a family in which the master with his wives, children, grandchildren, daughters-in-law, and servants, all lived in peace and harmony. The emperor admiring this, inquired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons. The man, taking out a pencil, wrote only these three words:—*Patience, patience, patience.* *Monthly Mag. v. 12, p. 527.*

Perillo, a goldsmith, by way of paying court to Phalaris the tyrant, made him a present of a brazen bull, of admirable workmanship; hollow within, and so contrived, that the voice of a person shut up in it sounded exactly like the bellowing of a real bull. The artist pointed out to the tyrant

what an admirable effect this must produce, were he only to shut up a few criminals in it, and make a fire under them.—Phalaris, struck with so horrid an idea, and perhaps curious to try the experiment, told the goldsmith that he himself was the only person worthy of imitating the bull: that he must have studied the note that made it roar to the greatest advantage, and that it would be unjust to deprive him of any part of the honour of his invention. Upon which he ordered the goldsmith to be shut up, and made a great fire around the bull; which immediately began to roar, to the admiration and delight of all Agrigentum. *Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta, v. 2, p. 22.*

METAPHYSICAL writers, says Voltaire, are like minuet-dancers; who being dressed to the greatest advantage, make a couple of bows, move through the room in the finest attitudes, display all their graces, are in continual motion without advancing a step, and finish at the identical point from which they set out. *Moore's View of Society and Manners in France, v. 1, p. 251.*

THE following relation I had from my lady Russell, in Southampton house, (now Bedford house) where the accident happened.

"As I was sitting in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, a hissing fire ran on the floor, and after a short time left some paper in a flame, which, with my foot, I put into the chimney, to prevent mischief; then sat down in the dark to

consider whence this event could come. I knew my door and windows were fast, and there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney; and that something should come down there and strike my candle off the table in that strange manner, I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself to no purpose, I rang my bell; the servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged my pardon for having by mistake given me a mould candle with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport among the fellow-servants on the rejoicing day."

Her ladyship bid him not be troubled about the matter, for she had no other concern about it than that of not finding out the cause.

THOMAS SELLWOOD.

Lady Rachael Russell's Letters, p. 216.

GENERAL PESCHLIN has been surnamed the Wilkes of Sweden. But he resembled Wilkes more in his venality than in his talents. M. de Vergennes said of that general, that he had no other defect than that of preferring imperials to louis-d'ors. It was observed by a well known scholar, on seeing the epitaph designed by Wilkes for himself, "A friend to liberty," that he was happy to see him grateful, for liberty had certainly been a great friend to him.

Life of Catharine II. *v.* 2, *p.* 456.

LORD O—— was an imperious rough man, and had the misfortune to be deaf. As he was sleeping one day on the road in his post-chaise, he was

stopped by a robber on horseback, who awoke him. "What do you want?" said lord O——, angrily. "Money, my lord." What money? Are you a robber? Are you the rascal who has just awoke me so suddenly?" Come, be quick!" said the other, "I have no time to lose; I must have your purse." "My purse!" exclaimed lord O——, "indeed you shall not; really you carry on a fine trade." He then pulled out his purse, which was full; and with his finger and thumb deliberately took out two or three guineas, which he gave to the robber, saying: "There, that is enough for a scoundrel like you: I hope to see you hanged some of these days." The robber was enraged to observe the indifference of lord O——; who put up his purse, calling the man all the time rascal and scoundrel, and repeating that he hoped to see him hanged soon: but was so much awed by his manner, that he did not dare to insist in his demand of the purse, though he had a pistol in his hand to enforce it. This man's name was Boulter, and he was hung some time after (in 1778.) His fate excited pity, because he had shewn several traits of humanity, which however are not rare among that class of men in England.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 2, p. 41.

THE invention of gunpowder in Europe, is usually attributed to one Schwartz, a German Monk, about the year 1354, which, however, is very doubtful, as there is every reason to believe that cannon was made use of at the battle of Cressy, which happened in the year 1346. And Mariana,

in his account of the siege of Algeziras by the Spaniards, in the 1342, or 1343, as quoted by Bishop Watson, observes, " that the Moors very much annoyed the christians with their iron shot;" and he further adds, that " this is the first mention made in history of the use of gunpowder and ball." It is therefore extremely probable, that the first introduction of gunpowder into Europe was by some Mahomedans from the eastward, and that Schwartz was not the inventor, although he might perhaps have been the first publisher of the discovery.

Barrow's travels in China, p. 301.

Dr. Fuller informs us, that when Alabaster's latin tragedy of Roxana was acted at Trinity College, in Cambridge, the last words " sequar, sequar" were so " hideously pronounced," that a gentlewoman present fell distracted, and never afterwards recovered her senses.

" *Worthies*" *in Suffolk, p.* 70.

The following is a conversation of Socrates with Alcibiades. The latter, when young, was greatly disheartened and distressed with the thoughts of addressing an assembly of the people. Socrates encouraged him and raised his spirits. " Don't you despise," says he, " that leather-cutter?" pointing to one by name. Alcibiades replied, " Yes." Socrates replied, " Don't you think very lightly of that auctioneer who is haranguing the croud; and of that tent-maker?" The youthful son of Clinias owned he did. " Well," said Socrates, " the whole assembly of the Athenians consists of a pum-

ber of such characters collected together; and if, when taken singly, you have a low opinion of each, you should not think much of them when they are hurdled together." In this way the son of Sophroniscus and Phænaretes instructed the son of Clinias and Deimonasehes.

Ælian's Various History, p. 399.

When two of the judges from the Chatelet demanded an audience of the queen, to inquire of her what she knew about the plots on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, they received this noble and generous answer: "*I have seen every thing, I have known every thing, but I have forgotten every thing* (J'ai tout vüe, J'ai tout süe, mais J'ai tout oublié.) It is well known, that if two of the king's *garde du corps* had not stopt the assassins sent by Orleans to murder the queen, in the morning of the 6th of October, by calling out to her to save herself, and sacrificing their own lives to give her time to escape, she would certainly have perished that day. In her journey the same day, from Versailles to Paris, the cruel Parisian mob carried the heads of those two *garde du corps* upon pikes before the queen's carriage!!!

Revolutionary Plutarch, v. 1, *p.* 175.

A French gentleman asserted that the marking feature of the English was dullness. He had visited England, and gave the following proof of the truth of his remark.

"I entered the Mall in St. James's Park, sat down on one of the benches by the side of an Eng-

lishman. Being a stranger, I expected that the person who was in his own country would address a foreigner.

" The Englishman never opened his lips.

" If he will not speak first, said I to myself, he will at least be glad to fall into conversation with me when I begin. ' It is a fine day, sir,' said I. He looked at the sky, considered a few seconds, and answered—' Yes, sir.'

" I sat another ten minutes, hoping the oracle would speak: it was dumb! ' Pray sir,' said I, ' what is it o'clock?' He leisurely pulled out his watch, looked at it, took time to consider if it was right, and answered—' Past twelve.' Another silence ensued: I was quite vexed, and asked him ' which way was the wind?'

" He looked for the smoke, and the riding of the clouds; could see neither, and answered ' I dont know, sir.' And this, said the Frenchman, was the whole of an English conversation of about half an hour's continuance." *Holcroft's Travels.*

Sir Jno. Haywood wrote the lives of three Norman kings, and also the lives of Henry IV. and Edward VI. Some political reflections in the life of Henry IV. which offended queen Elizabeth, were the occasion of his suffering a long and tedious imprisonment. The queen asked Mr Bacon, (lord Bacon) who was then of her council, learned in the law, if he discovered any treason in that book. He told her majesty that he saw no treason in it, but much felony. The queen bid him explain himself. Upon which he told her, that he

had stolen his political remarks from Tacitus. This discovery is thought to have prevented his being put to the rack.

Granger's History of England, v. 2, p. 28.

A writer observes, much may be learned, as to the dispositions of a people, from the mode of their social addresses.—In the southern provinces of China, the common people ask 'Have you eaten your rice?' for in this article consists their principal felicity. The Chinese have visiting cards, the colour and size of which are regulated agreeably to the rank and estimation of the person visited. When our embassy was in China, lord Macartney received from the viceroy of Petchelie a crimson card, large enough to have papered his bed-chamber!

If two Dutchmen meet in the morning, they wish each other a good appetite. In Cairo, the inhabitants ask 'How do you sweat?' since the want of perspiration is with them symptomatic of an approaching fever. The Italian, or the Spaniard, asks 'How does it stand?' A Frenchman enquires 'How do you carry yourself?' The German, How do you find yourself? The Englishman, 'How do you do? In the three latter salutations we perceive the characteristic reference to—show, reflection, and activity. Frequently the Hollander asks, 'How do you fare?'

Universal Magazine, v. 7, p. 416.

When the duke of Nivernois, who was a little thin man, came to London to sign the preliminaries

of peace, anno 1762, C. Townshend observed, that they had sent the preliminaries of a man to sign the preliminaries of peace.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 2, p. 18.

THE Russian nobility always add to their own christian name, the christian name of their father, with the termination *ovitch* or *evitch*, which denotes the son, as *ovna* or *evna* implies the daughter. By this means, foreigners, on coming into this country, drop the name they have hitherto borne, and are known by another. Thus, a Mr Jennings, if his father's name was John, on his arrival here is Ivan Ivanovitch, and his sister Anne will be Anna Ivanovna.

Life of the Empress Catharine II. *v.* 1, *p.* 73.

THEODORE GAZA, after translating Aristotle upon animals, was presented by Pope Sextus IV. with fifty crowns, as a reward for his labour. The ingenious author in a fit of indignation is said to have cast the money into the Tyber. *Gen. Biog.*

PERHAPS no chancellor ever gave so many church benefices to poor clergymen of real merit as Thurlow. Among other instances of his eccentric goodness, the following appears to deserve peculiar notice. A curate, who had a numerous family, but no patron among the great, was prompted by his wants and a favorable opportunity which the sudden death of his rector afforded, to make a personal application to Thurlow. The chancellor was struck with his appearance and address, and

after hearing his story, whimsically asked him, "Whom have you to recommend you?"—"Only the Lord of Hosts, my lord"—"Well," replied Thurlow instantly, "as it is the first recommendation I have had from his lordship, be assured that I shall attend to it." The living was given to the meritorious applicant.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 345.

THE influence which an Irish jig holds over an Irish heart is strongly illustrated in the following singular anecdote, borrowed from the Appendix of Mr Walker's interesting Memoirs of the Irish Bards.

"The farce of the Half-Pay Officer having been brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, the part of an old grandmother was assigned to Mrs Fryer, an Irish woman, who had quitted the stage in the reign of Charles the second, and not appeared on it for 50 years; during the representation she exerted her utmost abilities; when however she was called on to dance a jig at the age of 85, she loitered, and seemed overcome; but as soon as the music struck up the *Irish Trot*, she footed it as nimbly as any girl of five and twenty.

Miss Owenson's Lay of an Irish Harp, p. 141.

THE detection of the impudent fraud of Damberger's Travels into the interior of Africa was made by major Rennel—One argument which he employed upon this subject is so strictly characteristic of his geographical readiness and and ability that we here quote it. "Mr Damberger arrives at

Kahoratho, and here sees a canal which is conducted from the river Gambia. Now Kahoratho happens to be in longitude 42, and Gambia is in longitude 22; the length therefore of the canal must be twenty degrees, or one thousand four hundred miles.—Well said, honest friend!"

Life of Major Rennel, P. Char. p. 517.

SCALIGER and others have considered *the article*, in grammar, as otiosum loquasimæ gentis instrumentum, or at best as a mere avant courier, to announce the coming of its master; whilst the brutish, inarticulate *interjection*, which has nothing to do with speech, and is the miserable refuge of the speechless, has been permitted, because beautiful and gaudy, to usurp a place among words, and to exclude the article from its well-earned dignity.

Horne Tooke.

BISHOPS—Wherever christianity penetrated in its first ages, it was accompanied with episcopal institution: and the anomalous existence of a church without a bishop was a phenomenon reserved for later ages. *Lingard's Antiq. Saxon Ch.*

MISSIONARIES.—It may be curious for a protestant to know that the papal clergy, in England, call themselves missionaries. Rome sends her priests to convert the savages of Ethiopia, and the hereticks of Britain. *Greg. Ant Pat.*

EVE, say the Rabbins, is derived from a word which signifies to prattle. The first woman took

this name for the following reason;—when God had created the world, he threw down from heaven twelve baskets filled with prattle; the woman picked up nine of them, whilst her husband had hardly time to collect the other three.

Segur on Women, v. 1, *notes.*

Doctor Mead had his rise in life, from being called to see the duchess of ——— at midnight. She unfortunately drank to excess,—the doctor also was very often much in liquor, and was so that night. In the act of feeling her pulse, slipping his foot, he cry'd "Drunk by G—d," meaning of himself. She, imagining he had found out her complaint, which she wished to conceal, told the doctor, if he kept it secret, she would recommend him. She did so, and made his fortune.

M. S.

Ray the naturalist was of a very amiable and meek disposition. He had long hair, and would frequently sit for an hour at a time, to have it combed by a child. *Ray's Life.*

Joseph Villa, a native of Malta, not satisfied with having amused a considerable part of Europe, during several years, that he had recovered the lost works of Livy in an Arabian manuscript, and with persuading an English lady to offer with British generosity, in the year 1794, a sum sufficient for the publication of that part of the Roman History so much revered, he availed himself of the arrival of an ambassador from Morocco; who, re-

turning from Naples, was by contrary winds detained during some days at Palermo. He declared that the African minister had found in the abbey of St. Martin, near Palermo (whither Villa accompanied him) a curious Arabian M. S. containing the history of Sicily, during the period of the Arabic dominion.

As the tradition of these times is extremely defective, this report was popularly sanctioned. An opulent bishop of Palermo expended considerable sums on the translation of the work in six volumes, which appeared in the course of ten years; and it was not till the greatest part was completed, that the manuscript was discovered to be a forgery.

Dr. Hager's Picture of Palermo, p. 112.

DURING the siege of Gibraltar, a paper merchant offered the Spanish commander, the duke de Crillon, an immense kite, at the tail of which a man in a sack was to ascend and to pour aquafortis over the officers and soldiers on parade. The duke had the kite sent over the rock—luckily for the inventor, who had put himself into the sack, the string broke just as he was lifted off the ground. *Public Characters,* 1803, 4. *p.* 234. *Marg. Anspach's Life.*

BUONAPARTE was not quite satisfied with Massena's giving up Genoa before every soul in the city had perished, or, as he wrote, until "*toute la ville etoit un tombeau;*" yet, from policy, he trusted him with the command over the army of Italy after the battle of Marengo. But Massena did not preserve this command longer than a month;

in which short time, however, he added to his fortune another million of livres. After repeated complaints, he was disgraced and recalled to give an account of his financial transactions both at Genoa and in Lombardy. On his arrival at Paris, he was strongly reprimanded by the first consul, in the presence of several general officers as *pure* as himself; but his droll, and not ironical answer, calmed the anger of Buonaparte, and silenced the envy of his enemies and fellow-plunderers.*

Revolutionary Plutarch, p. 317.

In a considerable portion of North America it is a fundamental principle of education never to beat a child, whether male or female. When the child commits a fault the mother begins to cry, and her tears have a more powerful effect than every other sort of correction. When the fault recurs, the greatest correction is, to throw a glass of water in the child's face.

Segur on Women, v. 2, *p.* 326.

Julius Cæsar.—As he passed along through a little poor towne situate within the Alpes, his familiar friends about him, merrilly asked one

* When Buonaparte had finished his philipic, Massena told him with a submissive air: *Je suis un voleur;* and, fixing him, he said, *Tu es un voleur.* Looking next at general Murat, he continued, *Il est un voleur!* then, regarding the whole circle of generals, he exclaimed, *Nous sommes des voleurs;* bowing to them all, he added, *Vous etes des voleurs;* and in retiring, he said, *Oui, Citoyen Consul, ils sont des voleurs* — Des republicains Francois tel est le caractere! See Les Nouvelles a la Main, Vendemiaire, an x. No. iii. p. 7.

another whether there were any factions and contentions in that burrough, about superioritie, and, namely, who should be the chief? whereupon he staid suddenly; and after he had studied and mused a while within himselfe; I had rather (quoth he) be the first here than the second in *Rome*.

Holland's Plutarch, p. 441.

Carolus Pugnax, the great duke of Burgundy, made H. Holland, late duke of Exeter, exiled, run after his horse like a lackey, and would take no notice of him.

Burton, from Comineus.

Phocion, the son of Phocus, who had often headed the armies of his country, was condemned to die, and was about to drink the cup of hemlock, in prison; when, on the lictor handing it to him, his friends asked him if he had any charge to his son? "Yes," he replied, "I command him not to remember, against the Athenians, the cup which I am going to drink."

Ælian's Various History, p. 398.

Besides the common fiacres and two-wheeled calessini, drawn by a single horse, sedan chairs were used in Palermo, where, however they were not only employed for the living but the dead. The observer meets almost every day a funeral (consisting merely of a sedan chair) of which there is scarcely any appearance externally. When I first arrived at Palermo, I looked into one of them, in the eager expectation of seeing a well dressed girl,

or a lovely woman; but my consternation was infinite, when I beheld a ghastly and livid corps! I hurried back as speedily as I was able, and never was again tempted to examine any other of those vehicles during my stay at Palermo,—much less to be borne in one of them.

Dr Hager's Picture of Palermo, p. 37.

JOHN DE MEDICIS, that rich Florentine, when he lay upon his death-bed, calling his sons Cosmus and Laurence before him, amongst other sober sayings, repeated this: It doth me good to think yet, though I be dying, that I shall leave you, my children, *sound and rich:* for wealth sways all.

Burton's Anat. Melan.

AN official report, published at Genoa, by citizen Goffredini, in July 1800, mentions, that during the blockade and siege of that city, and in sixty-two skirmishes and sorties, 4266 Frenchmen were made prisoners, 5052 were killed, and 6012 wounded; 9544 Austrians were made prisoners, and upwards of that number killed. Of an epidemic fever which raged in the city, 3706 Frenchmen died in the hospitals, and 216 in private houses; of the inhabitants, 6384 died by the fever; 20,493 by famine, and 196 were killed or wounded from the fire of the besiegers. So numerous were the ill-fated victims of a cruel duty, which forced Massena to regard with seeming indifference the ravages of pestilence, famine, and death within, and the assaults, bombardments, and firing from without. It would scarcely be possible to

believe, that a man so situated could think of amassing treasure, and of adding pillage to other evils, were it not affirmed in the above quoted report, *that during the time Massena commanded in Genoa, he accumulated, by requisitions from the living, and confiscations after death, the enormous sum of two millions five hundred thousand livres!!!* *Revolutionary Plutarch, p.* 316.

PLEASURE!—It was the remark of Langier, formerly a physician at the court of Vienna, that "At twenty-five, we kill pleasure; at thirty, we enjoy it; at forty, we husband it; at fifty, we hunt after it; and at sixty, we regret it!"—He was (observes Dutens) the St. Evremond of Vienna. Nobody had more deeply studied the art of being happy; and none better knew how to enjoy happiness, or to make others acquainted with it.
Univ. Mag. v. 7, *p.* 227.

THE following anecdote of Mr Whitfield has been often related by Mr Parsons, who for so many years entertained the most crowded audiences at Drury Lane theatre with his comic powers. This favorite of the town, having taken a walk on a Sunday evening along Tottenham Court Road, was induced by the example of a rushing multitude to step into the tabernacle at the time Whitfield was all in his glory. The preacher was dealing out damnation with uplifted hands. At length, getting on the subject of carnal desires, he congratulated himself that the women of *his* flock were all purity, modesty, and virtue. "Thank

God for this!" exclaimed he: "yes, *my* flock are the chosen, the elect; and did I think there was a w—e among you, I'd instantly fling this bible at her head."—The women, who had been paying particular attention to the latter part of the sermon, seeing him, as he spoke those words, lift up a tremendous bible, and knowing that his action was always the most forcible part of his oratory, wrought upon by the menace as by an electrical shock, drew themselves up in a ludicrous attitude, to evade the blow. "Oh, oh!" said he, "I see how it is! What then, you are all w--es! are ye!"

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 289.

Bonaparte presided one day in the senate, and taking out by *non chalance* his pocket handkerchief, some letters dropped on the floor, which the senators strived who should be foremost to pick up. Being returned to the Corsican, he said with a contemptuous sneer: "Never mind, they are of no consequence, being only some letters from Alexander and Frederick (the emperor of Russia and king of Prussia), who teaze me almost to death with their troublesome correspondence. Look," continued he, "Alexander writes a better hand than Frederick; but, on searching in his pocket for another letter, Francis, (the emperor of Germany) writes worse than either!" *Les Nouvelles a la Main, Messidor, an.* 12, *p.* 9, 10.

When Peter the Great was in England, he visited our courts of law, where he was so disgusted with legal sophistry, and carping, quibbling

councellors, that on his return home, finding he had two lawyers near his court, he hanged the one and banished the other. *Hague's Letters to Garrow.*

It had been announced at Bologna that an eclipse of the sun would take place at two o'clock in the afternoon. The people assembled in the public square to see it, and impatient at its not commencing as soon as they wished, they loudly called for it as they would for an actor absenting himself. At length it began, and as the clouds prevented them from observing it distinctly, they began to hiss with all their might, because the spectacle had fallen short of their expectations. *Corinna by Mad. De Stael Holstein, v. 3, p. 377.*

The duke of Guise coming to me one day, said that they should never be happy in France 'till those of the religion* were rooted out: I answered that I wondered to hear him say so; and the duke demanding why, I replied that whensoever those of the religion were put down, the turn of the great persons and governors of the provinces of that kingdom would be next.

Ld. Herbert's Life by Himself.

The duke de Nivernois was intimately acquainted with the countess de Rochfort, and never omited going to see her a single evening. As she was a widow, and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him, that it would be more convenient

* The Reformed Religion.

for him to marry the lady. "I have often thought so," replied the duke, "but one thing prevents me: in that case, where could I pass my evenings?" *Dutens' Memoirs.*

Epitaph in a country church-yard near Aberdeen, Scotland.

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod,
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have on thine! Gin I were God,
And thou wer't Martin Elmrod.

Mirror of Wit, p. 45.

APICIUS the Roman, when he cast up his accounts, and found but 100,000 crowns left, murdured himself for fear he should be famished to death. *Burt. Anat. Melan.*

PHILIP asked Dionysius, how it was, that when he had received from his father so large an empire, he had not preserved it? He answered, not very wide of the truth, "Because my father left me all things, but the good fortune with which he obtained and kept it."*

Ælian's Various History, p. 399.

QUACK Doctors!—What metamorphoses, to those who remember the thespian-like exhibitions formerly held on Tower-Hill, and the strolling-

* Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, was the son of Dionysius; he lost his kingdom by his cruelty, and retired to Corinth, where he kept a school and taught boys their letters. UPTON.

peregrinations of empirics:—the sledges of quack doctors are now transformed into carriages, their jack-puddings are improved into livery-servants, and newspapers, instead of cryers, proclaim their feats!!! *Univ. Mag. p.* 127.

A gentleman just returned from his travels said to his friend—"Have you never seen a man in green breeches, with brown stockings and red clocks?" 'No, sir.' "Nor a woman in pink slippers, her stockings black, and the clocks yellow?" 'No, sir.' "Men wearing ear-rings and women carrying ridicules?"—'I do not know what you mean.' "Why then you have never been at *la Ville Unique*, the city of fine taste, Paris."

Holcroft's Travels.

In contemplating the latter years of the justly revered Milton, we are taught the most animating lesson, which biography can supply. We there behold "to what noble use a cultivated and religious mind may convert even declining life, though embittered by a variety of afflictions, and darkened by personal calamity."

It was in that state, and while Milton was employed upon subjects which often raised his soul to heaven, that Charles II. and his brother James called upon the poet for the express purpose of insulting him in his misfortunes. "You are now suffering," said the popish bigot, "the just reward of your crimes, you old ruffian: divine vengeance has at length overtaken you, and put out both your eyes." "I cannot say," replied Milton, calmly,

" whether it has pleased the Almighty to *punish* ME *with blindness* on account of *my sins;* but if *my* sufferings are to be attributed to this cause, think what must have been *the crimes of* YOUR FATHER, whom the same Providence *punished with death.*" The unmanly railers were struck dumb: they sneaked away in confusion, and never after dared to pollute with their foul breath the atmosphere of conscious dignity.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 79.

MAXIMS.

EVERY body loves vertuous persons whereas the vitious do scarce love one another.

I conceive it a fine study and worthy a gentleman to be a good botanique.

WHOSOEVER considers the study of anatomy, I believe will never be an atheist, the form of man's body and the coherence of his parts being so strange and paradoxal, that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature.

HE that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man hath need of forgiveness.

NOTHING ever gave my mind more ease than when I had forgiven my enemies.

IT will be better for every man to prefer a well-favoured wholesome woman, tho' with a tawny complexion, before a besmeared and painted face.

CICERO in my opinion is too long and tedious, and Quintilian too short and concise.

Ld. Herbert of Cherbury.

It requires great ability and a strong heart, to know when to tell truth and to dare to do it. Therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians who are the greatest desemblers. *Ld. Bacon.*

The empress once said to the duke de Braganza, "The sight of this hall always effects me to such a degree, that I am sometimes ready to shed tears: a long time ago, a very interesting scene took place here." I asked the duke, the same night, what that event was; and he related to me the following circumstance:—When the empress queen was so closely pursued by her enemies, that there was hardly a city in Germany in which she could remain with safety, she retired to Presburg, and assembled her states. She was then young, of a fine figure, and of dazzling beauty. She appeared in the midst of the Palatines of Hungary in a black robe, but with all the splendour of her personal charms: her son, who was then two or three years old, was in her arms. When she had taken her place upon the throne, and the assembly had become silent, she rose; and giving her son to one of her ladies of honour, addressed them in the latin language (which she spoke extremely well) and represented to them in pathetic terms her unfortunate situation. She was so deeply affected while she was delivering this discourse, that she drew tears from the eyes of these brave nobles: but when she said that she had no resource except in their zeal, and that she had come to implore their help, the Palatines could restrain their feelings no longer; but without suffering her to conclude, they

all rose up at the same instant, and drawing their swords, cried out with an unanimous voice, "*Moriemur pro Rege nostra Maria Theresa.—We will die for our King Maria Theresa;*"* and they immediately brought into the field an army which re-established her upon the throne of her ancestors.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 2, p. 231.

THE avidity of Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, to learn every thing useful, was often carried to the most ridiculous excess. Virtue itself has its stated limits, beyond which it ceases to be virtue. In the same manner, Peter's wisdom may in some sort be said to have frequently degenerated into weakness and folly. Of this, the following instance will be a sufficient illustration.

It happened that a French dentist arrived at Petersburgh during the reign of this extraordinary savage, and obtained his permission to draw the teeth of the poor *gratis* in the market-place, which the quack performed with such wonderful dexterity, that the czar became his pupil.

After a very short apprenticeship, the czar thought himself sufficiently instructed to act as a master tooth-drawer, and immediately tried his skill and dexterity upon some poor Russians, who were very liberally rewarded for indulging his foible, though it cost many a one the loss of a jaw. Not content with relieving the pains of his meanest subjects, the czar persuaded many noblemen to

* This was the expression which the Palatines made use of, in spite of grammar; so strongly are they attached to the idea of being governed by *kings*.

permit him to operate on their teeth, when they had the tooth-ach.

Count Rousonmusky, son to the field-marshal of that name, had done something to incur his sovereign's displeasure; and the czar had vowed, if he came into his presence, to cane him very severely. As the czar had killed several Russians by punishing them in this manner, the old field-marshal sent every where in the environs of the court, to warn his son against appearing before his enraged sovereign; and the danger appeared so imminent, that a post-chaise and six was provided to carry the young count and his spouse to their estate in Lifland, there to wait till the czar could be prevailed upon to grant his pardon. Very late in the evening, the young count was found, and brought home to his father and spouse, who jointly used every argument and entreaty to persuade him to set off directly, in order to escape death. "You are mistaken, sir," said he to his father, "when you think my life in such jeopardy—I shall act quite contrary to what you desire, and go instantly to the czar—I am persuaded I shall escape with a small punishment; for I know his weak side."

Thus resolved, away went young Rousonmusky to court. As soon as the czar saw him, he ran to get *a large oak plant* which he kept for such purposes, and would probably have killed the count; but perceiving him holding a handkerchief to his mouth, he asked him the reason. "I am in great agony with the tooth-ach."—'If that is the case, sit down on my chair, and I'll soon relieve you.'—Accordingly the count placed himself; and the

czar, having his apparatus at hand, drew a sound tooth, which the count pretended was the cause of his pain. The great Peter forgot his anger, on the count's acknowledging in how masterly a manner he had extracted the tooth; and young Rousonmusky was immediately re-established in his sovereign's favor, to the infinite surprise and satisfaction of his wife and his father, who had given him up for dead.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 319.

GEORGE I. was separated from his wife; and there was no queen in his reign. He had two mistresses. One was Miss Schulenberg, afterwards created duchess of Kendal, a tall, thin gawky. The other was the countess of Platen, who was created countess of Darlington; and who, for size, might have been compared to an elephant and castle. This couple of rabbits occasioned much jocularity on their first importation.

Walpoliana, v. 1, *p.* 59.

THE following humourous anecdote is taken from *Chassaneux.*

When this gentleman was an advocate at *Autun,* the country swarmed with such multitudes of rats, that a famine was feared. Human means appeared insufficient, and resort was had to supernatural aid:—the grand vicar was required to excommunicate the rats.

Complaint aginst the rats was made by the *Promoteur,* and they were summoned to appear. The time allowed being expired, a writ of default was

sued for, and sentence about to be passed, when the Grand Vicar appointed *Chassaneux* as counsel for the rats.

He alledged that being dispersed through numerous villages, a first summons was insufficient, and that notice ought to have been publicly given them in all the churches. This occasioned delay.

Not yet appearing, he pleaded the length and inconvenience of the journey, and the evident danger of death from their sworn enemies, the cats, which were diligently guarding all the passes. He concluded with describing the injustice of general proscription, which involved parent and child, innocent and guilty. He gained great fame on this occasion, and laid the foundation of his future grandeur. *Holcroft's Travels.*

THE various forms of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people, as equally true; by the philosopher, as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful. And this toleration produced not only mutual indulgence but religious concord.

Gibbon's Rise and Fall, v. 1, *p.* 1.

SWIFT in his journies on foot from Dublin to London, was accustomed to stop for refreshment, or rest, at the neat little ale-houses on the road's sides. One of these, between Dunchurch and Daventry, was formerly distinguished by the sign of the *three crosses,* in reference to the three intersecting ways, which fixed the site of the house. At this, the dean called for his breakfast; but the

landlady, being engaged with accommodating her more constant customers, some waggoners, and staying to settle an altercation which unexpectedly arose, keeping him waiting, and inattentive to his repeated exclamations, he took from his pocket a diamond, and wrote every pane of glass in her bettermost room:

TO THE LANDLORD.

There hang three crosses at thy door:
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make four.

Swiftiana, v. 2, p. 3.

SALMASIUS [the great literary antagonist of Milton] was a Frenchman, and was unhappily married to a scold. "Tu es" says Milton, "Gallus et, ut aiunt, nimium gallinaceus."

Dr. Johnson.

PRIESTLY under the delusive idea that the government of Britain was conducted by tyranny, strengthened by his own peculiar political and religious principles, settled in an inhospitable region in America, but was soon obliged to draw a sad contrast between this and his native land: he fell into a deep melancholy and died of a broken heart.

Ashe's Trav. in Amer. v. 1, p. 69.

CARDINAL WOLSEY had drawn up a draught of certain conditions between France and England, and he asked sir T. More's counsel therein, beseeching him, if there were any thing therein to be disliked, "and he spoke this so heartily," said sir Thomas, "that I believed verily that he was will-

ing to hear my advice indeed." But when sir Thomas had dealt really therein, and shewed that the draught might have been amended, he suddenly rose in a rage, and said, " By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the council." At which sir Thomas, smiling, said, " God be thanked that the king our master hath but one fool in all his council!" *Erasmus.*

OTHER nations may deluge their land with blood in struggling for liberty and equality; but let it never be forgotten by *ourselves*, and let us impress the observation upon the hearts of our children, that we are in possession of both, of as much of both as can be consistent with the end for which civil society was introduced amongst mankind.
Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff.

To some one who was complaining of his want of memory, Johnson said, " Pray, sir, do you ever forget what money you are worth, or who gave you the last kick on your shins that you had. Now, if you would pay the same attention to what you read as you do to your temporal concerns and your bodily feelings, you would impress it as deeply in your memory." *Biographiana, p.* 58.

LADY WORTLEY MONTAGUE was a play-fellow of a friend of mine when both were children. She was always a dirty little thing. This habit continued with her. When at Florence, the Grand Duke gave her apartments in his palace. One room sufficed for every thing. When she went

away, the stench was so strong, that they were obliged to fumigate the chamber with vinegar for a week. *Walpoliana, v. 1, p. 3.*

PREVILLE the comedian, and some others (among whom was, I believe, the count d'Albaret) frequently diverted themselves with the simplicity of Poinsinet, the poet; who, in other respects, was not deficient in talents. One day Préville came to him in great haste, to acquaint him that the office of the king's *screen* was just vacant; and added, that he would do well to solicit for it. Poinsinet asked what it was: the other told him, that the king did not use common screens, like private individuals; but that he always employed a man of wit, to place himself between the king and the fire, in whatever part of the room his majesty might be, in order to save him the trouble of removing the screen; and that, besides, when the king was low-spirited, or was fatigued by his application to business, he diverted himself by conversing with his screen; who, by that means, frequently had an opportunity of speaking a good word for his friends, or in favor of any other person whom he wished to serve, which made the office both important and lucrative. Poinsinet, delighted, asked what he had to do. Nothing, said the other, but try if you are able to fulfil the functions of a screen. A day being fixed, a dinner was ordered at a tavern: six of their common friends met there; a great fire was made; and, during dinner, they kept poor Poinsinet standing before the fire-place, encouraging him to support the extreme heat of the fire,

which they unmercifully kept stirring all the time, by representing to him the advantages of the office, each begging of him to procure him some favour. They continued this cruel sport till the little man, who was half roasted, declared with great regret, that he despaired of ever being able properly to fulfil the functions of king's screen.

Dutens' Memoirs, v. 3, p. 175.

In the year 1718, a sermon preached before George I. in the Chapel Royal, and published at his majesty's command, by Dr. Hoadley, then bishop of Bangor, gave no small degree of offence to such of the clergy as were more actuated by bigotry and furious zeal, than by the genuine spirit of the christian system. The text was the famous declaration of Jesus to Pilate, in the thirty sixth verse and eighteenth chapter of John—"My kingdom is not of this world;" and the object of the discourse was to prove, "that the kingdom of Christ, and the sanction by which it is supported, were of a nature wholly intellectual and spiritual: —that the church, taking the term in its utmost latitude of signification, did not and could not possess the slightest degree of authority, under any commission or pretended commission, derived from him:—that the church of England, and all other national churches were merely civil or human institutions, established for the purposes of diffusing and perpetuating the knowledge and belief of christianity; which contained a system of truths, not in their nature differing from other truths, except by their superior weight and importance; and which

were to be inculcated in a manner analogous to other truths, demanding only, from their more interesting import, proportionably higher degrees of care, attention, and assiduity in the promulgation of them."

The alarm excited by such plain and rational doctrines is almost incredible. On the meeting of the convocation, a committee was appointed to examine the offensive sermon; and a representation was quickly drawn up, in which a heavy censure was passed upon it, as tending to subvert all government and discipline in the church of Christ, —to reduce his kingdom to a state of anarchy and confusion,—to impugn and impeach the royal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical, and the authority of the legislature to enforce obedience in matters of religion by civil sanctions. Fortunately for the bishop, the reign of persecution and prejudice was over in England: the sentiments of the monarch on the throne were not less favorable to civil and religious liberty than those of the preacher; and his majesty put an immediate stop to the *inquisitorial* proceedings of the convocation by proroguing it; and, from that period, it has never been convened but as a mere matter of form, and for the purpose of being again prorogued.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 270.

Soon after Gibbon published his last volume he attended at the duke of Cumberland's levee, who saluted him with this *elegant* flattery: "What! Mr Gibbon, still scribble, scribble?"

Walpoliana. Biog. Sketch, v. 1, *pref.* 12.

Barbers in all ages have been noted newsmongers: Plutarch has a few instances of their garulity. Pratlers undo themselves without any cause or pretense at all of reason: like as it befell unto Denys the tyrant's barbar: for when there were some talking in his shop as touching his tyrannical government, and that it was as hard to be overthrown, as it is to breake the diamond: the said barbar laughing thereat: I marvel (quoth he) that you should say so of Denys, who is so often under my hands and at whose throat, in a manner, every day I hold the razor: these words were soon carried to the tyrant Denys, who faire crucified this barbar, and hanged him for his foolish words. And to say a trueth, all the sort of these barbars be commonly busie fellowes with their tongues, and no marvell, for lightly the greatest praters and idlest persons in a countrey frequent the barbars shop, and sit in his chaire, where they keep such chat, that it cannot be, but by hearing them prate so customably, his tounge also must walke with them. And therefore king Archelaus answered very pleasantly unto a barbar of his, that was a man of no few words, who when he had cast his linen cloth about his shoulders, said unto him: sir, may it please your highnesse to tell me how I shall cut or shave you: marry (quoth he) by holding thy tongue and saying not a word.

Holland's Plutarch, p. 200.

When *Yaniewicz* first came into this country, he lived at the west end of the town. One day, after paying several visits, he found himself a little

out of his latitude, and called a hackney, when this dialogue ensued:

Coachman.—(shutting the door) Where to, sir?

Yan.—Home—*mon ami*—you go me home.

Coachman—Home, sir, where's that?

Yan—By gar, I know no—de name of de dam street has *echapè*, has escaped out of my memory: I have forgot him. Vat I shall do?

Coachman.—(grins.)

Yan.—Ah! you are gay—come now—you understand de musique.—Eh!

Coachman.—Music—what's that to do with the street?

Yan.—Ah! *vous verrez*— you shall see—(hums a tune)– Vat is dat?

Coachman.—Mollbrook.

Yan.—Ah! by gar—dat is him—Malbro'-street —now yo drive-a me home.—Eh!

This is a fact. We have often heard that "*music hath charms*" to do many clever things, but this is, I believe, the first time of its instructing a hackney coachman where he was to set down.

M. Mirror, p. 222. PHILO-FUN.

HENRY IV. of France was of so generous a nature, that he ordered Vitry, captain of the body-guards, to receive into his company the man who wounded him at the battle of Aumale. The Marschal d'Estrées being one day in the king's coach, while the soldier was riding by the side of it, he pointed to him, and said, "There is the soldier who wounded me at the battle of Aumale.

Walpoliana, v. 2, p. 109.

In the times of popery, bells were baptized and anointed. They were exorcised and blessed by the bishop, from a belief, that when these ceremonies were performed, they had power to drive the devil out of the air, to calm tempests, to extinguish fire, and to recreate even the dead.

Oxoniana, v. 1, *p.* 14.

MAXIMS.

Mysteries belong to the silent.—*Lord Bacon.*

Provision is the foundation of hospitalitie, and thrift the fewel of magnificence. *Sidney.*

Nothing weighs so heavily as gratitude, when one owes it to the ungrateful. *Marmontel.*

The king of a faction is but the sovereign of half of his people. *Goldsmith.*

King Henry took just offence that cardinal Wolsey set his own arms above the king's, on the gate-house, at the entrance into the colledg; but to humble the cardinal's pride, some afterwards set up on a window a painted mastif-dog, gnawing the spate-bone of a shoulder of mutton, to minde the cardinal of his extraction, being the son of a butcher. *Fuller.*

When Swift was at Holyhead waiting for a fair wind to sail for Ireland, one Weldon, an old seafaring man, sent him a letter, that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the dean answered in writing, that if he had found it out, he must apply to the lords of the ad-

miralty, of whom, perhaps, one might be found who knew something of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his uncle Godwin) ruined himself and family, and the other hanged himself; and desired him to desist, lest one or the other might happen to him.

Swiftiana, v. 1, *p.* 177.

An alderman* of Paris was lamenting, in the presence of an officer, the severe lot of military men. "It must be confessed" said he "that you gentlemen of the sword lead a life of hardships."—"Your pardon, sir," replied the officer very seriously; "we rise early to be sure, and spend the first three or four hours in fighting; but then you must know, that we have all the rest of the day to amuse ourselves." *Dutens' Memoirs, v.* 1, *p.* 32.

A tailor, grown tired of his shop-board, where he had long been hatching fanatical innovations, took a bold spring from his seat to the pulpit, and soon acquired great popularity *verbosis strophis*, by loquacious canting. Elated with the success of his harangues among *the swinish multitude*, he took it into his head to attempt the conversion of the dean of St. Patrick's to the true faith. Swift, who was very easy of access, one morning while in his study, saw, through a glass-door which opened into the anti-chamber, his footman conducting the tailor, who had a great bible under his arm, and who, on

* In French, *Echevin.*

being admitted, thus announced his purpose: "I am come," said he, "by the order of Jesus Christ, to open your eyes, to enlighten your darkness, and to teach you the proper application of talents which you have so long abused."—"Indeed, my good friend," replied the dean, who knew the tailor, "I am inclined to believe that you are commissioned by heaven, as you come so critically to relieve the perplexed state of my mind at this very instant." The tailor already exulted in the certainty of success. "You are well acquainted, no doubt," continued Swift, "with that passage in the tenth chapter of the Revelation of St. John, where he describes a mighty angel coming down from heaven, with a rainbow on his head, a book open in his hand, and setting his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth. I am quite at a loss how to calculate the extent of such a stride; but I know it immediately lies in the line of your trade to tell me, how many yards of cloth would make a pair of breeches for that angel?"—The tailor's confusion could only be equalled by the precipitancy of his retreat.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 296.

Lord Evelyn Stuart, son of the earl of Bute, and an officer of the guards, wore long mustaches, and appeared thus in the house of commons, of which he was a member. One day Mr C——y thus addressed him: "My lord, now the war is over, won't you put your mustaches on the *peace establishment?*"—"I do not exactly know whether I shall do that," replied his lord-

ship; " but, meanwhile, I would advise you to put your tongue on the *civil list*." The commons were at this time debating on the payment of the civil list. *Dutensiana, p.* 277.

A traveller being come to Sparta for to see the citie, stood upright a long while upon one foot onely, and said unto a Laconian, I doe not think thou canst stand so long of one leg as I do: Not I indeed (quoth the other) but there is not a goose but can do as much.

Holland's Plutarch, p. 470.

Our mountain-wine comes from the mountains around Malaga. Tent is *Tinto*, tinged or red wine. Sherry from Xeres (the Spanish X is pronounced *sh* or *ch*), in the south of Spain, where the great battle was fought between the Christians and Saracens, that ended in the conquest of Spain by the latter.

Malmsey was from Malvasia in Peleponnesus. This rich wine was afterwards propogated at Alicant, the Canaries, and Madeira.

Walpoliana, v. 2, *p.* 83.

One Mrs Mapp, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to town with a coach and six horses, on the Kentish road, was met by a rabble of people, who, seeing her very oddly and tawdrilly dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this, they followed the coach, bawling out, No Hanover whore! No Hanoever whore! The

lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, she was no Hanover whore—she was an English one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey. *Swiftiana, v. 1, p. 119.*

An English penny placed out at compound interest, at the rate of 5 per cent. at the birth of Jesus Christ, would, in the year 1786, have produced the enormous sum of £. 290,991,000000, 000000,000000,000000,000000. sterling: which would make about 110 millions of our earth in solid gold. At single interest, it would have produced only 7s. 6d.! *Dutensiana, p. 72.*

Lewis XI. of France was as whimsical as he was cruel and arbitrary. The abbé de Baynes, a man of great wit, having invented many things relating to musical instruments, was introduced to Lewis, and retained by him in his service. One day the king, imagining the thing to be absolutely impossible, commanded the abbé to procure him harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. The abbé, like a true courtier, did not seem surprised at the proposal; but said the matter was feasible, if a great deal of money were advanced to enable him to perform it. The king ordered the money demanded to be immediately paid him; and desired the abbé to set about it without delay: he did so, and effected the most surprising concert ever heard. He got together a number of hogs of different ages, and placed them in a tent or pavilion

covered with velvet, before which he fixed a wooden, painted table, representing the front of a large organ. He then contrived an instrument behind it, with a certain number of stops, so artfully made, that, when he touched the keys belonging to the stops, they answered to so many spikes, which pricking the hogs, that stood up behind within the tent in due order, made them produce such "a concord of sweet sounds," that the king was extremely delighted, and very amply rewarded the inventor of this singular piece of music.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 317.

DESCRIPTION of a marriage-feast, given by a wealthy young man of Athens, during the reign of Trajan.

To this entertainment, persons of different sects, ages, and rank, friends and foes, had been invited; neither expence nor labour was spared, to fill the rooms, and cover the tables with the most dainty viands, and the choicest wines.

At the hour appointed, the guests assembled. It will not be necessary to describe their disputes for precedency, which occasioned considerable delay, and their reclining, it being their fashion to lie sideways instead of the more comfortable mode of sitting at table on a chair.

Soon after they had taken their places, a noisy and impudent cynic, throwing open the door, rudely marched in; the master of the house was considerably surprised and chagrined, but aware of the restive nature of the beast, endeavoured to sooth his surliness by gentle language, made him wel-

come, and observing that it was friendly thus to drop in without the ceremony of an invitation, asked him to *lie down* at table.

" Do you think I am so effeminate," replied the brute, " that I cannot satisfy my appetite as I stand? If I feel inclined to eat, I can take my dinner as I walk, or if I chuse I can lie on the ground, which was thought soft enough by Hercules." He at last condescended to pick with his fingers out of the dishes, any dainty morsel that he liked, as he stalked up and down the room, exclaiming, between each mouthful, against the extravagance and gluttony of feasting.

Under a mistaken idea of keeping him quiet, the servants were ordered to serve him plentifully with the strongest wine, which rendered him outrageous and troublesome; the majority of the company also began to be merry; songs, jokes, recitations, and droll stories, kept the table in a roar.

Buffoons were also introduced, who, by the preposterous singularity of their dress, words, and actions, occasioned considerable laughter; the cynic, provoked that any one but himself should engage the attention of the company, stripped himself, and insisted on their fighting with him; tempted by the odds of two to one, observing the intoxicated condition of the sans-culottes philosopher, and encouraged by the company, they accepted his challenge, closed in with and gave him a severe drubbing; in the agonies of drunkenness, pain, and disappointment, the intruder sunk on the floor, and remained for a short time quiet.

A young man, unannounced, now rushed into

the room, and read or delivered, in a loud and angry tone, a most insulting and offensive message, addressed to the company present, from a person who lived in an adjoining street, whom the bridegroom had not thought proper to invite; "He *pitied* the master of the house for his want of taste and discernment, in preferring so many trifling and worthless characters, to him, who had passed his life in the bosom of temperance and philosophy: it was not the disappointment of a dainty palate that had induced him to send the present messenger, nor did he wish to interrupt the harmony of a wedding dinner, but he could not help thinking, that after he had paid so much attention to him, and for so many years, it was rather hard, that men in every respect his inferiors, should be selected before him."

The stranger concluded with accusing the majority of the persons present of various crimes, and told the bridegroom, that if by way of making his peace with the offended man he should feel inclined to send him a ham, a plate of venison, or a basket of sweet cakes, he had instructed the lad *not to accept of them.*

Such a proceeding would not have been quietly submitted to, under any circumstances; the effect of it, on men inflamed with wine, may be easily imagined; by accident, or by design, the messenger of the hungry philosopher had placed himself near the door, or he probably would have been demolished; a massy goblet, which narrowly missed his head, as he hurried out, was the signal for war.

Disappointed, by the object of their vengeance

escaping, the company quarrelled with each other, proceeded from reproaches and abuse to blows; the women screamed, and the room became a scene of uproar, outrage, and confusion; the combatants, with some difficulty, at length were separated, but not till they had disfigured the faces and torn the clothes of each other.

Lounger's Common-place Book, v. 1, *p.* 30.

WIT without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into *froth;* but, once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

Swiftiana, v. 1, *p.* 143.

A good man, who had purchased some peas, and laid them by, in order to keep lent, was robbed of them. He made every inquiry, among his neighbours, and at length discovered that the thief's name was *Zorababel.* The man was entirely unknown to him, and all his inquiries proved fruitless; and, it being an uncommon name, in a few days, he forgot it and gave up the search, until happening to be at mass, on the day of the nativity of the virgin, when the evangelist, St. Matthew, relates, in the first chapter, the genealogy of Jesus Christ. The priest had no sooner read these words, *genuit Zorababel, Zorababel autem genuit,* than the good man cried out, "The very fellow who stole my pease." That part of the congregation, who were ignorant of the circumstance, concluded that the man was mad, while his neighbours

could not suppress their laughter on the occasion. The man, however, retained the name of the thief in his memory, and it proved the means of his recovering what he had lost. *Collectanea, p.* 229.

In the year 1212, as we learn from an Italian antiquary, a general belief prevailed in Germany that the Mediterranean sea was to be dried up, that believers might pass to Jerusalem on foot. Italy was crowded with thousands of German pilgrims. *Walpoliana, v.* 2, *p.* 77.

A scholar, running short of cash, sold his books, and writing to his father, said—"Rejoice father, for books are now my nourishment." *E.*

"One sold all his books
To one Mr Brooks,
Then he gave his father warning,
He should have regard
To his studying so hard,
For now he *liv'd* by his learning."
Westminster Quibbles.

Sir Thomas Robinson, who was tall and thin, one day asked lord Chesterfield to make some verses on him; upon which his lordship immediately made the following distich:

Unlike my subject, now, shall be my song;
It *shall* be witty, and it *sha'n't* be long.
Dutensiana, p. 103.

Character of sailors.—The race of sailors are so truly eccentric, that notwithstanding the

numberless anecdotes with which they supply conversation, there are many interesting circumstances relative to their very peculiar character, yet left untold. Like other arts, that of navigation possesses a number of technical terms peculiar to itself. The sailor forms these into a language, and introduces them, without hesitation, into all companies, on all occasions, and, generally, with brilliant success, as nautical expressions are pointed, humorous, and easily adapted to the situations of common life.

Inured to hardships, to dangers, and to a perpetual change of companions, the seaman contracts a species of stoicism which might raise the envy even of a Diogenes. "Avast there!" cried a sailor to his comrade, who was busied in heaving overboard the lower division of a messmate, just cut in halves by a chain shot; "avast! let us first see if he have not got the key of our mess-chest in his pocket!"

Two of the brightest points in the character of a seaman seem to be intrepidity, and presence of mind. Without partiality, we may say, that it is in the British mariner, particularly, that these qualities are to be observed. In the hour of extreme danger, he does not, like the Portuguese, the Italian, or the Russ, either ask assistance from, or denounce vengeance against, his patron-saint. No, he trusts to his own agility and resolution for safety; and if he imprecates curses on *any* head, it is on his own, or on that of some *lubber*, who is not as active as himself in the general work of preservation.

Naval Chronicle, v. 17, *p.* 467.

Voltaire has the merit of having discovered the physical cause of the superiority of the English at

sea. The natives of the south of Europe navigate smooth seas; those of the north are frozen up during the winter; but the English seas are navigated in long, dark, stormy nights, when nothing but great skill, and incessant exertion, can preserve the vessel. Hence arises a degree of confidence in their sailors, which is almost incredible; the greater the danger, the greater is the activity. Instead of shrinking from toil, every man is at his post. Having no faith in miracles for their deliverance, they almost work miracles to deliver themselves; and instead of preparing for death, strain every sinew to avoid it. Added, to this confidence, they have also in war that which arises from constant success. The English sailor feels that he is master of the sea. Whatever he sees is to do him homage. He is always on the look-out, not with the fear of an enemy before his eyes, but like a strong pirate, with the hope of gain; and when going into action with an equal, or even superior force, he calculates his profits as certainly as if the enemy were already taken. "There," said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force, because he had a convoy in charge—"there," said he with a groan; "there's seven hundred pounds lost to me for ever." As for fear, it is not in their nature. One of these men went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks; there happened to be a quantity of gun-powder in the apartment underneath, which took fire, and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into the garden behind, where he fell without being hurt. He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself,

rubbed his eyes, and then cried out, conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole, "D—n the fellow, I wonder what the devil he will do next." *Letters on England.*

THE name of God has often been oddly misapplied. I have got a warming-pan that belonged to Charles II. and was probably used for the beds of his mistresses. It is inscribed, *Serve God and live for ever.* *Walpoliana, v. 2, p. 155.*

AN itch for punning was a constant attendant of Swift's. He dined one day in company with the lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, with Mr *Cæsar*, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise; when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore recollecting himself, he said, "*Mr Cæsar, I beg your pardon.*"
Swiftiana, v. 1, p. 131.

BOHN, a lieutenant-general in the Russian service, was of humble birth, but of an enterprising spirit; and, during the steps of rapid promotion, artfully concealed his boundless pride under the shew of unassuming merit. The moment he got the general's staff, its touch seemed to efface from his mind all remembrance of his low parentage, and to extinguish in his heart every emotion of filial love. His poor mother, who had been left a widow in straitened circumstances, on hearing that

her son, then high in military rank, was arrived a Copenhagen, set off with transport to give him joy and clasp him in her fond arms. She called at his lodgings, and hearing that he was not at home, she desired the servants to tell their master that she was his mother, who was come from Bornholm on purpose to see him, and would call again next morning. Upon this information, the general flew into a great passion, saying, his mother had been dead many years ago, and that this must be some needy person or other, or, perhaps, out of her mind; and ordered his aid-de-camp, if she called again, to give her ten ducats, and send her away, that he might not be farther troubled with her. The mother called next morning—the aid-de-camp did as he was directed, and offered her the ten ducats as his master's charity—she threw them indignantly on the ground, and said, with tears in her eyes, "I did not come here to beg charity, but to see my son, and, since he can both deny and despise his mother, I shall return whence I came, and trouble him no more."

The upstart general's unnatural conduct soon became the subject of common conversation and common abhorrence, till at length it reached the ears of Catharine I. then empress of Russia, who sent for the woman, and on being fully satisfied that she was the general's mother, commanded him to appear before her. "What," said she to Bohn, "are you ashamed of having had a minister for your father, and this amiable woman, his widow, for your mother, while I, though sprung from vassals, so far from blushing at, glory in, my humble

birth! Look also at general BAUR—think of his generous behaviour to all his relations, even of a much lower degree than your's. You are a monster, and deserve to be treated as such; but I do not forget your eminent services in the army. Settle immediately two hundred rubles a year on your mother, during her life; and be grateful that my anger does not extend to any severer punishment."

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 330.

INDIRECT answer.—The count Alet, passing by Lyons, was conducted to the king's lieutenant, who asked him, "My friend what are they saying at Paris?" The count answered him, "*Mass.*" "But what noise is there?" "*That of carriages.*" "I do not mean that; what is new there?" "*Green pease.*" My friend, replied the lieutenant, tired of these evasive answers, "What is your name?" The count answered him; "*Fools* call me *my dear friend,* and at *court* I am called *count Alet.*" *Collectanea, p.* 196.

ANTIQUARIANS of every description are liable to imposition, and none more so than the credulous in relics. The following from among a thousand absurdities may be adduced as a proof of this assertion.

The church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, they say, possesses one of the robes of our Lord,—the end of the lance that pierced his side,—the sponge that was offered him to drink from,—and the reed that was put into his hand. I can only say that behind the choir, I was shewn the gridiron on which St. Laurence was broiled,—and a large

stone in the shape of a wash-stand, on which they say, Abraham gave the angels to eat, when they were going to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah.

Brocquière's Travels, p. 222.

GODWIN and Wolstonecroft should have adopted the following motto.

Paracelsus may brag, that he could have made a man live 400 years or more, if he might bring him up from his infancy, and diet him as he list; and some physicians hold, that there is no certain period of man's life, but it may still, by temperance and physick be prolonged.

Burton's Anat. Mel. v. 1, p. 9.

"I positively forbid," said Richard Cromwell, to one of his adherents, who reproached him for not exerting himself with more vigour against the royalists, "I positively forbid the shedding the blood of a single man in my cause; I would rather relinquish the post I hold, than proceed to such unwarrantable extremities; I wish to retain my situation no longer than shall be consistent with the public good, and the wishes of those I govern."

During the short time that he was protector, the fanatic preachers, who enjoyed, or believed that they had enjoyed, the confidence of Oliver, accused Richard of neglecting the godly and keeping company with the profane. First reproving them for their intolerancy, he clapped his hand on the shoulder of an associate, and thus observed: "And here is Dick Ingoldsby, who can neither preach

nor pray, yet I would rather trust him than the holiest man in your tribe."

In the decline of life, he exhibited an afflicting instance of the reverse of fortune; being compelled, by the unnatural conduct of his daughters, to appear in the Court of Chancery, before sir John Holt, who at a certain time, during the reign of queen Anne, was chief justice, and first commissioner of the seal.

On this occasion, that worthy judge felt for the unhappy parent, whose domestic affliction must have been aggravated by recollecting that he once possessed supreme power: Sir John placed the old gentleman at his right hand on the bench, insisted that his hat should remain on his head, and after severely reprimanding the ingratitude of his children, who had endeavoured to dispossess their father of his property, he made a decree in Richard's favor, to the satisfaction of every one present, as well as the queen, to whom the matter had been misrepresented, but who highly approved of sir John's behaviour, on his properly explaining it.

Richard Cromwell carefully preserved, to the day of his death, two large trunks full of addresses, presented to him when protector, a short time only before he was deposed; these, from the customary expressions used in such compositions, he called *the lives and fortunes of the people of England.*

Life of Cromwell.

Few men ever experienced more vicissitudes of fortune than the famous Alberoni. A bell-ringer, at first starting in life; next, a general's confiden-

tial agent; soon after a prime minister, a cardinal and archbishop; then degraded, imprisoned, severely punished by the *sacred college*, relieved from penury by a foreign pension, and last of all made papal legate of Romagna. Here, even in old age, he could not avoid recurring to his favorite schemes of political intrigue; and endeavoured to bring the little republic of San Marino, which bordered upon his government, under the dominion of the pope. The cardinal had so artfully gained over to his purpose some of the principal inhabitants, that the day was fixed, on which these republicans were to swear allegiance to the sovereign under whose protection they had put themselves. On the day appointed, Alberoni rides up the mountain with his suite, is received at the door of the cathedral by the priests and chief inhabitants of the place, and thence conducted to his seat under a canopy, to hear high mass and a *Te Deum* sung. Unfortunately, however, for poor Alberoni, the mass began with the word *Libertas*. This had such an effect upon the minds of the hearers, who began then, for the first time perhaps, to recollect their being about to lose the thing itself, that they fell upon the cardinal and his attendants, drove them out of the church, and made them scamper down the steep mountain of San Marino with more rapidity than that with which they ascended it. Benedict XIV. shrewdly observed, on the occasion, "that Alberoni was like a glutton, who, after having eaten a large salmon, could not help casting a wistful eye at a minnow."

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 332.

CERVETTO, a performer on the violin at one of the London theatres, whose nose was unfortunately the most prominent feature on his face, was the first cause of the exclamation with which most frequenters of theatres have been frequently annoyed, of "Play up Nosey." For this unlucky malformation he was persecuted by the galleries many years, and was actually at last compelled to abandon the only means by which he was able to procure a livelihood.

Of this very inoffensive and respectable man, Mr Garrick used to relate the following circumstance. In one of the most interesting scenes of a favorite part, when the attention of the whole house was rivitted on this excellent actor, the long-nosed musician gave vent to a long yawn, and so loud, as to be heard by every one.

The manager was considerably vexed, and sending for the offender immediately after the play, demanded an explanation. "I ask ten thousand pardons," said the fidler, in broken English, "but I always yawn extremely loud when any thing interests me very much." With this artful apology, he left the room, after being told, that in future he must suppress so singular a symptom of approbation.

WHEN lady C—— was presented at court, his majesty George II. politely hoped, "that, since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gayeties of London."

"O yes, please your majesty, I have seen every

sight in London, worth seeing, except a coronation."

This naïveté is certainly not equal to that of the english earl marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said—"Please your majesty, I hope it will be better next time." *Edgeworth on Irish Bulls, p. 32.*

The Dutch, in general, have bad teeth; whether from the effect of the climate, or from the little care they take of them, I cannot tell. It is no uncommon thing to see young people of twenty-five, who have lost half their set of teeth; and others who have none at all.

Duten's Memoirs, v. 3, p. 50.

Of the amusements of modern young men, Swift gives the following description, which unhappily still has its application.

Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,
Hunting, shooting, never thinking;
Chattering nonsense all day long,
Humming half an opera song;
Chusing baubles, rings, and jewels;
Writing verses, fighting duels.
Mincing words in conversation,
Ridiculing all the nation.
Admiring their own pretty faces,
As if possessed of all the graces;
And, though no bigger than a rat,
Peeping under each girl's hat.

Swiftiana, v. 1, p. 39.

Damascus blades are the handsomest and best of all Syria; and it is curious to observe their manner of burnishing them. This operation is performed before tempering; and they have, for this purpose, a small piece of wood, in which is fixed an iron, which they rub up and down the blade, and thus clear it of all inequalities, as a plane does to wood: they then temper and polish it. This polish is so highly finished, that when any one wants to arrange his turban, he uses his sword for a looking-glass. As to its temper, it is perfect, and I have nowhere seen swords that cut so excellently.

There are made at Damascus, and in the adjoining country, mirrors of steel, that magnify objects like burning glasses. I have seen some that, when exposed to the sun, have reflected the heat so strongly as to set fire to a plank fifteen or sixteen feet distant.

Brocquiere's Travels, p. 138.

A traveller was asked if he knew what was the best thing in this world? "*liberty,*" answered he. The most pleasant? "*gain.*" The least known? "*good fortune.*" The worst? "*death.*" Who is the most happy man in the world? "*the learned man, who has riches and knows the use of them.*" The most unfortunate? "*the poor old man.*" The most importunate? "*the hard hearted creditor.*" The most dangerous? "*the ignorant physician.*" The most worthy of compassion? "*the liar, who is not believed when he tells the truth.*"

Collectanea, p. 263.

Louis the fourteenth being at war with England, during the proceeding with the Edystone Light-house, a French privateer took the men at work upon the rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain was in expectation of a reward for the achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of that monarch; he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors to be put in their places; declaring, that though he was at war with England, he was not so with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work, with presents; observing, that "the Edystone Light-house was so situated, as to be of equal service to all nations, having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France."

Naval Chronicle, v. 17, *p.* 120.

Soon after general Putnam removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within the reach of gun-shot; upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that general Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours, to hunt alter-

nately, until they could destroy her; two by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit: it was known that, having lost the two toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other: by this vestige the pursuers recognized in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course to Pomfret, they immediately returned, and, by ten the next morning, the bloodhounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr Putnam; the people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den; the hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return; the smoke of blazing straw had no effect, nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night), Mr Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; the negro man declined the hazardous service;—then it was that their master was angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy this ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock; his neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize, but he knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having pro-

vided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered headforemost, with a blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake; the top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery.—It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by the torch; it was silent as the house of death; none but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror; he cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern: startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen horrible growl. As soon as he had made

the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his cloaths, and loaded his gun with nine buck shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At this critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave; but having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and, perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs), the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

Humphry's Life of Putnam.

HUMOURS of Elections.—"Hey day! What is the matter? Behold all the marks of invasion, or a civil war! Windows broken, doors demolished, sign-posts pulled down! Here stands a man

with a broken arm, and yonder go two or three more with bruised faces and black eyes! Prithee, what have you been about?"

"'*Lectioneering*, sir," answers an elderly man, to whom I addressed my inquiry.

"'*Lectioneering*—What do you mean by that, good man?"

"Why, its going about to be made a *Parlament man on;* and he that gets the most votes carries the day."

"But I do not see the connexion, my honest friend, between choosing Mr A. or Mr B. for your representative, and demolishing your town, or knocking one another on the head."

"Don't you? Why then I can tell you, *meister*," says the old gentleman, with a smile of contempt aimed at my ignorance, "these great fokes makes us little fokes drunk, and when we are drunk we fight, and when we fight we do mischief, that's all."

"The greater fools you to make yourselves such beasts."

"Nay, as to the matter of that, I think you great fokes ought to know better than to set us together by the ears, to serve their own turns."

"And I think you ought to know better than to be set together by the ears by them."

"Lord, sir, if *you* could get your belly full of vittles and drink for nothing, and money given you into the bargin, you would now, I'll wornt you. There is the *White Lion*, and *Greyhound*, and *Blackamore's Head*, has been open for these three weeks *successfully*. Ale was given away by pails-full. You might go in and eat and drink till you

burst again, at any time, and nobody would take no notice like."

"So then you are fond of the diversion, I find."

"Alack-a-day, sir! I have lived in the town, and paid scott and lot thirty-one years and three quarters, come Christmas next: I've polled for eleven *Parlament men*, and have had my swill of ale and a broken pate every time, thank God."

"So I see these worthy gentlefolks first make beasts of you, and then claim the honour of being your representatives; that's curious enough. But pray tell me what these Parliament men are good for when you have them."

"Good for, sir! bless your heart, good for! Why if it was not for them we should all be overrun with *Papishes* and *Prespiterians*, God knows."

"And what harm would they do you?"

"Lud, sir, how you talk! why they would knock us on the head, if we did not wear wooden shoes, and go to the *Pantile* house!"

"So you knock one another on the head to prevent these calamities!"

"Aye to be sure. Thof I an't now the man I was, I'll fight for Old England as long as there's a drop of blood left in this old carcase of mine; and I'll stand up for the church too, agen all the *Prespiterians* sons of b——s in the nation, as long as my name's *John Plodder*, that I wul; I'll be d—d if I don't?"

With this pious exclamation honest John broke from us rather abruptly, and joining some of his associates at a little distance, raised a laugh upon us as we passed them.

A few years ago, there was a fellow with a long beard in London, who professed himself to be the wandering jew.—He declared he had been with Noah in the ark. Some person asked him which country he liked best of all that he had visited in his long peregrinations; he answered, Spain, as perhaps a man would have done who had really seen all the world. But it was remarked, as rather extraordinary, that a jew should prefer the country of the inquisition. 'God bless you, sir,' replied the ready rogue, shaking his head, and smiling at the same time, as if at the error of the observation, "it was long before christianity that I was last in Spain; and I shall not go there again till it is all over." *Don Manuel Espriella.*

THE disinterestedness of Mozart was extreme. He frequently composed sonatas and other pieces for his friends, which he gave them without retaining a copy; the music-merchants, who were always on the catch, collected those pieces, and published them for their own account. When he was told this:—"They are shabby fellows," said he, "what would you have me do?" He once composed an opera gratuitously, to retrieve the affairs of a country manager, upon the sole condition that no copy should be taken of it, that if it succeeded he might dispose of it to others, and reap its emoluments: the opera did succeed, and shortly appeared in several theatres without Mozart's permission:—"They are shabby fellows," was again all his vengeance, and he thought no more of the matter.

An old harpsichord tuner came to put some

strings on his travelling forte-piano. Mozart asked him what he charged, saying he was going away. This poor man, who looked on him almost as a god, answered, quite disconcerted, humbled, and stammering:—" Imperial majesty! lord and master of the chapel of his imperial majesty! I cannot. —It is true, I have attended several times.—Well, you shall give me half-a-crown" " Half-a-crown!" cries Mozart, " for shame, such a clever fellow as you are should not undervalue his talents;" and he gave him a few ducats. The old man retired with numberless bows, and continually repeating,— " Ah! Imperial majesty!"

From the German of C. F. Cramer.

In an hour after the reduction of Monte Video, *by storm*, a naval officer of rank happened to be passing a grocer's shop, in which he observed a British soldier, of the 40th regiment. Fearing that so immediately after an *assault*, the soldier might be about to commit some exaction from the grocer, curiosity induced him to wait, *unperceived*, until he should ascertain the man's intentions; when, to his great astonishment and satisfaction, he saw the grocer deliver a quantity of sugar to the soldier, who, taking out a dollar, desired him to pay himself, and on receiving the change, put it into his pocket, with this remark only:—" Well, dear enough too."

Naval Chronicle, v. 17, *p.* 382.

A king of Sardinia was once told that the nobility of Savoy were very poor. At a certain time

several noblemen, knowing that the king was to pass through Chambery, came to pay their homage in magnificent dress. The king gave them to understand that he did not think them so poor as had been represented. "Sire," answered they, "we were informed of your majesty's arrival; we have done what we ought, but we owe what we have done." *Nous avons fait tout ce que nous devions, mais nous devon tout ce que nous avons fait.*

Chamfort.

When I was at the Hague, I was witness to a circumstance I could not otherwise have believed, respecting the price of flowers in Holland; I saw four hundred and seventy-five guineas offered and refused for a hyacinth. It was, to be sure, the most charming flower that ever was seen: it belonged to a florist of Haarlem, and another florist offered this price for it. The reason which the owner of it gave me for refusing the offer was, that his hyacinth was known to all the amateurs of Europe, and that he sold the bulbs every year for more than the interest of five hundred guineas. These bulbs produced the same sort of flower, in all its beauty. *Duten's Memoirs, v. 1, p. 49.*

A gentleman who was not personally known to Voltaire, was received by him at Ferney with that easy politeness which always distinguished his reception of travellers. The next morning the stranger, highly delighted with his entertainment, and also with the beautiful situation of Ferney castle, boldly declared that it was his intention to reside

for six weeks in that enchanting retreat. Voltaire said to him with a smile: "Upon my honour, sir, you are the exact reverse of Don Quixote; that Spanish knight took the inns to be castles, and you certainly take *this castle* for an *inn*."

The traveller felt the reproof and departed.

Voltairiana, v. 1, *p.* 200.

BEAUTY, BEAUTIFUL.—Ask a toad what is beauty, the supremely beautiful, the TO-KALON, he will answer you, that it is his female, with two large round eyes projecting out of its little head; a broad and flat neck, yellow belly, and dark brown back. Ask a Guinea negro; and with him beauty is a greasy, black skin, hollow eyes, and a flat nose.

Put the question to the devil, and he will tell you, that beauty is a pair of horns, four claws, and a tail. Consult the philosophers likewise, they will give you some unintelligible jargon for answer, they must have something correspondent to beauty in the abstract, to the TO-KALON.

I once sat next to a philosopher at a tragedy; that's beautiful, said he! How beautiful? said I! Because the author has attained his end. The next day he took a dose of physic, which had a very good effect: that's a beautiful physic, said I, it has attained its end: he perceived that a medicine is not to be called beautiful, and that the word beauty is applicable only to those things which give a pleasure accompanied with admiration; that tragedy, he said, had excited these two sensations in him, and that was the TO-KALON, the beautiful.

We went to England together, and happened to be at the same play, perfectly well translated; but the spectators, one and all, yawned: Oh-ho! said he, the TO-KALON, I find, is not the same in England as in France; and, after several pertinent reflections, he concluded that beauty is very relative; that what is decent at Japan is indecent at Rome, and what is fashionable at Paris is otherwise at Pekin; and thus he saved himself the trouble of composing a long treatise on the beautiful.

Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, v. 1.

TRUE love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
It is not Phantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

Scott's Lay of the last Minstrel.

To stop a practice which had grown very common, the emperor Paul issued the humane command that no carriage should drive full speed through the streets, under the penalty that, without any regard to persons, horses and carriages should be forfeited, an extra fine paid by the master according to the circumstances of the case, the coachman forced to serve as a common soldier without the plea of having merely obeyed orders

being of any avail, and, if any person should be hurt, to undergo the punishment of the knout. A coach and four having trespassed against this law, coachman, postillion, footman, carriage and horses were immediately seized. The emperor heard of this seizure before he could have received the report from the police. When the officer, whose business it was to make this report, came to Gatschina, the monarch asked whether the attendants of the carriage had undergone the punishment of the knout, and the officer in the hurry of the moment answered in the affirmative. Hardly had he returned to Petersburgh when he took the necessary steps to have the punishment inflicted. Notwithstanding it happened to be holiday-time, the court was obliged to hold an extraordinary sitting. Its sentence was, that the coachman should be lashed with the knout, the postillion, a boy of ten, whipped with rods, and the footman discharged; as the latter, having stood behind the carriage, could not possibly have had any share in the guilt. But this did not agree with what the officer had reported to the emperor, he therefore insisted upon the knout being dealt out to all three. In vain did the court remonstrate; in vain did it represent the injustice of punishing the innocent; nothing could move the man with the steeled breast; the court was forced to pronounce an unjust decree. When it was announced to the unfortunate footman, he fell senseless on the floor, and awoke to ineffable misery. He was flogged with the knout, his nostrils were torn open, and in that state he was sent to the mines of Siberia. All the

court could obtain was that the boy should be whipped only with rods, as by law no minor can be castigated with the knout.

An interesting anecdote of the English ambassador at Petersburgh, at the period, affords a pleasing contrast. He was walking on the banks of the Neva, his carriage slowly following at a distance. When he wanted to reascend, his coachman briskly drove up, but a police officer stepped forward, stopped the carriage, and declared that he was under the necessity of taking coach and horses to the police office, that he would however allow the minister to be first drove home. This the British nobleman declined. He quietly saw his elegant English chariot and six beautiful blood-horses led away, and returned to his house on foot. The emperor no sooner heard of the circumstance than he ordered the carriage and horses to be immediately restored, with a proper apology. The ambassador, however, refused taking his equipage back. "I cannot," said he, "ride in an equipage which has been at the police. I beg it may be sold, and the money given to the Foundling-hospital."

Reinberk's Travels.

THE Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis, before he marryed Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils. The Turks Alcoran is altogether as absurd and ridiculous in this point.

Burton's Anat. Melan. v. 1, p. 55.

MONSIEUR DE BOUILLY relates that the Russian ambassador at Paris made the Abbé de

l' Epée a visit in the year 1780, and offered him a present in money proportioned to the customary magnificence of the empress. This the Abbée declined to accept, saying, he never received gold from any one; but, that since his labours had obtained the esteem of the empress, he begged she would send a deaf and dumb person to him to be educated, which he would deem a more flattering mark of distinction. *De l' Epée's Educ. of Deaf and Dumb. Trans. pref. p.* xi.

A seal for love letters might be engraven with this device, a boy's head, with wings representing the wind, blowing on a weathercock: its motto, if thou changest not, I turn not. *E.*

A Malabar Bramin once played off a curious trick upon his flock. He raised money enough among them to make a golden snake and twelve golden eggs, which he carried to the pagoda in solemn procession, and there deposited, telling the people that in six weeks time the snake would be vivified, hatch the eggs, and disappear with its young, to become the tutelary divinities of their country. They disappeared accordingly at the time appointed, to the infinite joy of the believers.

In those parts of Malabar where snakes are worshipped, convenience overcomes prejudice. The natives are by no means displeased when a Moor or Christian rids them of one of these venomous gods; perhaps they enjoy a double satisfaction in having the reptiles destroyed, and in believing the infidel will be damned for destroying it.

Ophites in Malabar.

THE Burmas suppose the earth to be a circular plane, in the centre of which rises the mountain Mienmo. Opposite to the four cardinal points of Mienmo, are placed in the middle of the ocean four great islands, the habitations of men and of other animals. That on the north is called Unchegru, the inhabitants of which neither practice agriculture, commerce, nor any other profession. There grows in their island a tree called Padeza-bayn, on which, in place of fruit, hang precious garments of every kind: so that from these trees the inhabitants are supplied with all manner of cloathing. Neither have the inhabitants of Unchegru any need to cultivate the ground; as the same Padeza-bayn produces a certain excellent kind of rice, which has no husk. Some of this rice, when the natives are hungry, they put on a certain kind of stone called Zotrassa, which immediately of itself emits fire, and dresses the rice: and as soon as this is done, the fire dies away. Whilst these people are eating their rice, various meats of the most exquisite flavour, according to the particular taste of each person, appear on the leaves and branches of the Padeza-bayn. This food is of such a nature, substance, and nourishment, that what is prepared for one person, would abundantly serve many: and after being eat, it takes away all sensation of hunger for seven days. When the repast is finished, the remains of their own accord disappear. From such a diet the natives of Unchegru never suffer any sickness; nor have they any inconvenience from old age, but live for a thousand years happy and tranquil in continual

vigour, always in their persons resembling youths of eighteen years.

The manner in which these islanders contract marriage, is remarkable. Women there are not subject to the common sexual infirmities, and bear their children without any pain. When their time comes, they bring forth their children in the streets, and there leave them. The children, though thus forsaken by their parents, do not die: for the passengers put the extremities of their fingers into the mouths of the infants, who from thence suck a most exquisite nectareous liquor, by which they are refreshed and nourished for seven days, in which time they become full grown. No one then knows his own relations; not only for the above-mentioned reason; but also because all the inhabitants of the northern island are of the same form and colour. Whenever therefore a man and woman struck with mutual love wish to contract marriage, they retire under the shade of a certain most agreeable kind of a tree. If they be not nearly related, this tree bends down its branches and leaves, covering them with a delightful bower, where they consummate their marriage: but if they be very nearly related, the tree neither bends down its branches nor leaves: and they then knowing their consanguinity immediately abstain from any farther connection. These islanders are not amorous: for they never perform the conjugal rites more than ten times: many abstain from them during their whole lives; and many, after having performed them six or seven times, become, as if it were, perfect men and holy, who have overcome all their passions, and all the desires

of their minds. For these reasons in this island no one weeps, no one grieves at the death of another: but as soon as a person dies, the body is deposited in a certain place, where very large birds, destined by fate for that purpose, carry it away to another part of the island, and there devour it. Although these islanders are thirteen cubits high, they are very handsome, especially the women, who excel in softness, suppleness, and elegance of limbs. They are of a golden colour, of which, as we have said, the whole island participates, from its being opposite to the golden side of Mienmo.

This northern island, besides, is of all others the most agreeable. In it there is neither hot, nor cold, nor rainy season, nor is there any intemperance in the air. It contains no ferocious beasts, no serpents, nor poisonous insects, that infest the life of man. Its happy inhabitants require no houses, but live their whole lives safe and tranquil in the open air. Every where it abounds with the most beautiful trees, of a golden colour, from whence hang, in profusion and variety, the most delicious fruits, and the sweetest scented flowers. The same trees pour forth most shining gums, which serve the natives for perfumed ointments. The whole island flows with streams of sandal-wood water, in which the natives sport and swim. But although these northern islanders thus excel the others in happiness; they are inferior to those of the south in courtesy, prudence, and cunning.

Asiatick Researches, v. 6, p. 183.

A young peasant in Westmeath gave me the fol-

lowing account of his family, which I believe is an epitome of the general state of the peasantry in a county not 30 miles from the metropolis. The boy was the eldest of seven children though scarcely twelve years old, and of course the only one able to labour; in the summer and harvest season he earned fourpence a day, his father worked for sixpence and eightpence a day through the year; they paid six pounds for an acre of oats, forty shillings a year for grass for their cow, and forty shillings a year for their cabin and a little ground for their potatoes; in winter, when the cow was dry, they lived upon oaten bread, and potatoes and salt. Engaged with the care of seven children, the mother could give little assistance except by spinning sometimes; and, out of the year's hire of the father, Sundays and holidays were deducted.
Owenson's Pat. Sketches of Ireland, v. 1, *p.* 106.

THE book of Helvetius, *De l' Esprit,* and Voltaire's poem of *La Pucelle d'Orleans,* were prohibited in Switzerland at the same time. A magistrate of Berne, after a strict search for those two works, wrote to the senate:—"We have not found in the whole province either wit or maid."
Madame Necker.

THE duke of Grafton being fox-hunting near Newmarket, a quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat, and gave a view holla! The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the duke, that galloping

up to the offender, he asked him in an angry tone, "Art thou a quaker?" "I am, friend," replied broad-brim. "Well then, (rejoined his grace) as you never pull off your hat to a *christian*, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a *fox*." *Sporting Anecdotes, p.* 112.

DEFINITION of a husband by his wife.—This lady composed the following vocabulary to express the character of a husband, from her own experience, and which proves how copious our language is on that article:—He is, said she, an abhorred, abominable, acrimonious, angry, arrogant, austere, awkward, barbarous, bitter, blustering, boisterous, boorish, brawling, brutal, bullying, capricious, captious, careless, choleric, churlish, clamourous, contumelious, crabbed, cross, currish, detestable, disagreeable, discontented, disgusting, dismal, dreadful, drowsy, dry, dull, envious, execrable, fastidious, fierce, fretful, froward, frumpish, furious, grating, gross, growling, gruff, grumbling, hard-hearted, hasty, hateful, hectoring, horrid, huffish, humoursome, illiberal, ill-natured, implacable, inattentive, incorrigible, inflexible, injurious, insolent, intractable, irascible, ireful, jealous, keen, loathsome, maggotty, malevolent, malicious, malignant, maundering, mischievous, morose, murmuring, nauseous, nefarious, negligent, noisy, obstinate, obstreperous, odious, offensive, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, passionate, peevish, pervicacious, perverse, perplexing, pettish, petulent, plaguy, quarrelsome, queasy, queer, raging, restless, rigid, rigorous, roaring, rough, rude,

rugged, saucy, savage, severe, sharp, shocking, sluggish, snappish, snarling, sneaking sour, spiteful, splenetic, sqeamish, stern, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, tantalizing, tart, teasing, terrible, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, uncomfortable, ungovernable, unpleasant, unsuitable, uppish, vexatious, violent, virulent, waspish, worrying, wrangling, wrathful, yarring, yelping, dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor will let others eat. *La Belle Assemblée, v. 3. p. 73.*

PLUTARCH, in his life of Cato, the censor, speaks of a mule, that, having been long employed in the public labour, was set at liberty, and suffered to graze where he pleased: but the animal, apparently feeling regret at being quite useless, offered himself voluntarily to work, and marched at the head of the laden beasts, as if to excite and encourage them:—this noble disposition being observed, it was ordered that the animal should henceforth be provided for life at the public expense.
Collectanea, p. 59.

IN the year 1752, an English ship then at Guinea was obliged, on its departure, to leave the surgeon behind, his bad state of health not permitting him to continue at sea. While Murray, for that was his name, remained there in hopes of recovery, a Dutch vessel drew near the coast; put the blacks in irons, whom curiosity had brought to the shore; and instantly sailed off with the booty. The friends of the unfortunate sufferers, incensed at such base

treachery, instantly ran to Cudjoc (a black at whose house Murray lodged,) who stopped them at his door, and asked them what they were in search of—"The white man, who is with you," replied they, "who should be put to death, because his brethren carried off ours."—"The Europeans," answered the generous host, "who have carried off our countrymen, are barbarians: kill them whenever you can find them. But he who lodges with me is a good man; he is my friend; my house is his fortress: I am his soldier; and I will defend him. Before you can get at him, you shall pass over my body. O, my friends, what just man would ever enter into my doors, if I suffered my habitation to be stained with the blood of innocence?" This discourse appeased the rage of the blacks: they retired ashamed of the design which brought them there; and, some days after, acknowledged to Murray himself, how happy they were that they had not committed a crime, which would have occasioned them perpetual remorse.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 328.

The enormous joints of meat which come to an English table are always roasted upon a spit as long as the old two-handed sword; these spits are now turned by a wheel in the chimney which the smoke sets in motion, but formerly by the labour of a dog who was trained to run in a wheel. There was a peculiar breed for the purpose, called turnspits from their occupation, long-backed and short-legged; they are now nearly extinct. The mode of teaching them their business was more summary

than humane: the dog was put in the wheel, and a burning coal with him; he could not stop without burning his legs, and so was kept upon the full gallop. These dogs were by no means fond of their profession; it was indeed hard work to run in a wheel for two or three hours, turning a piece of meat which was twice their own weight. Some years ago a party of young men at Bath hired the chairmen on a Saturday night to steal all the turnspits in town, and lock them up till the following evening. Accordingly on Sunday, when every body has roast meat for dinner, all the cooks were to be seen in the streets,—'Pray have you seen our Chloe?' says one. 'Why,' replies the other, 'I was coming to ask you if you had seen our Pompey:" up came a third, while they were talking, to inquire for her Toby,—and there was no roast meat in Bath that day.

It is told of these dogs in this city, that one Sunday, when they had as usual followed their mistresses to church, the lesson for the day happened to be that chapter in Ezekiel, wherein the self-moving chariots are described. When first the word wheel was pronounced, all the curs pricked up their ears in alarm; at the second wheel they set up a doleful howl; and when the dreadful word was uttered a third time, every one of them scampered out of church, as fast as he could, with his tail between his legs. *Don Manuel Espriella.*

Criticism.—This malignant deity dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla: Momus found her extended in her den upon the

spoils of numberless volumes, half devoured. At her right hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill Manners.*

Swiftiana, v. 1, *p.* 143.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warriors steed;
In halls, in grey attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love.

Scott's Lay of the last Minstrel.

Mr Swallow, some years since the British Consul General in Russia, records the following fact. Having occasion to go from Petersburgh to Moscow, where eels are a great rarity, he ordered some, to carry as a present; upon being taken out of the water, they were thrown upon the ground to be frozen, and soon appeared quite dead, and almost a piece of ice; they were then packed in snow, and when arrived at Moscow, which was four days after, the eels being put into cold water, and so thawed, discovered gradually signs of life, and soon perfectly recovered!

Sporting Anecdotes, p. 192.

THE mayor of Potsdam thinking himself a great man, and sometimes amusing the king with his importance, his Majesty placed his statue on the top of the town-hall, as Atlas supporting the globe; and the mayor, who did not perceive the king's satire, came to thank him for the honor he had done him. *Duten's Memoirs, v. 3, p. 26.*

THE payment of tythes among the Jews formed part of the foundation of their republic; but on their first introduction into Christendom, Charlemagne, who established them, found them opposed by the people; "who (says Montesquieu) are rarely influenced by example, to sacrifice their interests," and who considered them "as burthens quite independent of the other charges of the establishment." A synod of Frankfort had recourse to their superstition to ensure their obedience, by protesting, that in the last famine the spikes of corn were found to contain no seed, the infernal spirits having devoured it all; and that those spirits had been heard to reproach them with not having paid the tythes."
Owenson's Patriotic Sketches of Ireland, v. 1. p. 123.

A tradesman who lived in a village near St. Albans, had been twice married, and ill-treated his wives so as to cause their death. He sought a third, but as his brutality was well known in the place where he dwelt, he was obliged to go fifty miles off for a wife.

He obtained one, and after he brought her home, all the neighbours came to visit her, and acquaint

her in what manner her husband used to treat his former wives. This somewhat surprised her, but she resolved to wait patiently till her lord and master might take it into his head to beat her. She did not wait long, for her husband was a terrible fellow.

One morning he waited on his lady with a cudgel, and was preparing himself to make use of it. "Stop," said she, "I fancy that the right which you now pretend to have over me is not mentioned in our marriage contract; and I declare to your worship you shall not exercise it." Such a distinct speech disconcerted the husband so much, that he laid down his cudgel, and only began to scold her. "Get out of my house," said he, "and let us share our goods." "Readily," said she, "I am willing to leave you;" and each began to set aside the moveables. The lady loosens the window curtains, and the gentleman unlocks an enormous trunk in order to fill it with his property; but as he was leaning over to place some articles at the bottom, she tripped up his heels, pushed him in, and locked the lid.

Never man was in a greater passion than our man; he threatened to kill her, and made more noise than a wild-boar caught in a trap. She answered him very quietly: "My dear friend, pray be calm, your passion may injure your health; refresh yourself a little in this comfortable trunk; for I love you too much to let you out now you are so outrageous." In the mean time she ordered her maid to make some custards and cream-tarts, and when these were baked and ready, she sent round

to all the neighbouring gossips to come and partake of her collation.

This was served up, not on a table, but on the lid of the trunk. Heaven knows what pretty things the husband heard all these famous tatlers publish in his praise. In such a case, a wise man must submit and give fair words. So did our friend in the chest. His language was soothing, he begged pardon, and cried for mercy. The ladies were so good as to forgive him, and let him out of the trunk. To reward him for his good behaviour, they gave him the remainder of the custards and tarts. He was thus completely cured of his brutality, and was afterwards cited as a model for good husbands; so that it was sufficient to say to those who were not so, *take care of the trunk,* to make them as gentle as lambs, like himself.

B. A.

An old gentleman had made a settlement of fifty pounds a year on a young girl, to be paid as long as she loved him. She inconsiderately left him, and attached herself to a young man, who, having examined that contract, thought he could revive it. In consequence, she claimed the quarters which were due since the last payment, informing him upon stamped paper that she still continued to love him. *E.*

In all wars, it is usual for the contending powers to offer up prayers to heaven for their own success and the overthrow of their enemies, each party frequently adding, " According to the *justness of*

our cause, O Lord, help us, &c." Now, considering that the cause of *both parties* cannot be *precisely* just, it would perhaps be quite as judicious, and certainly more sincere, as well as modest, to adopt the language, or at least the spirit of an old Scotch woman, who was a sutler in the duke of Marlborough's army. It so happened, that this faithful follower of the camp was one evening talking to a venerable sister of the same profession, but not of the same country, on the probable consequences of an engagement expected to be fought between the two armies next morning. "Well," said the English sutler, "Well—it will certainly be a most bloody battle; and all I have to say, is, *May* God *stand by the right!*"—"De'el pick out your eyne for your wacked wish," replied the Scotch one,—"God stand by Hamilton's regiment, *reight* or *wrang*."

We cannot, however, close this laughable view of the subject, without a serious remark, that the form of prayer, used in our liturgy in time of war, is the only one which can with propriety be addressed to heaven by a christian congregation. We need not quote the words, as we hope they are familiar to most of our readers.

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 344.

When the ambassadors of John V. duke of Braganza, returned from Scotland, whither they had been sent to negociate a match between his son Francis and Isabel, he made inquiry concerning the person of the princess, and they replied: She has beauty sufficient, and is likely enough to

bear children; but her language is neither elevated nor refined. That is just what I want replied John; and I think that woman learned enough, who knows the difference between her husband's waistcoat and his doublet. *Gen. Biog.*

VANITY is very commonly in proportion to beauty. For instance, a very beautiful woman always wore spectacles, although she had very good sight. "She did not wear them," said John Ruffo, "that she might see others better for them, but that others might see her better."

Collectanea, p. 36.

As Rabelais ridiculed the superstition of priests, he also was extremely free in his reflections on the monks, and truly he knew them too well to love and esteem them; he is said not to have been able to refrain his satirical temper, even while he was reading public service; and instead of *Qui mæchantur cum illâ,* as the vulgate has it, to have said aloud, *Qui monachantur cum illâ.*

Life of Rabelais, v. 1, p. 15.

THE Hindoos believe not only in a future, but also in a *prior* state of existence; and the particulars of this doctrine seem to be nearly as follows; viz.

That man is born into this world *seven* times *as man.* That according to his conduct in each state of existence, is his birth, fortune, &c. in the succeeding one. That when good men are entirely purified from all imperfection, they no longer are

detained in the *sea of mortal existence*, but are transferred to different degrees of bliss: and, finally, absorbed into the infinite ocean of eternal life, God:—while bad souls are sent to do further penance on earth, in the bodies of jackalls, crows, pigs, &c. &c. or sometimes of dæmons. *Kindersley's Specimens of Hindoo Literature, p. 567.*

"I have learnt from long experience," says Swift, "never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for anger and fury, though they add strength to the *sinews* of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent." *Swiftiana, v. 1, p. 143.*

An Irish blockhead was once asked what age he was: "I am only twenty-six," he answered; "but I ought to be twenty-seven, for my mother miscarried the year before I was born."

Dutensiana, p. 25.

At the commencement of a public dinner at Guildhall, on lord mayor's day, Mr chamberlain Wilkes lisped out, "Mr alderman B——ll, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch. I am within reach of both?"

"Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, sir," replied the alderman, "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table." "Mr alderman A——n, which would you chuse, sir?" continued the chamberlain. "Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I

shall follow the example of my brother B——ll, and dine on beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal, the old chamberlain rose from his seat, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes around the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called "Silence;" which being obtained, he then addressed the prætorian magistrate, who sat in the chair: "My lord mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of *gluttony;* that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day utterly silenced, I humbly move that your lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals—*that two aldermen of the city of London prefer beans and bacon to either venison or turtle soup.*"

B. M.

Religious ceremony at Rome.—What to do with my shallow domestic, Abel, I know not—the fellow hath been perverted by an Irish renegado, and is crossing his forehead and beating his breast before every Virgin Mary he passes:—if I take him to a church there is no getting him away; and if I leave him at home I am obliged, when I return, to go to the churches to find him.

As the holy week is at hand, pilgrims are flocking in from all parts of the globe.

Previous to their partaking of the general pardon, it is required that they shall have paid their adoration to the crucifix at the top of the stair-case that was brought from Jerusalem; and which is said to

be taken from Pontius Pilate's house; being the same that our Saviour frequently ascended to undergo examination.

I have practised myself to look at the catholic ceremonies with temper; but this scene was so infinitely ridiculous, that, without any evil intentions, I threw a whole body of pilgrims into the utmost consternation.

The stair-case consists of eight-and-twenty marble steps; each of which may hold about ten people abreast, and at this season of the year it is constantly crowded.—The pope himself durst not mount it on his feet.—Upwards of two hundred pilgrims were at this instant ascending, to pay homage to the crucifix, *on their knees*, and in this attitude moving on from step to step towards the top—Figure to yourself this group—They first appeared to me to be afflicted with the hip gout—they moved like horses with the stringhalt—I could still have borne it all, had I not seen Abel grubbing on in the midst of them, which made me burst into such a fit of laughter, that the holy ones were thrown into such a scene of confusion as you have never witnessed. Suddenly recollecting the expence of plush breeches, I commanded Abel to descend.—Enthusiasm had deafened him to every worldly consideration;—and, what added to my chagrin was, that the pilgrims had greatly the advantage of him, ten out of eleven being sans culottes—so finding all remonstrance ineffectual, I waited to see the conclusion of the ceremony.

The holy receptacle at the top contains a splendid crucifix, surrounded by about a dozen portable

saints, which are shewn off by a strong light in the back ground; and it has much the appearance of a magic lantern. As the pilgrims advance, they batter their foreheads against the upper step, more or less according to their superstition, or the weight of sin that overwhelms them; and then, as the same method of descent, being as I have informed you, upon their knees, might possibly be more rapid, they go off at the top through two narrow passages or defiles that look like a couple of cracks in the wall; which, I suppose, are intended to answer the purpose of a weighing machine, to ascertain how much they are wasted by fasting and praying.

It was evident that they had not used the same artificial means of reducing themselves, that a Newmarket jockey does, by wearing a dozen flannel waistcoats at a time, for most of them were barely covered with the remnant of a shirt—what fasting might have done I know not, but am apt to give very little credit to the effect of their prayers.—Indeed there was a more natural way of accounting for their leanness, as most of them had walked some hundreds of miles previous to the ceremony; and we may discover a cause for the strange attitude which they used on the occasion, by conjecturing, that being leg-weary, they had recourse to their knees by way of a change.

These narrow passages did well enough for a mortified taper catholic, (one or two of whom I have seen towards the conclusion of Lent, reduced to such a point that one might almost have threaded a bodkin with them) but in nowise answered the purpose of your portly well-fed protestant; so

Abel, as was easy to foresee, stuck fast in the middle—several of them endeavoured to pull him through, till at last he was so completely wedged in that he could neither get backwards nor forwards—Finding him in this situation, the pilgrims were suddenly disarmed of sufficient strength to withstand the temptations of their old pilfering system; so one ran away with his hat, another clawed hold of his hair, and had very nearly scalped him, supposing it to be a wig—In short, after a violent exertion, Abel effected his escape, and promised to make no more religious experiments for the present; but is persuaded that he should never have got through, had it not been for the interference of the crucifix and portable saints. *Ramble through Holland, France, and Italy.*

"You are always yawning," said a woman to her husband. "My dear friend," replied he, "the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary."

The following curious circumstance took place soon after Foote's marriage. He and his wife were invited by his father to spend a month with him in Cornwall; when, very much to their surprise, on the first night, as they were going to bed, they were entertained with a concert of music, seemingly under their window, executed in a capital style. This lasted about twenty minutes. On relating the circumstance next morning to the father, and complimenting him upon his gallantry, he absolutely denied any knowledge of the affair, and

doubted the possibility of its occuring. The young couple, however, were positive as to what they had heard; and our hero was so impressed by it, that he made a memorandum of the time, which afterwards turned out to be the very night of his uncle, sir John Dineley Goodere, being murdered by his unnatural brother.

Foote always asserted the fact of this occurrence with a most striking gravity of belief, though he could by no means account for it. One day, being asked whether he ought not to attribute it to a supernatural cause? he replied, "No; I never could bring my mind to that: but this I can tell you; it has made such an impression upon me, that if I once thought so, I would not be out of a convent a single day longer."

Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, p. 2.

Fenelon was still more beloved in foreign countries than in France. During the war of 1701, prince Eugene and the duke of Marlborough treated him with every kind of homage. They sent detachments to guard his corn and his meadows. They even had his property carried and escorted to Cambray, for fear it should be carried off by plunderers in their army. When any party of the enemy learnt that he wished to take any journey in his diocese, they informed him that he need not have a French escort, and that they would escort him themselves. The hussars, of the imperial troops, even rendered him their service.—Such empire has true virtue over the mind.

Collectanea, v. 2, p. 7

Malherbe, the father of good taste in French poetry, was a man whose wit was most lively, fertile, and instantaneous. A beggar in the streets of Paris once followed the poet a great way, craving alms in the urgent language of distress, and repeatedly promising to pray to God to reward the charitable deed. "Your wants, indeed," said Malherbe, "appear to be pressing, and deserve pity; but as to your prayers, I cannot think that God would pay much regard to them, when he leavês you in such a ragged and wretched condition."

His cotemporaries tell us, that nothing gave him so much pain as the blunders of ignorance, or the effusions of stupid and tasteles vulgarity. Of this, we have strong proof even in his dying moments. A low-bred priest attended him on the occasion, and kept babbling for a long time in miserable jargon about the joys of heaven. "Ah!" exclaimed Malherbe, almost with his last breath, "Ah! for God's sake, say no more of heaven; for your bad style would give me a disgust to it."

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 82.

There are heavy hours, in which the mind of a man of letters is unhinged; when the intellectual faculties lose all their elasticity, and when nothing but the simplest actions are adapted to their enfeebled state. At such hours it is recorded of the great Mendelsohn, that he would stand at his window, and count the tiles of his neighbour's house. An anonymous writer has told of Bayle, that he would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to public places where mountebanks re-

sorted; and that this was one of his chief amusements. He is surprized that so great a philosopher should delight in so trifling an object. This observation is not injurious to the character of Bayle; it only proves that the writer himself was no philosopher. *Curiosities of Literature, v. 2.*

SWIFT has frequently been charged with impiety. After this very free paraphrase of so solemn an article as the belief, it cannot be said that the charge is entirely without foundation. "I believe in king George the II.; the greatest captain, and the wisest monarch between heaven and earth; and in sir Robert Walpole, his only minister our lord: who was begotton of Barrett the attorney, born of Mrs W. of Houghton, accused of corruption, convicted, expelled, and imprisoned: he went down into Norfolk: the third year he came up again. He ascended into the administration, and sitteth at the head of the treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who vote as they are commanded.

"I believe in Horace's* treaty, the sanctity of the bishops, the independency of the lords, the integrity of the commons, restitution from the Spaniards, resurrection of credit, discharge of the public debts, and peace everlasting. Amen." *Swiftiana, v. 1, p. 42.*

DIRECTIONS for eating a hot hasty-pudding.—The hasty-pudding being spread out equally on a plate while hot, an *excavation* is made in the middle of it with *a spoon*, into which *excavation* a

* Horace Walpole, brother to sir Robert. The treaty of Gertruydenberg is alluded to.

piece of butter as large as a nutmeg is put, and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, &c. The butter, being soon heated by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar and forms a sauce, which being *confined in the excavation*, occupies the *middle of the plate!*"

Thus for the array—now for the battle!

"Dip each *spoonful* in the *sauce, before it is carried to the* mouth, *care* being had *in taking it up* to *begin on the outside*, and near the brim of the plate, and to approach the centre by gradual advances, in order not to demolish too soon the *excavation* which forms the reservoir of the *sauce?*"

Essays Phil. by Count Rumford, v. 1, p. 254.

We read of a wretched poet who was employed by Alexander the Great to sing his praises, on the condition that for every good line he was to receive a hundred pieces of gold, and for every bad one a hundred lashes. Tradition says that the poor poet did not long survive the bargain, which proved as bad for him as the sentence of a modern court-martial. Had the same bargain been struck with our poets laureat, the country would have saved many an annual hundred pounds.

Epics of the Ton, p. 69.

Niewentyt has computed, that in a *second* of a *minute*, there flies out of *a burning candle*, particles of light *ten millions of millions* times, more, than the number of the *grains of sand*, computed to be contained in the *whole earth!*

The imagination is not worth a microscope! it

has incalculable calculations! Lewenhock startles even a philosopher, when he calculates the eggs of a female fish at 9,334,000, every one of which to fecundate, the male must have 10,000 spermatic animalculæ, so that the male fish contains 90,334,000,000, that is, eighty-four times more fish than human creatures on the face of the globe! Malezieu says, he has seen living animalculæ twenty-seven millions of times smaller than mites!!!

Phil. Mag. v. xiii. *p.* 374.

THE negligence of Campistron, in answering the letters that were written to him, was so notorious, that one day, when he was burning a large packet of letters, M. de Vendome, who saw him very carefully thus employed, observed to those present, "Campistron is very busy answering his letters. *Collectanea, p.* 37.

THE learned Fleury mentions a curious custom observed in the election of popes:—The new-made popes were seated on night-chairs, called *Stercoraria*, from whence they threw money among the people. The design of this elegant throne was to intimate, in a *delicate way*, to the apostolical sovereign, that he was a man, subject like others to the wants of nature, and all the infirmities of humanity.

Flim-Flams, v. 2, *p.* 69.

A certain justly celebrated songstress and her *caro sposo*, during their musical tour in the north of England, arrived one evening at an inn, not remarkable for the excellence of its accommodations;

but as there were no fresh horses to be had, it was impossible to proceed another stage. This circumstance being mentioned to a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood, he very politely invited them to pass the night at his house, where he treated them with that hospitality for which he is so eminently distinguished. The travellers appeared to be much gratified by his lordship's polite attention, and were easily persuaded to prolong their visit, during which they were shewn all the beauties of the surrounding country. In the evening madame —— was naturally requested to favour the company with a few songs, to which she readily assented. On the fifth morning lord ——, at their request, ordered his carriage to take them the next stage of their intended journey, when, after bidding adieu, and thanking his lordship for his civilities, monsieur ——, with that *modesty* which marks his character, presented a slip of paper containing the *moderate* demand of *five hundred guineas*, for the exertion of his wife's musical talents, saying, "*My lor, my vife is sing five nights.—dis is de price, van hundred guineas chaque night.*" We have not heard if his lordship submitted to the abominable imposition of this avaricious and insolent Frenchman. *Satirist, p.* 180.

We have a picture of Sterne, drawn by himself, in the attitude of feeding an ass with macaroons: "and at this moment," says the sprightly and whimsical writer, "that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing how an ass would eat a maca-

room, than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act." It would be hard to say what figure an ass would make while thus engaged; but we are told by Valerius Maximus that a similar entertainment caused the death of Philemon. This poet, on entering a room to refresh himself with some figs, observed that an ass had been before-hand with him, and was leisurely devouring them one by one. Philemon, wishing to complete the repast, courteously ordered a slave to present his dumb guest with a goblet of wine. This curious symposium provoked the comedian to such a fit of laughter, that he was suffocated in the struggle. *Translations from the Greek Anthol. pref. p.* xlix.

NELL GWYN, the celebrated mistress of Charles the second, maintained a considerable sway over him, in spite of that licentious monarch's unbounded passion for variety. She was a person of infinite good humour, and bore the rubs incident to her situation with perfect composure. It is told of her coachman, that, being one day insulted by a brother-whip with the jeer, that "he served a w——," he stript and asserted his honour in a sound bruising match. Nell was attracted by the noise of the scuffle; and on learning the affair from her coachman, "Pugh!" said she, "why do you get yourself bruised for what every one knows!" "Z——ds, ma'am," replied the coachman, "every one may know that you are a w——, but every one is not to say that I serve a w——!"

Epics of the Ton, p. 91.

THERE is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament when Tristram Shandy first appeared, that none but wise men should look into the work. It is too much to write *books* and find *heads* to understand them!" *Sterne's Letters*, cxxv.

FONTANA, the late Italian naturalist, declares that he has found the means of giving eels *a sex at pleasure*. While they are *hermaphrodites*, if they die, he can give them a *resurrection*, but when he converts them into a *male* or a *female*, once dead they can no longer be revived.

Phil. Mag. v. 12. *p.* 26.

I took a large locust off the Cape, opened its belly, and *pulling out its intestines*, filled the cavity with *cotton!* and in that state I fixed it to the bottom of a box with a *pin*, which passed through its *thorax!* It remained there for *five months*, and at the end of that period *it still moved* both its *legs* and its *antennæ*.—I *transfixed* other *locusts* in the same manner, without *opening their bellies—to try if I could stifle them!*"

Vaillant's Tour in Africa.

BEING at a public garden, observes our traveller, on the *Boulevards*, and in search of that temple which the English expect to find half concealed, I soon saw, for it was open to all eyes, the inscription—*Cabinet d'aisance*. By one token it might have been a cabinet council, for a guardian was seated at the door, and strange as it may be

thought, a female guardian! I looked, and Englishman-like, hesitated. With a truly French quickness, she divined my embarrassment, and fearful of losing her perquisite, exclaimed—"*Entrez, monsieur, entrez,*" presenting me, as she spoke, with a sheet of some unfortunate author's production. She did not once rise from her seat. Hearing, seeing, and the other senses are accustomed to take no offence. She accepted her penny, and I walked away, overflowing with reflection, and endless questions of whys and wherefores, decency and indecency, right and wrong; what is wisdom and what is folly, and where the bounding line by which they are divided may be found? *Holcroft's Travels.*

Garrick, attending the rehearsal of *Venice Preserved*, when a new actress highly recommended to him was to make her *debût* in *Belvidera*, she repeated that tender exclamation, "Would you kill my father, Jaffier?" with so much *sang froid* in her voice and countenance, that, after several attempts to set her right, he whispered her, nearly in the same tone, "Can you chop cabbage, madam?" *Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, p. 105.*

It was at Zarskoje-Sselo that Catharine I. of Russia surprised her husband with the original plan of the palace; but the structure itself was raised in the reign of Elizabeth, and evinces in its architecture, as well as in its exuberance of gildings, the taste of that period.

Catharine II. erected a separate palace for her residence, built in the most simple but elgant style

of architecture. Before her lay spread her own and new designs, and her eyes surveyed the monuments which she had erected in honour of her heroes, and of him who was to her more than all, of her Orloff. These were placed on the open lawn, and towards the latter part of her life were often visited by her in solemn silence. The park, which abounds in shady walks, in new prospects, in temples and bridges, in ruins, &c. occupies a considerable extent of ground. A gentle slope leads from the middle story gradually into the park, so that her majesty had no use of stairs. The gallery of great men, from which the bust of Fox, on a late occasion, was obliged to disappear, hermitages, the bridges of pillars, the arcade with a marble colonnade above it, the Ruschberg with its forest of pillars have, like every thing else remarkable in the castle, been so often described, that it would be unnecessary here to repeat it. In short, the whole was a most perfect model of the taste of its inhabitant, and her æra. Catharine's apartments were splendid, but in the style of noble simplicity, cheerful and lively, like the mein of the possessor. Her bedchamber, with the mirrors and the glass pillars, quite resembled the dwelling of a fairy. From her apartments she had an open prospect to St. Petersburgh. Here, it is said, that she was sitting at a window during the last autumn which she survived, and observed that a sudden storm was collecting over the residence. Directing the attention of the company to the circumstance, one of them had the temerity to repeat a Russian proverb, which signifies, " Command, sovereign, and

the flash shall light!" In that moment the flash actually struck and set fire to the gallies, all of which were consumed. Her majesty arose with indignation, cast a gloomy look at the unseasonable flatterer, and retired to her apartments, where she soon received messengers from St. Petersburgh, announcing the damage sustained by the storm. Shortly after she repaired to the city, and saw her favourite Zarskoje-Sselo no more! and its splendour vanished the moment her eyes were closed.

Reinbeck's Travels.

If you wish to be comfortable, marry at thirty a woman of twenty-one. You will not then be in danger of your children treading too closely upon your heels.

A Roman emperor did not enjoy the luxuries of an English washer-woman. She breakfasts upon tea from the East Indies, and upon sugar from the west.

If your wife wears a wig, take care never to see her head newly shorn. It is one of the most disgustful sights that can be presented.

It is a wise provision in nature, that tall men should love little women, and that little men should love tall women. It is this that prevents the world from being filled with dwarfs and giants.

Dr. Hunter's Men and Manners.

Elizabeth it is well known, afforded effectual aid to the united provinces, when they separated from Spain. It was at that time that the learned Baudius, a friend and correspondent of sir Philip Sidney, was sent ambassador to England; his

speech, at his first audience, is extant, and was an elaborate piece of fulsome flattery. Her majesty's reply was short, but worth preserving, being unpremeditated and delivered in correct latin.

" I am convinced, sir, as well by my own defects, as by the immoderate praise you have bestowed upon me, that you are not acquainted with my real character; yet I cannot but feel flattered by a mistake which originates from respect and friendship; under such prejudices the judgment is often led astray.

In the mean time, I hope to prove not wholly unworthy of the favourable opinion you entertain of me; and although I should not be able to attain that perfection you describe, your praise may stimulate me to improvement, and make me endeavour, by every means in my power, to preserve the esteem of yourself and those who sent you."

Lounger's Common-Place Book, v. 1, p. 403.

A borderer, who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbours, fell sick, and, being given over, sent for his enemy, that they might be reconciled " Ah," said he, when the man entered the room, " I am very bad, very bad indeed;—d'ye think I shall die?" " Why, hope not," replied his visitor, —" hope not;—to be sure you are very bad, but for all that perhaps you may do yet." " No, no," said the other, " I shall die, I know I shall die,—and so I have sent for you that I may not go out of the world in enmity with any one. So, d'ye see, we'll be friends. The quarrel between us is all over,—all over,—and so give me your hand."

Accordingly this token of reconciliation was performed, and the other took his leave; when just as he was closing the door after him, the sick man cried out, "But stop," said he,—"if I should not die this time, this is to go for nothing: Mind now,—it's all to be just as it was before, if I do not die." *Espriella's Letters, v. 2, p.* 196.

Some very great men have entertained strange superstitions. Ruddiman, the grammarian, was a warm friend of royalty, and of the house of Stuart; so much so that he firmly believed and often repeated, in conversation, that every one of that line, who was to ascend the throne, was born with a red lion impressed on his right arm. *Inq. into the Hist. of Scot. p.* 58.

Lee was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On the circuit at Norwich a brief was brought him by the relatives of a woman who had been deceived in a promise of marriage; he inquired among other particulars whether the woman was handsome? "A most beautiful face" was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms that were placed in their view, and painting in glowing colours the guilt of the wretch that could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings wrought up to a proper pitch, he sat down under the perfect conviction of obtaining a verdict. But what was his surprize when the

council retained by the opposite party observed, that it was impossible not to assent to the encomium which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he begged leave to add that she had a *wooden leg*. This fact, of which Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion; his eloquence was thrown away, and the jury, who felt ashamed for the effects it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him. *Public Characters*, 1803, 1804, *p.* 158.

When Sidney was in France, being one day hunting with the king, and mounted on a fine English horse, the form and spirit of which caught the king's eye, he received a message, that he would be pleased to oblige the king with his horse at his own price. He answered *he did not chuse to part with him.* The king, determined to have no denial, gave orders to tender him a sum of money, and to seize the horse; which being made known to Sidney, he instantly took a pistol and shot him dead, saying, *that his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves.* Would a pensioner to France have dared to speak and act thus?

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p, 222.

There happened, while Swift was at Laracor, the sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during the auction just as a pen of poultry had been put up: Roger bid for them, and was overbid by a farmer of the name

of Hatch; "*What, Roger, won't you buy the poultry?*" exclaimed Swift. "*No, sir,*" said Roger, "*I see they are just* a'going to hatch."
Swiftiana, v. 1, *p.* 8.

FREDERIC the second's severity to the bishops gave occasion to a sarcasm very deserving of remembrance.—At an interview with the bishop of Ermeland, who had been despoiled of a large portion of his revenue, soon after the partition, the king asked him, "If, after what had happened, he could still have any friendship left for him." "Sire," replied the prelate, "I shall never forget my duty, as a good subject, to my sovereign." "I am," continued the king, "still your friend, and presume likewise much upon your friendship for me: should saint Peter refuse me entrance into Paradise, I hope you will have the goodness to hide me under your mantle, and take me in with you." "Sire," returned the bishop, "*that will scarce be possible, your majesty has cut my mantle too short to admit of my carrying any contraband goods under it.*" The king felt the reproof, but shewed no mark of displeasure by which the good humour of the company could be interrupted. *Latrobe's Anecdotes of the late King of Prussia.*

FOOTE, who lived in habits of intimacy with lord Kellie, took as many liberties with his face (which somewhat resembled in appearance a meridian sun) as ever Falstaff did with his friend Bardolph's. One day his lordship choosing to forget his promise of dining with him, it piqued him so,

that he called out, loud enough to be heard by the whole coffee-house where they were sitting, "Well, my lord; since you cannot do me the honour of dining with me to-day, will you be so good, as you ride by, just to *look over* against my south wall? for, as we have had little or no sun for this fortnight past, my peaches will want the assistance of your lordship's *countenance*."

Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, p. 89.

When M. Heyman was at Florence, he did not fail to pay his respects to the grand duke of Tuscany's celebrated librarian, Magliabechi, who was considered as its ornament. He found him amongst his books, of which the number was prodigious. Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with them, not only along their sides, but piled in heaps on the floors; so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived indeed, so that by walking side-ways, you might extricate yourself from one room to another. This was not all; the passage below stairs was full of books, and the staircase from the top to the bottom was lined with them. When you reached the second story, you saw with astonishment three rooms, similar to those below, equally full; so crouded, that two beds in these chambers were also crammed with books.

This apparent confusion did not, however, hinder Magliabechi from immediately finding the books he wanted. He knew them all so well, that even to the least of them it was sufficient to see its outside, to say what it was; and indeed he read

them day and night, and never lost sight of any. He eat on his books, he slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible. During his whole life he only went twice from Florence; once to see Fiesoli, which is not above two leagues distant, and once ten miles further, by order of the grand duke. Nothing could be more simple than his mode of life; a few eggs, a little bread, and some water, were his ordinary food. A drawer of his desk being open, M. Heyman saw there several eggs, and some money, which Magliabechi had placed there for his daily use. But as this drawer was generally open, it frequently happened, that the servants of his friends, or strangers who came to see him, pilfered some of these things; and, I suppose, preferred the money to the eggs.

His dress was as philosophical as his repasts. A black doublet which descended to his knees; large and long breeches; an old patched black cloak; an enormous hat, very much worn, and the edges ragged; a large neckloth of coarse cloth, begrimed with snuff; a dirty shirt, which he always wore as long as it lasted, and which the broken elbows of his doublet did not conceal; and to finish this inventory, a pair of ruffles which did not belong to the shirt. Such was the brilliant dress of our learned Florentine; and in such did he appear in the public streets, as well as in his own house. Let me not forget another circumstance: to warm his hands, he generally had a stove with fire fastened to his arms, so that his clothes were generally singed and burnt, and his hands scorched. Excepting all this, he had nothing otherwise remarkable about

him. He was the best man in the world (says M. Heyman) and was extremely polite and affable to strangers. *Curiosities of Literature, v. 2.*

" I suppose, sir," said a London hair-dresser to a gentleman from the country,—" I suppose, sir, you would like to be dressed in the Brutus style." " What style is that?" was the question in reply. " All over frizzley, sir, like the negers,—They be Brutes you know. *Espriella, v. 3, p. 274.*

CHARLES, the haughty old duke of Somerset, having occasion to employ Seymour the painter, at Petworth, his grace was violently offended at the artist, for hinting in a modest way, what was founded on fact, that he considered himself as distantly related to the duke. He quitted him abruptly, and considerably irritated; the steward was sent to pay him for what he had done, and to dismiss him.

After trying in vain to get the pictures finished, which his cousin had begun, his grace condescended to invite the man he had insulted, to return; " I will now prove that I *am* of your family," said Seymour, " I will not come." *Lounger's Common Place-Book, v. 3, p. 205.*

BARON TRENCK.—The day after my arrival at Paris, curiosity led me to visit incognito the Palais Royal, where Mr Curtius was exhibiting me in wax to the people. I went up to him, and said: —Sir, I saw Baron Trenck himself a few years ago, and I perceive this figure no more resembles him than it does the Great Mogul.—He looked at

me with a mixture of surprize and contempt; and assured me, on his honour, that he well knew Baron Trenck personally, and that he had modelled the face of his figure from the Baron himself at Frankfort.

I said nothing before the company, but took him aside into another room, and discovered myself.—The poor fellow was ashamed and frightened; offered in excuse the artifices of people of his profession to gratify the curiosity of the public; assured me that he had got a great deal of money by me; that he had sent a similar figure to London with the same view; and prayed me to favour him with half an hour's sitting, that he might copy my real face. This request, however, for sufficient reasons, I did not think fit to grant. The original being now at Paris, the figure would no longer answer the purpose of Mr Curtius in that city; so it was conveyed to Madrid. *Life of B. T. v.* 4.

In the island of Ceylon, the natives formerly paid their adorations to the most fantastic deities. Amongst others, a magnificent temple was erected, and daily sacrifices were offered to the all-powerful spirit supposed to reside in a *monkey's tooth*. On the continuance of any drought, or the prevalence of any epidemic disorder, the sacred tooth was always brought forth, and borne in solemn procession; and the return of rain and health was constantly attributed to its powerful influence. But shortly after the Dutch had taken possession of the island, by one of those accidents against which no human prudence can guard, the hallowed tooth was

mislaid, and baffled the most diligent search, both of the priests, its guardians, and the natives. So ominous a calamity occasioned a general mourning; and the negligent depositories of the sacred relic were decreed to suffer death, when De Groot, a crafty Hollander who had seen the deity, produced to the superstitious people a tooth entirely similar, which he assured them the god Whyhang had presented to him in a dream. It was received with enthusiastic gratitude; and De Groot was rewarded with goods to the value of twenty thousand pounds, with which he returned to his own country. He ever afterwards spoke of the East India Deity with becoming veneration, and in testimony of his thankfulness, never omitted giving as the first toast after dinner every day, "*The Monkey's Tooth.*"

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 339.

SATIRE is a sort of glasss, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is their chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.

Swiftiana, v, 1, p. 142.

THE remarks of Fuller, in his Worthies of England, relative to Spenser, Jonson, and Shakespear, are well selected, by M. D'Israeli:

He observes on Spenser, "The many *Chaucerisms* used (for I will not say affected) by him are thought by the ignorant to be *blemishes*, known by the learned to be *beauties*, to his book; which not-

withstanding had been more *saleable,* if more conformed to our modern language."

On Jonson—" His parts were not so ready *to run of themselves,* as able to answer the spur; so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an *elaborate wit,* wrought out by his own industry. He would *sit silent* in learned company, and suck in *(besides wine)* their several humours into his observation. What was *ore* in *others,* he was able to *refine* himself.

He was paramount in the dramatic part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *volge* (which are only tickled with downright obscenity) and took not so well at the *first stroke,* as at the *rebound,* when beheld the second time; yea, they will endure reading, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his latter be not so spriteful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all who desire to be old should excuse him therein."

On Shakespear—" He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *poeta non fit, sed nascitur;* one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his *learning* was but very little; so that as *cornish diamonds* are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so *nature* itself was all the *art* which was used upon him.

Many were the *wit-combats* betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a *Spanish great galleon,* and an *English man of war.* Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in

learning; *solid*, but *slow* in his performances. Shakespear, with the English man of war, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in *sailing*, could *turn with all tides*, and take advantage of *all winds*, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Curiosities of Literature, v. 2.

THE whimsical questions of queen Caroline to Dr. Clarke, have been mentioned; one of her requests was, that he would tell her faults.

After evading this delicate and dangerous business so long as he *could* do it without offence, the doctor observed; "As I am compelled, will your majesty pardon my saying, that when people from the country come to St. James's chapel, for a sight of the royal family, it is an example, not very edifying, for them to see your majesties talking during the whole time of divine service?" The queen blushed, told the doctor he was right, and a hearty laugh ensued. "Well, doctor, now tell me another fault: "No, madam, excuse me, when I see your majesty has amended this, it will be time enough to talk of another." *Lounger's Common-Place Book, v. 1, p. 386.*

BOWDEN, who was a very fat man, being in Germany, while he was an officer in the guards, happened to be sent on what is called a *flying party*, of which he gave his father (who was nearly as fat as himself) the following laconic account:—

DEAR SIR,

Our general has thought fit to select *me* for a *flying party*; and as you seem to have the same

family talents for enterprises of this description, I shall not be much surprised if I hear that they have engaged *you* to play *Harlequin* next winter at Drury-lane.

The same facetious gentleman dining one day at the house of Thrale, the member for the borough, and seeing nothing to his liking in the first course, answered only, when asked to be helped to any thing, "I will wait for something else." A neck of mutton being the last thing, he refused it also. Mrs Thrale, in some confusion, apologized for her dinner, by saying, "that the high winds had that morning thrown down the kitchen chimney, and she was afraid there was nothing else but some pastry." Bowden, roused at this, and seeing the mutton on the point of being carried from the table, stuttered out to the servant as well as he could, "Holloa, master! bring that back again: I now begin to find it is *neck or nothing!*"

Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, p. 93.

At the western extremity of Leominster, is an ancient building erected for an alms-house; on the front of which are the remains of a figure which in its better days supported a hatchet in one hand, and above its head had the following inscription:

He that gives his goods before he's dead,
Let him take up this ax and chop off his head.

a piece of advice by no means so absurd as may at first appear to many, when it is recollected how little gratitude for favours received prevails in the bosoms of a large portion of mankind; and likewise when they are informed that the person whose

figure had been there represented was once a gentleman of considerable property, which he uncautiously bestowed upon persons he conceived to be in want of his assistance, and reduced himself to the extreme of poverty by his liberalities. Applying however in the midst of his distresses to those on whom he had lavished his possessions, and who were then (owing to his former bounty) in affluence and ease, he was refused the least assistance; which so affected the poor man, that, pining for a short time in the utmost wretchedness, he descended into the grave, and left his ungrateful friends to reflect and be ashamed of their inhuman conduct. His widow, having sometime afterwards become possessed once more of a good fortune, built this almshouse at Leominster; and had the figure and inscription already mentioned placed over the entrance, to serve as a warning to others for avoiding the rock her husband's peace had been completely wrecked upon. *Gleanings of a Wanderer.*

I must not forget mentioning a man who daily pursues his trade on the Mole. He has a commanding figure, is dressed like an Hungarian hussar, and also wears some medals about him. His name sounds very grand, being Maura Guerra Gamba Curta. He professes himself a Prussian; and declares that his family has for five hundred years been provided with a balsam, which was invented by one of their ancestors. When he stands on his stage displaying and extolling his medicines, he produces by the firm and positive tone with which he speaks, the same effect as I have observ-

ed in the auditories of the modern philosophers from a similar cause. "My good Neapolitans," he exclaims, "I know there are excellent physicians and surgeons here, and that I am but a worm compared with them; but by the grace of God," (here he takes off his hat, as do also the by-standers,) "by the grace of God, I possess a balsam which heals the deepest wounds in a moment. Do you think that I wish to be taken at my word? By no means. Observe!" He now takes off his coat, shews his naked arm, draws his sabre, makes an incision in his flesh, and lets the blood gush out plentifully; he then pours in a few drops of his balsam, and invites the hearers to come the next day and view the wonderful effect of it.—"Here," he continues, "is a water against the scurvy; and if all your teeth were so loose as to be shaken with the wind like the hair of your head, you need only wash your mouth with this, and they will directly stand as fast as palisadoes in a fortification. This water is, as it were, the *cardinal* among my medicines; this salve, on the contrary, the *pope* himself." Here the hat is taken off again, and indeed somewhat lower than on the mention of God. "If you have an eruption, let it be ever so bad, rub yourselves with this salve to-day, and to-morrow or the day after, adieu to your complaint! Do you think that I would cheat you of your money? Far from it: I labour merely for the honour of God. This medicine costs me four carolines (6s. 6d. sterling,) and I give it to you for one only. Yes, I give it to you *gratis:* there! take it; I desire nothing for it. Try it beforehand, and then come and bare testi-

mony whether Gamba Curta has spoken true or not." I was once actually witness to his refusing money of a well-drest man, who could not prevail on him to accept it without the most urgent entreaties. "Trust me not," he would often say at the close of his harangue: "inquire about me; go into the palace of his excellency general so-and-so, and ask what I have been in his regiment. Perhaps only a common hussar. But I have cured the whole regiment of all possible diseases. When death sat on the lips, and there was no one to help more, then honest Gamba Curta was called for; it was known that he let nobody die."

Kotzebue's Travels in Italy, v. 1, *p.* 261.

A worthy clergyman, in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed in his will a considerable property to his only daughter, on the subsequent conditions: First, That she did not enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives. Secondly, That she dressed with greater decency than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The testator's words were:

"But as my daughter Ann —— hath not attended to my admonitions, respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with naked elbows, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline —— and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this re-

striction is severe, I answer, that an indecent display of personal habiliments in women, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity."

Modern Ship of Fools, p. 57.

GASCONADE.—A Parisian drew in the street upon a Gascon by whom he had been insulted. The Gascon calling a chimney-sweeper, and giving him a sous, said,—"Here, take this and go to the sexton: tell him to ring a knell, and come for that dead body," pointing to the Parisian. 'Lord, sir,' replied the messenger, 'it seems to me the gentleman is in good health.'—"Very true," answered the Gascon:—"but did not you hear him challenge me?" *Holcroft's Travels.*

To be sold, on the 8th of July, 131 suits in law, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from buisines. Note, the clients are rich and obstinate! *New Jersey Journal.*

COFFEE.—This fashionable beveridge, now almost a necessary of life, on its first introduction in Asia, caused a violent religious schism among the mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not 'till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house, properly so called, was established at Constantinople: its discovery was announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which each sect relates in its own way.

The first coffee-house opened in England is said to have been in George Yard, Lombard-street,

London, by Rosqua, the Greek servant of a Turkey merchant, in the year 1652; its flavour was considered so delicate, and it was thought by the statesmen of those days, to promote society and political conversation so much, that a duty of fourpence was laid on every gallon made and sold.

But Anthony Wood says, that there was a house for selling coffee, at Oxford, two years before Rosqua's, in London; "that those who delighted in *novelty*, drank it at the sign of the angel, in that university, a house kept by an *outlandish* Jew.

Lounger's Common-Place Book, v. 1, p. 271.

A German Professor gives the following title to one of his publications—"Observations on *all things* and several *other things* besides."

Modern Ship of Fools, p. 170.

PREVIOUS to the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, lieut. general Cromwell had sent out spies to reconnoitre the king's forces, under the command of prince Rupert. Not confiding in their report of the disposition of the enemy, and determined to gain a personal information, unknown to any of his officers, he procured the habit of a farmer, with which having equipped himself, he mounted a cart-horse, takes a circuit from the camp, and reconnoitres the king's forces from every convenient point of view; but being observed by some centinels, troopers were sent out to take him prisoner. On coming suddenly upon him, they accosted him roughly: Oliver pretending deafness, asked, with the greatest tranquillity,

" for what purpose those men were armed?" On being informed that they were the king's, and the opposite troops belonged to the parliament, " What, says Oliver, " have they differed then?" The simplicity of the question excited laughter among the troopers, and Oliver was permitted to proceed to his camp without further molestation.

Life of Cromwell.

FOOTE had two natural children, to whom he was much attached. As they were playing about his knees one evening after dinner, a French gentleman present asked him, " Sont-ils par la *même mere*, monsieur?"—" Oui, monsieur," replied he; " by the *same mare*, but I have strong doubts whether by the *same horse*."

Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, p. 103.

OLD lord Ligonier took the charge of his nephew, when commanding the British forces abroad, and at the commencement of the first engagement he was greatly exasperated at the timidity which was evinced by his elève, who excused himself, on the score of the novelty of the dreadful scene; as the slaughter increased, the young man's fear became less conspicuous, until a musket ball not only levelled to the earth a soldier who was at his side, but splashed his coat with the brains of the deceased. On witnessing this, a visible emotion was depictured on the features of the young soldier, which was noticed by the enraged uncle, who, with a bitter imprecation, vowed that his nephew was a poltron, and only fit to be tied to his mother's apron

string. "I beg your pardon, uncle," replied the nephew, archly, and looking at his bedaubed regimental coat, "I am not afraid, but am only astonished to find that a skull here should be possessed of any brains at all." *Captain Grose.*

When general O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XIV. soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his majesty observed, that Clare's regiment behaved well in that engagement. "Sire," said the general, "they behaved well, it is true; many of them were wounded: but my regiment behaved better, for *we* were *all killed!*"

Stultifera Navis, p. 240.

The virgin Mary of Atocha is made of wood, yet is seen melting into tears at the pathetic parts of a sermon annually prached before her every Good Friday. On such occasions, the spectators cannot help sharing in the bitternes of the virgin's sorrow. One day, the preacher, having exerted all his powers of oratory with the usual effect, perceived among his crying congregation a carpenter, who looked on with a dry eye. "Impious wretch!" exclaimed the sacred orator—what—not weep!—not discover the smallest emotion, when you see the holy virgin herself dissolved in tears!"—"Ah, reverend father," replied the carpenter, "it was I, who fixed up that statue yesterday in its niche: in order to fasten the virgin properly, I was obliged to drive three great nails in her backside: 'twas then she would have cried, had she been able." *Light reading at Leisure Hours, p.* 294.

When lord Stair was ambassador at Paris during the regency, he gave orders to his coachman to give way to nobody except the king, meaning that an English ambassador should take the pass even of the regent, but without naming him. The host was seen coming down a street through which the coach passed. Colonel Young, who was master of the horse, rode to the window of the coach, and asked lord Stair, if he would be pleased to give way to God Almighty? he answered, "By all means, but none else;" and then stepping out of the coach, paid respect to the religion of the country in which he was, and kneeled in a very dirty street.

J. M.

Notwithstanding the modern vocabulary of honour, which tells a man to risk his life, because another treads upon the tail of his dog; I must nevertheless affirm, that such conduct has nothing to do with real courage; for there are but very few injuries of such a glaring nature as to demand the blood of a fellow creature at the hands of another. Would it argue real courage, let me ask, for a man of a delicate and weak habit, and quite devoid of skill, to put his strength in opposition to an experienced bruiser? or would it redound to the credit of an individual who had never fired a pistol, to place himself within twelve paces of a man who could hit a crown piece at 30 yards, and who was to have the first shot into the bargain; if such be the standard bravery, and the touchstone of honour, I must certainly coincide with Falstaff, when he exclaims,

" What is honour? a word—What is that word honour? Air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No."

Dr. Paley, in his political and moral philosophy, very justly observes, that honour is nothing more than a law instituted by one certain class of people which is to act as a tie upon another, having no reference whatever, either to religion or morality; and with respect to that species of honour which prompts a man to rush headlong into ruin, it is invariably the rule, that if the actor succeeds, he is crowned with the applause of the multitude; whereas, if he fails, he is sure to be as universally reprehended.

Modorn Ship of Fools, p. 223.

A mercantile acquaintance of Foote, would one day after dinner read him a poem of his own composing, and pompously began:

" Hear me, O Phœbus! and ye muses nine! Pray be attentive."—" I am," said Foote, " *nine* and *one* are *ten;* go on."

Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, p. 61.

When Dr. Franklin was asked, why those who had acquired more wealth than was sufficient for all the purposes of comfort, should still desire to increase it? he answered, " That avarice was the most natural and common of all the human passions," and illustrated his assertion by giving to

a child, then in the room, a large apple. The moment it had taken it, he offered it another, which it also received; and before it could dispose of either, he presented a third: it vainly tried to hold it in its little hands, and at last, in a passion of tears, threw itself and the fruit on the floor.—" Is not this child the *political baby* who grasps at more than it can enjoy, and will find insatiable desire terminate in disappointment?"

Phil. Essays.

A gentleman who had the ill fate to have a son very weak in his intellects, was continually recommending silence, as the best method of hiding his imperfection. It so happened, that the father took his son to an entertainment, and, for want of room to sit together, they were obliged to take separate seats. After dinner, two gentlemen, opposite to the son, differed in opinion upon a subject they were discoursing about; and, rather than have a serious dispute, they agreed to leave it to the gentleman opposite to them.—They then stated the case, and desired his opinion.—The son was silent. They waited a little while and again desired him to decide.—Still he kept silence. The gentlemen, looking stedfastly at him, exclaimed: " Why, the fellow is a fool!" Upon which the son started up, and called out, " Father, father, they have found me out."

Lounger's Pocket Book, p. 161.

THE ancient house of Ruthsen, in the Highlands of Scotland, once the seat of the unfortunate Gow-

ries, consists of two square towers, built at different times, and distinct from each other, but now joined by buildings of later date. The top of one of the towers is called the *Maiden's Leap*, receiving its name from the following extraordinary fact:

A daughter of the first earl of Gowrie was addressed by a young man of inferior rank in the neighbourhood, a frequent visitor of the family, who never would give the least countenance to his passion. His lodging was in the tower, separate from that of his mistress. The lady, before the doors were shut, conveyed herself into her lover's apartment. A prying duenna acquainted the countess, who, cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of a retreat, listened to surprise them. The young lady's ears were quick; she heard the footsteps of her mother, ran to the top of the leads, and took the desperate leap of *nine feet four inches* over *a chasm of sixty feet*, and luckily alighting on the battlements of the other tower, crept into her own bed, where the astonished countess found her, and of course apologized for her unjust suspicion. The fair daughter did not choose to repeat the leap; but the next night eloped, and was married.

Tour in Scotland.

No learned man ever distinguished himself in so many different ways, or united so many claims to glory and applause as Mr Bailly, who was mayor of Paris from the 15th July, 1789, until the 16th November, 1791.

Bailly was a victim of the tribunal of blood on the 9th of November, 1793; and those who had

procured his condemnation founds means to prolong his sufferings, by requiring that the place of his execution should be changed; in consequence of which the scaffolding was removed: this occasioned a delay of more than two hours. He was the only person towards whom they exercised this additional barbarity.

They spit upon and burnt a pair of colours close to his face: some of the more furious advanced in order to strike him, notwithstanding the executioners themselves were indignant at such brutal conduct. They also covered him with dirt, while a cold rain, that descended in torrents, added to the horror of his situation. With his hands tied behind his back, and obliged to swallow the moisture that trickled down from his nose, he at times demanded that a period should be put to so many calamities: but even then his request was uttered with the dignified calmness of a philosopher. To a man who said, "You tremble, Bailly;" he replied, "Yes, my friend, but it is on account of the cold."

Memoires d'un Détenu, par Riouste.

Sir Francis Delaval and Foote, strolling from the Turk's-head tavern in Gerrard-street, not a little inebriated, espied a *bona roba* most tawdrily dressed out, ogling them from her drawing-room window. This was enough to excite the gallantry of Sir Francis; who, instantly dropping upon one knee, theatrically exclaimed, "*Ah, ma chere belle!*" Foote, seeing this, was determined not to be outdone in gallantry; and accordingly, placing himself

by the side of sir Francis, exclaimed in the same impassioned tone of voice and manner, "*Ah, ma Jeze-bel?*" *Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, p. 73.*

A collector of old coins, after displaying his valuable store to some amateurs, suddenly missed a rare gold piece, of the emperor Carusius, which had peculiarly attracted the attention of his visitors, when, instantly securing the door of the apartment, he made the fact known, and requested that the gentlemen would turn their pockets inside out, in order to satisfy him that it was not in either of their possessions. Each of the visitors, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge of theft, instantly acquiesced with the desire of the collector, who, not finding his coin by this means, proceeded to acquaint the company that he must be under the necessisy of administering a strong purgative to each party, which was accordingly ordered, notwithstanding the most vehement opposition on all sides; when wrought upon by this vigorous mode of attack, one of the amateurs, at length, confessed that he had been unable to resist the powerful temptation: and, as he wanted that coin only to render his series complete, he had literally taken the opportunity of swallowing it, in the hope of bearing away the prize; so that after evacuation he might be enabled to place it in his own repository. It is almost needless to add, that the *injured collector* did not suffer this swallower of emperors to quit his mansion, until *Carusius* had *passed* the great ordeal, and once more tasted the joys of light and liberty.

Shortly after the fact here related had happened, an old acquaintance of this *purging* collector demanded the cause which had instigated him to adopt so extraordinary a method; when he confessed, that upon a former occasion he had himself pursued a similar expedient, in order to become possessed of a scarce coin, which was deficient in his assortment; and that, well knowing from experience that nothing less than a *smart dose* would have immediately brought forth the hidden treasure from his own bowels, he had consequently pursued that plan. *Modern Ship of Fools, p.* 128.

LAVOISIER'S celebrity has for some time past induced several of the *Parisian ladies* to become amateurs of chemistry; so that they analyze the *sensibilities* of the *heart*—according to *chemical rules.*" *Karamsin's Travels, v.* 3, *p.* 68.

ABOUT six months before the death of Daniel Dancer, during a hot summer's day, he was observed by a neighbour very assiduously employed in throwing water from a pool, by means of a frying pan, on the surrounding meadow, which happened to be burnt up. On being questioned as to the object of his labours, he observed, " that he wanted a bit of nice fresh grass for his old horse, for hay being then very dear, a poor body ought to be sparing of it." The same person, returning in three or four hours afterwards, found the old man in tears, and, on inquiring the cause, was informed, " that he had worked with the frying-pan until he was tired, when falling asleep on the grass, some

rogue had stolen a pocket-book from him containing three hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes, which he had received the day before for some ricks of hay that he had sold."

Annual Necrology, for 1798, *p.* 161.

FOOTE's mother, who brought a large fortune to her husband, as heiress to the Goodere estates, was latterly, by a carelessness and dissipation so peculiar to this family, in a great measure a dependent on her son's bounty; as was also his brother, who was brought up to the church. To the latter he allowed sixty pounds a year, besides the freedom of his table and theatre; to the former a pension of one hundred pounds till her death, which happened some years before that of her son.*

Foote's Memoirs, v. 2, *p.* 3.

THE collectors practise various arts, to make a copy of a work excessive rare—by printing a few only, a worthless book becomes valuable, because it

* Under one of her temporary embarraſſments, ſhe wrote the following laconic epiſtle to our hero; which, with his anſwer, exhibit no bad ſpecimen of the thoughtleſs diſpoſitions of the two characters:—

"DEAR SAM,

I AM in priſon for debt: come and aſſiſt your loving mother,

E. FOOTE."

"DEAR MOTHER,

SO am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother, by her affectionate ſon,

SAM FOOTE."

"*P. S.* I have ſent my attorney to aſſiſt you; in the mean time let us hope for better days."

is scarce! and in some cases they have contrived to enjoy that undescribable rapture of possessing *an unique copy!* Not long ago, a certain collector purchased a precious illuminated manuscript, at the expence of 100l.—As soon as the copy was in his hands, he requested a moment's silence among the congregation of collectors. "Gentlemen! (cried he)—Observe I *tear into pieces* this valuable copy, for which I have paid 100l.—and by which means, I become the possessor of an *unique copy!* —for I have another in my collection, and which I now value at 300l.!"—In saying this, he tore the costly copy he had bought, and to the envy of these literary misers, wore a jewel on his philosophical cap, as large and as unrivalled as the *Pitt-diamond!* *Flim-Flams, v. 3, p. 215.*

MARRIAGE.—A person was mentioned as having resolved never to marry a pretty woman. Johnson said, "sir, it is a very foolish resolution not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itself very estimable. No, sir, I would prefer a pretty woman, unless there were objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended; she will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another; and that is all."

He observed, that a man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It was a miserable thing when the conversation

could only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that.

A gentleman talked to him of a lady whom he greatly admired and wished to marry, but was afraid of her superiority of talents. "Sir (said he,) you need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find her reason much weaker, and her wit not so bright."

Johnson's Table Talk, v. 1, *p.* 48.

It is said of Margarite, daughter of Charles II. of Naples and Sicily, and wife to Charlet count of Valois, that the embassadors of France having required her for the kings brother, besought her they might see whether she were touched with her fathers naturall imperfections, who was crooked, she uncloathed herselfe even to her smock, made of so fine Holland, that one might easily behold her shape, and withall replying, that never would she for a crowne make any scruple to pull it off.—*Matthieu on Philippa the Catanian, tr. by Sir T. Hawkins, p.* 320.

A learned friar in Italy, famous for his piety and knowledge of mankind, being commanded to preach before the pope at a year of jubilee, repair-to Rome a good while before the day appointed, to see the fashion of the conclave, and to accommodate his sermon the better to the solemnity of the occasion. At length, when the day came, having ended his prayer, he, looking a long time about, at last cried out with a loud and vehement

voice, three times, " St. Peter was a fool; St. Peter was a fool; St. Peter was a fool;" and then came down from the pulpit. Being afterwards questioned before the pope, concerning the unsuitableness of his behaviour, he made this reply: " Surely, holy father, if a cardinal may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, and living at ease, and wallowing in sloth and in luxury, seldom or never preaching; then certainly St. Peter was a fool, who took such a hard way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching abstinence, and humiliation."

Edinbro' Budget, p. 53.

On the occasion of the author's Hotentot following for a considerable distance the traces of the waggon, he notes the sagacity of this race of people in investigation.

" At this sort of business a Hottentot is uncommonly clever. There is not an animal among the numbers that range the wilds of Africa, if he be at all acquainted with it, the print of whose feet he cannot distinguish. And though the marks by which his judgment is directed be very nice, they are constant in animals in a state of nature, whereas domesticated animals are liable to many accidental variations. He will distinguish the wolf for instance, from the domesticated dog, by the largeness of the ball of the foot, and the comparative smallness of the toes. The print of any of his companions' feet he would single out among a thousand. The peasantry are also tolerably expert in tracing game by the marks of their feet;

it is, in fact, a part of their education. An African boor gains a sort of reputation by being clever *op het spoor*. This is the method by which, on moonlight nights, they hunt down the poor Bosjesmans." *Barrow's Travels in Africa.*

Crœsus, king of Lydia, had rendered all the Asiatic Greeks tributary. For various reasons, many of the most powerful men of that age left Greece, and retired to Sardis, the capital of Crœsus's empire. That city was then flourishing in riches and honour. The favourable terms, in which Solon was mentioned in it, excited in Crœsus a desire to see him. He sent a message, entreating him to come and reside with him. In compliance with the solicitation of Crœsus, Solon set off for Sardis.

Passing through Lydia, he met with many grandees, whose retinues exhibited all the splendour of regal magnificence. He imagined each of them, as they appeared in succession, to be the king. He was at last introduced into the presence of Crœsus, who was waiting for him, seated on his throne; and purposely dressed in the richest vestments that his wardrobe could afford.

In Solon there appeared no indication of astonishment at the sight of such magnificence.—"My guest," said Crœsus to him, "fame has made me acquainted with your wisdom. I know that you have travelled much; but have you ever seen any one dressed with such magnificence as I am?"—"Yes," replied Solon, "pheasants, dunghill-cocks, and peacocks, are possessed of something more

magnificent, since all their brilliancy is the gift of nature; and therefore the acquisition of it free from care." At an answer so unexpected, Crœsus was very much surprized. He ordered his servants to open all his treasures, and to display before Solon all that was precious in his palace. He invited him a second time into his presence. "Have you ever seen," said he to him, "a man happier than I?"—"Yes," returned Solon:—"it is Tellus, an Athenian citizen, who in a very polished state, has lived an honest man. He has left, with a comfortable living, two children, who are very much esteemed; and, finally, he himself died under arms, when gaining a victory for his native country. The Athenians have erected a monument to him in the very place where he lost his life; and have distinguished him with great honours."

At this answer Crœsus was no less astonished, than at the former. He now thought Solon a fool.—"Well, then," resumed he, "who is the happiest man after Tellus?"—"There were in former times," answered the philosopher, "two brothers, one of whom was named Cleobis, the other Bito."———

Crœsus could no longer conceal his indignation. "How!" replied he, "do you then find no place for me among the number of the happy?"—"O king of the Lydians!" answered Solon, "you are possessed of great riches, and are the sovereign of many nations; but to so great vicissitudes is human life subject, that it is impossible to decide on the felicity of any man, till he finish the career of life. That time is continually producing new accidents,

is indubitable. Till the combat be finished, confidence in victory is premature."

Crœsus was still dissatisfied, dismissed Solon, and never desired to see him again.———

Cyrus had detained prisoner, Astyages, his grandfather, by the mother-side; and had deprived him of all his territories. Crœsus was offended at this conduct. He accordingly espoused the interests of Astyages, and made war against the Persians.—As he was possessed of immense riches, and saw himself at the head of a nation, esteemed the most warlike on earth, he thought, that to him nothing was impossible. Defeated, however, with great loss, he was obliged to retire to Sardis, where, after a siege of fourteen days, he was taken prisoner. He was brought before Cyrus, and by his command loaded with chains. He was immediately raised upon the top of a pile of wood, bound in the middle of fourteen Lydian youths, to be there burnt before Cyrus, and all the Persians.

When fire was put to the pile, Crœsus, in this pitiable situation, recollected the saying of Solon. Sighing, he exclaimed: "O Solon! Solon! Solon!" This excited the curiosity of Cyrus. He sent to ask, Whether this were some god, whom, in his misfortunes, he invoked? Crœsus made no reply. At last, when constrained to speak, he exclaimed, with a sigh: "Alas! I have just named a man, whom kings ought to have always near them; and whose conversation they ought to value, more than all their treasures and magnificence." He was urged to go on.—"He is," continued he, "a wise man of Greece, for whom I sent, for this

express purpose, that he might admire my prosperity. He coldly said to me, as if he wished to shew me, that it was nothing but a foolish vanity, that I must wait till the end of my life; that a man ought not to presume on a state of happiness, which was subject to an infinity of calamities. I now acknowledge the truth of every thing he then told me."

While Crœsus was speaking, fire had been put to the bottom of the pile, and was now rising to the top. Cyrus was very much affected with the words of Crœsus. The wretched situation of a prince, formerly so powerful, made him descend into himself. The consideration, that a like disaster might befal himself, in some future period of his life, excited fearful apprehensions. He commands the fire to be immediately extinguished; and the chains of Crœsus to be taken off. He conferred upon him all possible honours, and made use of his advice in the most important affairs.

Fenelons' Life of Solon, v. 1, *p.* 98.

After Scipio had forced the city of Numance by assault and entered now the second time with triumph into Rome, he fell into some varience and debate with C. Gracchus, in the behalfe of the senate and certaine allies and confederates: whereupon the common people taking a spleene or displeasure at him, made such clamours at him on the rostra, when he purposed to speak and give remonstrances unto them, that thereupon he raised his speech: "There was never yet any outcries and alarmes of whole campes, nor shouts of armed

men ready to give battle, that could astonish and daunt me; no more shall the rude cry of a confused multitude trouble me, who know assuredly that Italy is not their mother but their stepdame." And when Gracchus with his adherents cried out aloud: Kill the tyrant, kill him: Great reason (quoth he) have they to take away my life, who warre against their own country; for they know, that so long as Scipio is on foot, Rome cannot fall, nor Scipio stand when Rome is laid along.

Holland's Plutarch's Mor. p. 446.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.—1. A Letter to Samuel Whitbread, esq. M. P. on his proposed bill for the amendment of the poor laws; by the Rev. T. R. Malthus.

"The candour, the INFORMATION, and the *convincing reasoning*, which distinguish Mr Malthus's other well known labours, are conspicuous in the letter before us."—Monthly Review.

"—The next remark of Mr Malthus, concerning distinctions, &c. *amounts to nothing at all.* Mr Malthus seems to have NO practical ACQUAINTANCE with the poor laws.—British Critic.

2. LETTERS on the Intellectual and Moral Character of Women, &c.

"From the way in which the author is continually foisting the 'Ladies, yes, ladies,' and 'no, ladies,' into his sentences, we should be led to conclude that he had previously served his apprenticeship to an *haberdasher*, before he ventured on the difficult task of instructing the female sex in

the knowledge of their duty. Should our conjecture be right, we would in all affection advise the author to return to his original calling of counting pins and needles, and measuring tape and lace for the 'ladies,' without reiterating the *vain attempt* of serving them in any other way."—Critical Review.

"The author we understand to be a *country clergyman* in the north of Scotland. We recommend these letters to our fair readers as containing, in pleasing language, *many important lessons of moral and prudential wisdom.*"—British Critic.

3. GREAT and good Deeds of Danes, Norwegians, and Holstenians; collected by Ove Malling.

"From the extracts we have made, our readers will perceive that this volume promises a *considerable* fund of *entertainment*, which is conveyed in *correct*, and sometimes even ANIMATED language, that does honour to the translator, who, we understand, is not a native of England but of Denmark." Anti-jacobin Review.

"We have derived but a *very scanty* portion either of *pleasure* or instruction from the present performance. The reader, who is best disposed to be pleased, will not read much before he yawns over the INSIPIDITY of the page.—Critical Review.

"*Many blunders in grammar* and punctuation may be corrected.—Eclectic Review.

Satirist, v. 1, *p.* 541, 542 *and* 545.

FREDERICK the great; in one of his battles, happening to turn his head round, he saw his ne-

phew, the hereditary prince, fall to the ground, his horse being killed under him. Frederick, thinking the rider was shot, cried, without stopping, "Ah! there's the prince of Prussia killed; let his saddle and bridle be taken care of!"

Edinbro' Budget, p. 89.

A Highlander having gone with his master into the church of Notre-Dame at Paris, to hear high mass, was very much delighted with the magnificence of the edifice, the splendor of the clergymen's dresses, and the divine harmony of the music. On leaving church, his master asked him how he liked the performance? "Och, sir, 'twas wondrous fine," replied Donald, "God is served here like a shentleman; but in my country, (with reverence be it spoken,) he is treated little better than a scoundrel." *M. S.*

THE following is extracted from a letter of the earl of Stafford, to secretary Calvart, while king James was hunting at Rufford. "The loss of a stag, and the hounds hunting foxes instead of deer, put the king your master into a marvellous chaff, accompanied with those ordinary symptoms better known to you courtiers, I conceive, than to any rural swains: In the height whereof comes a clown galloping and staring full in his face, —— *his blood* (quoth he) *am I come forty miles to see a fellow?* and presently in a great rage, turns about his horse and away he goes faster than he came.

Stafford's Letters, p. 23.

A young woman of German extraction waited for the present emperor Alexander of Russia, on the stairs by which he was accustomed to go down to the parade. When the monarch appeared, she met him on the steps with these words in her mouth—" Please your majesty, I have something to say to you." " What is it?" demanded the emperor, and remained standing with all his attendants. " I wished to be marrried; but I have no fortune; if you would graciously give me a dowry—" " Ah, my girl, (answered the monarch) were I to give dowries to all the young women in Petersburgh, who wish to be married, where do you think I should find money?" The girl, however, by his order, received a present of fifty rubles.

On another occasion, at the very moment when the emperor had given the word of command, and the guard on the parade was just on the point of paying him the usual military honours, a fellow approached him with ragged garments, with his hair in disorder, and a look of wildness, and gave him a slap on the shoulder. The monarch, who was standing at that time with his face opposite to the military front, turned round immediately, and, beholding the ragamuffin, started at the sight, and then asked him with a look of astonishment, what he wanted. " I have something to say to you, Alexander Paulowitz," answered the stranger, in the Russian language. " Say on then," said the emperor, with a smile of encouragement, and laying his hands upon the vagabond's shoulders. A long solemn pause followed; the military guard stood still; and nobody ventured by word or mo-

tion to disturb the emperor in this singular interview. The grand duke Constantine alone, whose attention had been excited by this unusual stoppage, advanced somewhat nearer to his brother. The stranger now related, that he had been a captain in the Russian service, and had been present in the campaigns both in Italy and Switzerland; but that he had been persecuted by his commanding officer, and so misrepresented to Suwarrow, that the latter had turned him out of the army. Without money and without friends, in a foreign country, he had afterwards served as a private soldier in the Russian army; and being much wounded and mangled at Zurich (and he here pulled his rags asunder, and showed several gun-shot wounds) he had closed his campaign in a French prison. He had now begged all the way to Petersburgh, to apply to the emperor himself for justice, and to beg him to inquire into the reason of such a shameful degradation from his post. The emperor heard him to the end with patience; and then asked, in a significant tone, "if there was no exaggeration in the story he had told?" "Let me die under the knout (said the officer) if I shall be found to have uttered one word of falsehood!" The emperor then beckoned to his brother, and charged him to conduct the stranger to the palace, while he turned about to the expecting crowd. The commanding officer, who had behaved so shamefully, though of a good family, and a prince in rank, was reprimanded very severely; while the brave warrior, whom he had unjustly persecuted,

was reinstated in his former post, and had besides a considerable present from the emperor.

M. Mag. v. 15, *p.* 239.

A certain stargazer, with his telescope, was once viewing the moon, and describing her seas, her mountains and her territories. Says a clown to his companion, Let him spy what he pleases; we are as near to the moon, as he and all his brethren. *Harris.*

When the orators of the Athenian Lyceum were in a deep debate upon the choice of a proper person to succeed the late Mr Fox as member for Westminster, after every one had proposed a different person, and, from this variety of opinion, it was at last gravely determined that they should wait in a body upon the dying patriot to be informed of his own wishes upon the subject, an impudent fellow got up, and requested, before they set out, a moment's attention, as the proposition he should have the honour to make would probably save them the trouble of their journey. Among the variety of gentlemen that had been named, they, by some strange oversight, had passed over a person, to whom he conceived no one present could have the least objection; and he was confident, that as soon as he should name him, they would agree unanimously that he was at least the fittest representative of the persons then assembled; he would, therefore, beg leave to propose Mr Pidcock, keeper of the *wild beasts* at Exeter Change. This was a wicked attempt to throw a

slur upon their meeting; but their gravity was not to be deranged by a thing so unknown in their assembly as wit; so they debated very orderly the qualifications of Mr Pidcock, and came at length to an unanimous vote, that he would be a very fit person to represent them, that they should therefore subscribe sixpence a head towards raising a fund to defray the expences of the election, and that the president should express the thanks of the assembly to the honorable speaker, who had put Mr Pidcock in nomination. *Satirist v. 2, p. 36.*

I tremble at feeling myself under the necessity of contradicting that celebrated natural historian compte de Buffon; yet I must take the liberty to do it. He says, 'A beaver has a scaly tail, because he eats fish;' I wonder much that monsieur Buffon had not one himself for the same reason; for I am sure that he has eaten a great deal more fish than all the beavers in the world put together. Beavers will neither eat fish nor any other animal food; but live upon the leaves and bark of such trees and shrubs as have not a resinous juice, and the roots of the water-lilly. I have known them eat black spruce; and they will sometimes cut down silver-fir; but I believe that is only to build with, when other trees are scarce.

Cartwright's Nat. Hist. of the Beaver.

Bias was one day asked, What it was that flattered men most? "It is hope," he replied. What it was that pleased them most?—"Gain.—What it was, which was most difficult to bear?—"A re-

verse of fortune." He used to say, that a man who could not suffer the misfortunes which befel him, was, indeed, very unfortunate.

Fenelon's Life of Bias, v. 1, p. 130.

A tar having got into the pit of Drury-lane theatre, recognized one of his mess-mates aloft amongst the gods. " Pray, Jack, cried he, what did it cost you to get into that d—n'd snug birth?" On being informed that he gave only *a shilling:* " D—me, this is fine business! I gave *five shillings* to get stowed into this *here hold.*" *Budget of Wit.*

A young American having broken an appointment with Dr Franklin, came to him the following day, and made a very handsome apology for his absence: He was proceeding, when the doctor stopped him with, " My good boy, say no more, you have said too much already; for the man who is *good* at making an excuse, is seldom *good at any thing else.* *Anecdotes of D. F.*

STERNE, in addition to many other fascinating talents, had the happy knack of telling old stories with such a mixture of wit and originality as to make them pass for his own. Almost every body knows the anecdote which he relates in his Sentimental Journey, to illustrate this lesson, that the grand art of pleasing in conversation consists in hearing much and speaking little. But he took the hint from the following anecdote of Racine, which the Sentimental Traveller whipped up in his own manner, and applied to himself.

The French tragic writer, desirous of abating his son's almost frantic ardor in the pursuit of poetry, and apprehensive that the inexperienced young man might attribute to his father's tragedies the caresses which several of the nobility lavished upon him, used often to say "Think not, my son, that it is my poetry which procures me all these kindnesses. The verses of Corneille are a hundred times superior to mine; and yet nobody regards him: they only love him in the mouth of his actors. Instead of tiring people with the recital of my works, I never mention them, and am contented if I can entertain my visitors with topics that are amusing, and agreeable to themselves. My talent, with them, is not to make them sensible that I am a man of wit, but that they have wit themselves. Thus, when you see a nobleman pass whole hours with me, you would be astonished, if you were present, to observe him frequently leave me without my having spoken four words; but by degrees I put him in the humor of prattling, and he goes away still more satisfied with himself than with me."

But, though the advice here given by Racine, and illustrated by Sterne with his usual liveliness, is founded in a perfect knowledge of mankind, yet it implies a want of candor, and can be successfully practised only by men of keen penetration, great subtlety, and address. There is a much easier and surer way of pleasing in company, which is in every one's power to practise; and that is *shewing a disposition to be pleased.*

Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p. 346.

Hobson's Choice.—Towards the south end of the market-place, Oxford, stands Hobson's conduit, from which water is always running, through several iron pipes. This conduit was built by the celebrated Hobson the carrier, who gave rise to the proverbial expression of "Hobson's choice:—this or none"—by letting out horses to the students, in such a rotation that they had an equal share of rest and work, and by resolutely refusing to let another horse than that which, in its turn, was placed next the door. *M. Mag. v.* 15, *p.* 119.

A certain gentleman, as he was making a speech before Gismond duke of Austria, not able to hold any longer, let fly with a prodigious noise; when turning about to his posteriors, "If you are resolved to speak, (says he,) 'twill be to no purpose for me to say any thing;" and then pursued his discourse without being at all disconcerted. *B. W.*

Chilo used to say, that there were three things difficult: to keep a secret, to bear injuries, and to make a good use of time. He observed that a man ought never to threaten; for this was a female weakness.—That the greatest mark of wisdom was to restrain the tongue, especially at a feast.—That one ought never to speak ill of any person; otherwise he would be perpetually exposed to the danger of raising up enemies against himself, and of hearing things by no means agreeable to him.—That a man ought to visit his friends when in disgrace, rather than when in favour.—That it was better to lose, than to acquire ill-gotten gain.—

That we ought never to flatter a man in his adversity.—That a man of courage ought always to be mild; and endeavour to procure respect, rather than fear.—He held, that the best policy in a state, is to teach the citizens how to manage their own families with propriety.—That a man ought to marry a plain unaffected woman, and not to ruin himself by the celebration of his nuptials.—That gold and silver were tried by a touch-stone; but that it was by means of gold and silver that the hearts of men were tried.—That we ought to use every thing with moderation, lest we should be too sensibly affected with the loss of them.—"Love and hatred," said he, "do not last for ever: love, as if you were one day to hate; and never hate, but as if you were one day to love." *Fenelon's Life of Chilo, v. 1, p. 152.*

It would surprize a modern fine lady, were I to tell her, that the cup from which she sips her tea had been through the hands of at least twenty-three dirty workmen before it met her lips; but such is the fact, for if we retrace the process, we shall find the following croud employed for the purpose:—the man who grinds the articles for the composition; the man that mills them; the person that calcines them; the grinder of the lumps; the sifter; the attender on the vats; the temperer; the thrower; the drier; the turner; the spout maker, who forms the spouts and handles; the handler, who puts them on; the biscuit-fireman; the blue painter; the dipper, who immerses them in the glaze; the trimmer, who clears them from irregu-

larities in the glazing; the gloss fireman; the sorter; the painter; the enamel fireman; the burnisher. *Warner's Tour.*

THE grand jury of the county of Tipperary in Ireland, had lately under consideration the propriety of building a new county-jail, and came to the following resolutions, which were published in the newspapers:

1st.—*Resolved*, That the present jail is insufficient, and that another ought to be built.

2d.—*Resolved*, That the materials of the *old* jail be employed in constructing the *new* one.

3d.—*Resolved*, That the old jail shall *not* be taken down until the new one be finished.

ONE forenoon as I was sauntering through the streets of Strasbourgh, with some of our countrymen, we were informed that the music of some of the regiments had been ordered to a particular church, where the count de ——, son of Lewis the XVth by madame de Pompadour, was expected to be at mass.—We all immediately went for the sake of the military music, and found a very numerous and genteel company attending. After having waited a considerable time, it struck twelve, upon which the whole company retired without hearing the music or mass.—After mid-day the ceremony could not have been performed, although the count had come. Something very important must have intervened to prevent a Frenchman, and one of his character for politeness, from attending on such an occasion. There was however a mur-

mur of disapprobation for this want of attention, and the priest was not applauded, who had hazarded the souls of a whole churchful of people, out of complaisance to one man; for those who imagine that a mass can save souls, must admit that the want of it may be the cause of damnation. Mr Harvey whispered me, "In England they would not have had half the complaisance for the king himself, accompanied by all his legitimate children, that these people have shewn to this son of a w—e." *Moore's View of Society & Manners.*

UNDER a despotical government, there is no true liberty, and but nominally, any gradation of rank. All men are slaves. I have somewhere read, that, at the court of Paul of Russia, two lords came in, one of whom began to converse very familiarly with a shoe-black, whom he saw employed in his office. The other asked him afterwards, how he came to talk in that manner with such a fellow?—"Such a fellow!" rejoined the other.—"Nay, there is policy in it; for who knows but to-morrow I may be obliged to black his shoes." *Mc Cormack.*

EPICTETUS.—It is reported, that when his master once put his leg to the torture, Epictetus with great composure, and even smiling, observed to him; "you will certainly break my leg:" which accordingly happened; and he continued in the same tone of voice——"did I not tell you, that you would break my leg." *Carter's Epict. Introd.* 34.

Medicine.—It is a common saying, that every man, after the age of forty, should be his own physician. This seems, however, to be a dangerous maxim. The greatest physicians, when they are sick, seldom venture to prescribe for themselves, but generally rely on the advice of their medical friends. Persons, who pretend to be their own physicians, are generally much addicted to quackery, than which, nothing can be more injurious to the constitution. *Sir J. Sinclair, on Longevity.*

Collins the poet. Dr Johnson says, "after Collins' return from France, I paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernable in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school: when I took it into my hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen," 'I have but one book,' says Collins, 'but that is the best.' *Collins' Life.*

In the education of their children, the Anglo-Saxons only sought to render them dauntless and apt for the two most important occupations of their future lives, war and the chace.* It was a usual trial of a child's courage, to place him on

* Asser, the biographer of Alfred, mentions with amazement that the king made his youngest son Ethelward be taught to read, before he made him acquainted with hunting.

the sloping roof of a building, and if without screaming or terror he held fast, he was styled " a stout hero" or brave boy.

In private life, the Anglo-Saxons were devout to the extreme of credulity; and hospitable to drunken extravagance; their manners were rough, but social; when married, each side respected the nuptial tye, and most of the ladies suckled their own children.

Their boards were plainly but plentifully served. Large joints of roasted meat seem to have had the preference; salted victuals were much in use.

At table, the rank of the guests was strictly observed; and by the laws of Canute, a person sitting above his proper station was to be pelted out of his place by bones, at the discretion of the company, without the privilege of taking offence.

The dress of the Anglo-Saxon gentleman was a loose cloak which reached down to the ancles; and over that a long robe fastened over both shoulders on the middle of the breast, by a clasp or buckle. These cloaks and robes were frequently* lined with rich furs, and bordered with gold or embroidery. *Andrew's Hist. of Gt. Britain.*

LORD NELSON, when about eight years old, being on a visit at his aunt's, went one day a bird-

* Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, was mocked by the bishop of Constance for wearing a mantle lined with the fur of lambs, and advised at least, to adorn his cloak with cat-skins. " Alas! my brother," replied Wulstan, " I have often heard of the Lamb of God, but never of his cat." This piece of wit turned the laugh against the German prelate.

nesting, and wandered so far that he did not return home till long after it was dark. The lady, who had been much alarmed by his absence, rated him soundly, and amongst other things said, "I wonder fear did not drive you." "*Fear!*" replied the boy, with great simplicity, "*I don't know him.*"

Memoirs of Lord Nelson.

WHILST Frederick Morel, that great scholar and eminent printer, was employed in his edition of Libanius one day, he was told that his wife was suddenly taken ill. "I have only two or three sentences to translate, and then I will come and look at her." A second message informed him, that she was dying. "I have only two words to write, and I will be there as soon as you," (replied the philosopher.) At length he was told his wife was dead. I am very sorry for it indeed: She was a *very honest woman.*" *Vossius.*

IT is a remarkable fact, which history was either too idle to ascertain, or too much ashamed to relate, that the arms of Cromwell communicated to Scotland, with other benefits, the first news-paper, which had ever illuminated the gloom, or dispelled the fanaticism, of the north. Each army carried its own printer with it; expecting either to convince by its reasoning, or to delude by its falsehood. King Charles carried Robert Barker with him to Newcastle, in 1639. And general Cromwell conveyed Christopher Higgins to Leith, in 1652. When Cromwell had here established a citadel, Higgins reprinted, in November, 1652,

what had been already published at London, a diurnal of some passages and affairs, for the information of the English soldiers. Mercurius Politicus was first reprinted, at Leith, on the 26th of October, 1653. The reprinting of it was transferred to Edinburgh, in November, 1654; where it continued to be published, till the 11th of April, 1660: and was then reprinted, under the name of Mercurius Publicus. *Chalmer's Life of Ruddiman.*

An intimate friend of the celebrated Hume, asked him what he thought of Mr Whitfield's preaching; for he had listened to the latter part of one of his sermons at Edinburgh: "He is, sir," said Mr Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard: it is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him."—He then repeated a passage towards the close of the discourse which he had heard.—"After a solemn pause, he thus addressed his numerous audience:—'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven.—And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?'—"To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud, 'stop Gabriel! stop Gabriel! stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.'—He then, in the most simple, but energetic language, described, what he called, a saviour's dying love to sinful man; so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears. This

address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher." *M. Mir.* 1808.

When the brave admiral Kempenfelt, unhappily lost in the Royal George, was coming into port to have his ship paid off, a sailor eyed a gold-laced velvet waistcoat which his commodore wore, with great earnestness, and, in his best sea fashion, begged to know who made it. The admiral perceiving his drift, gave him the necessary information, and Jack went ashore. He forthwith applied to the admiral's taylor, who knowing the humours of his customers, went with him to buy the materials, and at last asked what he would have the back made of! "Made of," said Jack, "the same as the front to be sure." The taylor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made, and put on with an old greasy jacket over it. One day, in the High-street, the admiral met his man in this curious dress, which occasioned him to laugh heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased, when Jack coming up to him, lifted up the hind part of his jacket, and shewed his gold laced back, and exclaimed—"D—n me, old boy, no false colours; stem and stern alike, by G—d!" *Naval Anecdotes, p.* 335.

An eunuch of infamous character had caused the following inscription to be written above his door: "Let nothing bad enter this door."—"And where," said Diogenes, "shall the master of the house enter?" *Fenelon's Life of Diogenes, p.* 132.

An Athenian, one day, reproached Anacharsis, for his being a Scythian: "My country," replied he, "dishonours me; but you are a dishonour to your country."—He was asked, What was the best, and what the worst thing, which men possess? "The tongue," replied he. *Fenelon's Life of Anacharsis, v. 1, p. 178.*

An instance of a singular challenge occurs in the biography of lieutenant-colonel Wood, a distinguished officer in queen Anne's reign.

A Frenchman at Ghent, being detected in coining false money, was tried and condemned. When he was put to the rack, he confessed that a major De Fuiney, of lord Galway's regiment, was an accomplice; but, before his execution (which was done by throwing him into a cauldron of red-hot oil,) he as strenuously denied it: nevertheless, the major would have surely met the same fate, if the generosity of the English governor had not protected him till the army went into the field, which was in 1697; when the major was ordered to be tried by a court-martial, of which colonel Wood was president, and the major was broken and declared incapable of ever again serving. At this, his friends were so enraged, that they talked freely, and even scandalously, concerning the decision of the court. On colonel Wood's hearing of this, it so much hurt him, that he posted the following general challenge on a church-door at Brussels:—

"Whereas the proceedings of the court-martial which cashiered major Abraham de Fuiney, and whereof I was president, have been scandalously

misrepresented to the world by some of his nation; I do hereby declare, that if any Frenchmen, of what rank in the army, or quality whatsoever, have said or do say, that the court-martial which cashiered the said De Fuiney, has done him any injustice, they are rascals, cowards, and villains, and do scandalously lie: and, that they all may know who it is that has publicly set up this declaration, to vindicate the honour of his nation, of the court-martial, and of himself, and to throw the vilianous scandal upon themselves, which most unworthily they would have put upon an English court-martial, I have hereunto set my name,

"CORNELIUS WOOD."

The Frenchmen in our service were alarmed at this general challenge: all of them thought themselves concerned therein, but more particularly the major's brother; who sent the colonel a letter, somewhat of the nature of a challenge. He gave it to his aid-de-camp, charging him to say nothing of the contents to any person whatever; and then riding to Brussels, met his antagonist in the park,—when he pushed so vigorously at him, that the Frenchman chose rather to trust to his heels than his sword, and the colonel being in very heavy boots, could not overtake him before he got out at the gate. The colonel having thus put his life at stake in vindication of the honour of his country, had run as great a hazard by fighting in the park belonging to the court of Brussels, it being death by the law of the country: but the ladies interposing for the life of so gallant a man, procured his pardon from the elector of Bavaria; on receiving

which he said, " that he was ignorant of the laws of the country; yet, if it had been at the altar, he would have answered a challenge where the honour of the English nation was concerned,"

Life of Col. Wood.

THE late dean Swift, of eccentric memory, once preached a charity sermon at St Patrick's Church, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors; which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text was, " He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again." The dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatical tone, added, " Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with your dust." It is worthy of remark, that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

Anecdotes of Swift.

UPON the decease of one of the Guarauno Indians, who inhabit a part of the Spanish possessions, in South America, his companions take up the corpse, and throw it into the river Oronooko, tied with a cord, which they fasten to a tree. On the following day they drag out the carcass; when they find it a skeleton, perfectly clean and white, stripped of the flesh, which has been devoured by fish. They disjoint the bones, and lay them up

curiously in a basket, which they hang upon the roof of the house. *Depon's Travels.*

AMONG the Laplanders, especially the rustics, inhabiting Finmark, there is a custom, that when in a scarcity of tobacco, ten or even more smoke by turns from the same pipe. They so order it; they set down in a circle, then he who is fond of a pipe and tobacco, after a few whiffs, from his seat, offers the pipe to him who sets next to him, who, taking also two or three whiffs, passes the pipe to his next man, and thus on, until the owner, shall have equally shared it among all his companions; a courtesy of this kind is esteemed very liberal and honourable in that nation, and he, who performs it, obtains considerable favor among them.

Leems' Account of Danish Lapland.

THERE was a time in this kingdom, when letters were so low, that whoever could prove himself, in a court of justice, able to read a verse in the New Testament, was vested with the highest privileges; and a clergyman, who knew any thing of grammar, was looked upon as a prodigy. In those enlightened days, a rector of a parish, as we are told, going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority as from St. Peter: "*paveant illi, non paveam ego;*" which he construed, "they are to pave the church, not I:" and this was allowed to be good law by a judge, who was an ecclesiastic too. Alfred the Great complained, towards the end of the ninth century, that "from the Humber to the Thames there was

not a priest, who understood the liturgy in his mother-tongue, or who could translate the easiest piece of latin:" and a correspondent of Abelard, about the middle of the twelfth, complimenting him upon a resort of pupils from all countries, says, "that even Britain, distant as she was, sent her savages to be instructed by him"—*remota Britania sua animalia erudienda destinabat.*

If the clergy had then, as they are said to have had, all the learning among themselves, what a blessed state must the laity have been in? And so indeed it appears, for there is extant an old act of parliament, which provides, that "a nobleman shall be entitled to the benefit of his clergy, even though he cannot read:" and another law, cited by judge Rolls in his abridgement, sets forth, that "the command of the sheriff to his officer, by word of mouth, and without writing, is good; for it may be, that neither the sheriff nor his officer can write or read." *Cabinet.*

After the action near Breslaw in Silesia, between the Prussians and the Austrians, which preceded the battle of Lissa, and before the two armies met in this latter contest, a French soldier in Frederic's service, who had just deserted, was stopped, and conducted to the king. "Why did you leave me?" said Frederic. "Because," answered the soldier, "your affairs are too desperate."—"Well," replied the king, "go back to your colours. We shall have another battle soon; and, if I lose it, come and find me out, and you and I will desert together." *Military Mentor, v. 1, p. 236.*

When Edward VI. had suppressed an insurrection in Cornwall, Kingston, a provost, was sent with dreadful powers to Bodmin, and waiting on the mayor, told him he wished to have a gallows erected, for there must be an execution in town after dinner. The mayor gave the necessary orders, fixed his eye upon a neighbouring miller, whom he knew had been concerned in the revolt, invited the provost to his house, where they dined, and drank together as friends. After dinner, the mayor, impatient of delay, told the provost he had punctually executed his orders. "You will oblige me," says the provost, "if you will lead me to the place," which done, "Is it strong enough," says the officer; doubtless, says the magistrate; "Then get up and try," says the provost. You are not in earnest! says the other; "Indeed I am," replied the provost, "for you are one of the rebels, and the gallows you erected for another, is only for yourself," and immediately executed him.

Hutton's Court of Requests, p. 270.

Dantzic is called Gedanum in latin; and the German word is derived from the verb *dantzen*, which signifies, to dance. The origin of this etymology is the following; a number of peasants generally assembled on the spot where it is built, and intending to build a town, they applied to the bishop, whose property the ground was, for leave to build houses upon it, who gave them as much ground as they could encircle whilst holding each other by the hand, and making a round in the form of a dance. *Regnard's Travels.*

Ariosto made no distinction in his food, but always eat of that which was next him, and often eat a small loaf or roll after he had dined. He was in general so lost in meditation, that he attended little to what passed. It so happened that a stranger once came to visit him at dinner time, and while his guest was talking, Ariosto eat the meat that was set before him; for which being afterwards reproved by his brother, he only cooly replied, "That the loss was the stranger's, and that he ought to have taken care of himself."

As he himself could pronounce very well, so it was a great penance to him to hear others pronounce ill that which himself had written excellent well. Insomuch as they tell of him, how coming one day by a potter's shop that had many earthen vessels ready made to sell on his stall, the potter fortuned, at that time, to sing some stave or other out of Orlando Furioso, I think where Rinaldo requested his horse to tarry for him, in the first book, the 32d stanza.

Ferma, Baiardo, mio, deh, ferma il piede
Che l'esser senza de troppo mi nuoce.

Stay, my Bayardo, stay!—thy flight restrain,
Much has thy want to day perplex'd thy lord.

Or some such grave matter fit for a potter: but he plotted the verses out so ill-favouredly (as might well beseem his dirty occupation,) that Ariosto being, or at least making semblance to be in a great rage withal, with a little walking stick he had in his hand, brake divers of the pots; the poor potter,

put quite beside his song, and almost beside himself, to see his market half marred before it was a quarter done, in a pitiful tone or manner, between railing and whining, asked, What he meant to wrong a poor man that had never done him injury in all his life? Yes, varlet! quoth Ariosto, I am yet scarce even with thee for the wrong thou hast done me here before my face, for I have broken but half a dozen base pots of thine, that are not worth so many half pence, but thou hast broken and mangled a fine stanza of mine worth a mark of gold. *Life of Ariosto, p.* 91.

A West Indian, who had a remarkably *fiery nose*, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro boy who was in waiting, observed a musquito hovering round his face. *Quashi* eyed the insect very attentively; at last, he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah, d—n you heart," exclaimed the negro, "Me d—n glad see you *burn you foot.*" *Edinbro' Budget, p.* 159.

Some courtiers brought before pope Benedict XII. his father clothed otherwise than beseemed his condition; he would not acknowledge him untill he had reassumed the habit of a miller, nor give him any thing but wherewithall to buy a mill. He often said popes should neither have kindred nor* allies, and that they were not administrators of church livings to enrich their own kindred. *Matthieu on Phillippa the Catanian, tr. by Sir T. Hawkins, p.* 347.

* Original "not."

At dinner to day I happened to mention the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, which I often visited formerly in the convent where she was buried; and of which I this morning, in vain, enquired the place. "There is nothing singular in your disappointment," said one of the party, "the convent in which her ashes reposed, is sold and demolished, and the chapel, in which a tomb-stone indicated her rest, is now transformed into a stable of mules and of jack-asses. If you will take a walk after dinner, you shall have an opportunity to deplore this shocking outrage offered to beauty and genius." I accompanied him; the chapel was inhabited by six mules and their drivers, as civilized and sensible as themselves, by two jack-asses, laying down on the tomb-stone of Laura. It was not without some difficulty, that we could remove them so far as to see that of the inscription, nothing remained but "Laura," . . . . . and "*requiescat in pace.*" No! not even her remains have been left unpolluted by the abominable monsters, that revered nothing, either sacred, respectable, or admirable. *Duten's Memoirs.*

There are three requisites to form conjugal happiness, prudence, good-nature, and love. Prudence and good-nature are very different things, and not under command; but, whenever they appear, love is as sure to follow, as the chaise the horses. When this trio meet, happiness will grow with time, and, like the oak, flourish in old age. No decays of beauty, or of health; no mutilations of body, or wrinkles of the face, can diminish it.—

But if we look into the world, we shall find the matches of this amiable description almost as thinly scattered as the righteous men in Sodom.

Hutton's Court of Requests, p. 387.

THE duchess of Burgundy, when she was very young, seeing an officer at supper one evening with Lewis XIV. who had no reason to be proud of the beauty of his countenance, was very loud in the ridicule of his person. "Madam," said the king to her, still louder, "I think him one of the handsomest men in my kingdom, for he is one of the bravest!" *J. C.*

THE dreadful massacres in South America, by which millions of poor Indians were savagely extirpated, have rendered the Spanish name detestable on that vast continent. One of the generals of this nation, however, was not insensible to the dictates of humanity. He was desirous to spare the effusion of blood, and to owe his conquest to the more innocent arts of stratagem. With this view, he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations, who adored the sun, that either of the two parties which appeared to be visibly protected by heaven should reign over the other, who moreover should embrace their religion: that the Americans therefore should implore the assistance of the sun; while the Spaniards should invoke the protection of the invisible and supreme being whom they adored as Lord of the sun and of the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish general assured the American chiefs, that he had

been praying to the true God to obscure the splendour of that great luminary which his enemies worshipped; that by such a signal he might subdue them to his laws, and to the dominion of the king of Spain. "In two hours," added the crafty Spaniard, this will certainly happen." He knew that there would be an eclipse precisely at that time; and the poor Indians, not having the least acquaintance with astronomy, were so astonished to see the prediction of the Spaniard fulfilled, that from that moment they submitted themselves to the religion and government of Spain.

Military Mentor, v. 1, p. 171.

SCIPIO the younger, in foure and fiftie yeares (for so long he lived) neither bought nor solde, nor yet built: and it is for certaine reported, that in so great an house and substance as his might seeme to be, there was never found but three and thirtie pound weight of silver plate and two of gold, notwithstanding the city of *Great Carthage* was in his hand, and he had enriched his souldiers more than any captaine ever did before him.

Holland's Plutarch's Mor. p. 433.

TWO sailors went into a church at Plymouth, on the thanksgiving-day, both of whom belonged to the Temeraire, in the ever memorable battle off Trafalgar. The clergyman, in the course of his sermon, mentioned the words "glorious victory," on which one of the tars observed to the other, "Hear, Jack, there's the Victory." The clergyman pronounced the word "victory" a second

time; on which the tar observed, " Mind, Jack, there's the Victory again." The clergyman not long after mentioned the word " victory" a third time; on which the irritated tar observed to his companion, " D—n my eyes, Jack, if we stay here any longer—that fellow has mentioned the Victory three times, and never mentioned the Temeraire, that was in the hottest part of the engagement, and took two ships."

Naval Anecdotes, p. 432.

THE attention of philosophers and naturalists was at a certain period long and ardently excited by a number of fossil skeletons discovered in a marsh on the banks of the Ohio. These were considered at the time, as bones of elephants, but afterwards proved by an eminent and indefatigable anatomist, not to be remains of that animal, but of a species of the carnivorous kind, more enormous in bulk, and now wholly extinct or unknown.

A modern theorist of a lively and eccentric cast has, in his own opinion, *easily* solved the mystery, by *supposing* that the bones in question are the remains of certain angelic beings, the original tenants of this our terrestrial globe in its primitive state; till for their transgressions both were involved in ruin; after which, this shattered plannet was refitted for the accommodation of its present inhabitants!!! *Cabinet, p.* 102.

THE subjoined extract of a letter from admiral Nelson to his lady, dated Vanguard, St. Peter's island, off Sardinia, May 24, 1798, is one of the

many instances which have been adduced of the religious tendency of the writer's mind. It relates to the storm, in which admiral Nelson's detached squadron was separated and much damaged, while in quest of the French fleet:—

"My Dearest Fanny,

"I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard by the cold name of accident; I firmly believe it was the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel it has made me a better man; I kiss with all humility the rod. Figure to yourself on Sunday evening, at sun-set, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to head them to glory, and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships of equal numbers belonging to France would have lowered their flags; and with a very rich prize lying by him.—Figure to yourself on Monday morning, when the sun rose, this proud conceited man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress, that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest. But it has pleased Almighty God to bring us into a safe port, where, although we are refused the rights of humanity, yet the Vanguard will, in two days, get to sea again as an English man of war."

Hair powder was first introduced by ballad singers at the fair of St. Germaine, in the year 1641. In the beginning of the reign of George I. only two ladies wore powder in their hair, and

they were pointed at for their singularity. At the coronation of George II. there were only two hair dressers in London. In the year 1795, it was calculated, that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain, fifty thousand hair dressers! supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day,—this upon an average would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 5,314,280 quartern loaves, which at only nine-pence each, amounts to 1,146,420l. British money. This statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that which is consumed by those who dress their own hair. *Cabinet, p.* 99.

Dean Swift one time was on a visit to the Ludlow family, who, wishing to make the place agreeable to the dean, it appears had invited a number of his friends for that purpose.

One night after the family had retired to rest, Sheridan had occasion to go into the yard. Not easily finding the outer door, or the same perhaps being locked, he returned to his room: but from dire necessity, for *omnes eòdem cogĭmur*, was compelled to find the yard in his own chamber. The dean, whose observation nothing escaped, comes to the knowledge of it, and taxes Sheridan with the fact. Sheridan stiffly denies, and Swift as stiffly affirms, it. A half-crown, slipped into the hand of the chamber-maid, puts the matter out of doubt; and the assizes being at hand, the dean determines to try Sheridan *according to law*. For this purpose the neighbours are summoned; the better sort as grand jurors, the inferior as a petty jury,

who should try the culprit. Those who know the influence which the higher orders possess over the lower in Ireland, will easily credit this part of the story; especially as that influence was then much greater than it is at present; to say nothing of Swift's own authority, whose commands were always absolute. A tribunal was erected, and all things prepared in due and regular form. A plain kitchen table is turned with its top downward, and into this *dock* Sheridan is put wigless and bareheaded; while Swift himself mounts the seat of justice, with his own wig frizzed and bushed into a full bottom, and set inverted on his head: a servant maid's scarlet cloak is flung over his shoulders, to represent the robes of a judge, and Aaron's band is converted into that of chief justice. The grand jury are sworn, and the bill found; the petty jury sworn in their turn, and the prisoner put on his trial. The crier commands silence, and the lawyers are ranged. The utmost gravity and decorum prevail; and the only smile that passed on the occasion, arose from the ludicrous circumstance of Mr Stopford, who being feed for the crown, declared he could not do his duty as a true lawyer, unless he should be feed on both sides. A second fee, therefore, is given him in open court on behalf of the prisoner; and he told my mother he actually received by the double fee *eighteen shillings*. He is said to have conducted himself with wonderful humour and address through the whole of the trial. The Jacksons and Grattans had likewise their respective stations in the cause. Most of the servants are examined, and the pot-de-chambre care-

fully examined also. The chamber-maid in particular undergoes a severe examination, and cross-examination: but the fact is not yet sufficiently established. The modest, the beautiful Mrs Ludlow herself is hauled into court, weeping and sinking with shame: neither tears nor entreaties can avail her: sworn she must be; but just as the play-book, on which the other witnesses had given their testimony, was tendered to her, "Hold!" cried the judge, "let her be sworn on the very vessel itself; it is an emblem of her purity:" and poor Mrs Ludlow, sobbing and blushing, is compelled to kiss the filthy mirror of her purity. *Her* testimony closes the scene: Swift sums up the evidence in form, gravely leaving the whole of the case to the consideration of the jury. Their verdict, as might be expected, is that of *guilty;* and Swift, with all the solemnity of justice, pronounces sentence of death on the trembling Sheridan, awfully concluding with "*The Lord have mercy on your soul!*" A rope is produced: Sheridan sees he shall be hanged *pro forma;* out of the dock he springs, and flies up stairs, the whole court in full cry after him. But fear having added wings to his feet, he had sufficient time to bolt his chamber door, which he barricadoed as well as he could with what furniture was in the room. Here for two hours he remained besieged: at length he capitulated, on a solemn assurance that he should not be hanged.

In a day or two the judges arrive; and hearing the contempt that Swift had put upon them, send an express with an account of it to the lord lieutenant, who very wisely laughed at the frolic. Not

finding the redress they expected, they make a formal complaint to the bishops, who had nearly resolved to take up the matter seriously; but one among them, somewhat more prudent than the rest, recommended that the whole should be hushed up.

*Swiftiana, v. 2, p. *213.*

Le Pere Arrius said—When le Perre Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, the tradesmen forsook their shops, lawyers their clients, physicians their sick; but, when I preached the following year, I set all to rights—*every man minded his own business.*

Bonomi, the Italian architect, walking along Pall-Mall, wrote the following pasquinade on one of the columns, which, contrary to every rule and principle of architecture, stand insulated in the front of Carleton House, supporting nothing:

Care colonne
Che fate qua
" *Non lo sappiamo*
" *In verita.*"

Ah! my dear columns,
Why stand ye so?
" Indeed, my good sir,
" We do not know."

M. S.

To dine out when you are going to play, is thought wrong, but foolishly so, unless there is some other objection besides that of getting drunk. Recollect that you are in England. The audience

is English, and the greater part will have a fellow feeling for you. Some two or three sober blockheads may hiss, but you'll benefit by this, for it will bring down all your friends. When you *can't speak*, and they hiss, don't leave the stage, but *make a speech*. Press your hand to your heart, turn up your eyes, and give them to understand that it is grief, and not liquor, and you have them at once. If you feel hurt, (as you ought, and indignant too) at their disapprobation, when you quit the scene, drink more.

In singing, never mind the music—observe what time you please. It would be a pretty degradation indeed, if you were obliged to confine your genius to the dull regularity of a fiddler—"*horse hairs and cat's guts*"—no, let him keep your time and play your tune.—Dodge him.

Swift's Directions to Players.

PLATO spent his time in celibacy, observed the strictest rules of decorum, and never transgressed the laws of continence. Such was his self-command, that, even in his youth, he was never observed to laugh immoderately; and so completely had he the mastery over his passions, that he was never observed to be angry. Connected with this, is the account given us of a young man, who had been brought up with him. This youth having been afterwards brought home by his parents, was one day surprised at seeing his father in a rage, and could not refrain remarking, "that he had never seen any thing like this in Plato's house." It never happened but once, that he was a little irritated

against one of his slaves, who had committed a considerable fault. He made him be corrected by another; saying, that, " as he was a little angry, he himself was not in a capacity to punish him." *Fenelon's Life of Plato, v. 2, p. 32.*

A sailor, who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed home by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive and desirous to learn what *strange things* her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having seen *flying fish.* " Stop, Johny" says his mother, " don't try to impose such monstrous impossibilities upon me, child; for, in good truth, I could as soon believe you had seen *flying cows;* for cows you know, John, can live out of water. Therefore tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods Johny."

Jack felt himself affronted; and, turning his quid about, when pressed for more curious information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, " May hap, mother, you wont believe me, when I tell you, that, casting our anchor once in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty we hove it up again; which was occasioned, do you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at; so we hoisted it in, and our captain, do ye mind me,

being a scholar, overhauled him and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea." This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding; "Ay, ay, Johny," cried she, "I *can* believe this, for we read of it in the bible; but never talk to me of flying fish." *Struggles through Life, by lieut. John Harriott, Introd. p.* xii.

THE custom of visiting Rome to receive a plenary absolution of all sins was begun in 1300, from a rumour that this had been practised before. It was not, however, to be found in the ancient records: but an old man, aged 107, being questioned about it, said he remembered that, in the year 1200, his father, who was a laborer, went to Rome to gain this indulgence. It was accordingly confirmed by the bull of pope Boniface; and Clement VI. gave it the name of the jubilee, who, in a clause of the bull issued for fixing its celebration at every fifty years, is said to speak as follows: 'The sovereign pontiff, in virtue of the authority he holds from the apostles, renews the souls of those who receive this indulgence to the same state they were in after baptism; and he orders the angels to introduce them immediately to paradise, without obliging them on their way thither to pass through purgatory.' *Dobson's Petrarch, v. 2, p.* 44.

WHEN lord Howe commanded in America, he sent orders to a certain officer of rank to defend, at all events, a post he then occupied. The officer returned for answer that it could not be done with-

out a reinforcement. His lordship replied, that he could not spare any more troops, that the place could very easily be defended with what he already had, and if he did not choose to do it, he would appoint some other officer in his place. The officer still persisting in his objections, the general superseded him—the post was attacked and the assailants were beaten off with considerable loss. Soon afterwards the officer, who had been superseded, attended the general's levee,—he told lord Howe he had a particular favour to request—the general demanded him to name it—the officer stammered out something—"I understand you," said the gallant general, "I wave all considerations of rank, if you think I have injured you—name your time and place—I will be punctual." The officer bowed and retired. On the morning they met—"You think yourself the injured person," said his lordship, "take the first fire."—The officer levelled his pistol; it missed its aim.—His lordship fired his pistol in the air.—"Are you satisfied?"—said he.—"No," said the officer, and again he aimed his weapon at the general's heart—again the general fired in the air.—"Are you now satisfied?" "No," —and once more the revengeful miscreant levelled the deadly tube—the hand of omnipotence again turned it aside,—The general now walked coolly up to his antagonist—"I always had a bad opinion of you," said he, "and I see I was right.—Good morning to you." *Military Memoirs.*

At Bisaccio, Manso had an opportunity to examine the singular effects of Tasso's melancholy;

and often disputed with him concerning a familiar spirit which he pretended to converse with. Manso endeavoured in vain to persuade his friend that the whole was the illusion of a disturbed imagination: but the latter was strenuous in maintaining the reality of what he had asserted; and, to convince Manso, desired him to be present at one of those mysterious conversations. Manso had the complaisance to meet him the next day, and while they were engaged in discourse, on a sudden he observed that Tasso kept his eyes fixed upon a window, and remained in a manner immoveable: he called him by his name several times, but received no answer: at last, Tasso cried out, "There is the friendly spirit who is come to converse with me: look, and you will be convinced of the truth of all that I have said." Manso heard him with surprise: he looked, but saw nothing except the sun-beams darting through the window: he cast his eyes all over the room, but could perceive nothing, and was just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to the spirit, and sometimes giving answers, delivering the whole in such a pleasing manner, and with such elevated expressions, that he listened with admiration, and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At last this uncommon conversation ended with the departure of the spirit, as appeared by Tasso's words: who turning towards Manso, asked him if his doubts were removed. Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waved any further conversation on the subject. *Hoole's Life of Tasso, p.* xxxix.

THE following is taken from the justly admired Essay on the Human Understanding, written by Mr Locke, who relates the fact in the words of sir William Temple.

" I had a mind," says sir William, " to know from prince Maurice's own mouth the account of a common, but much credited story of an old parrot he had seen in Brasil, during his government there, that *spoke* and *asked*, and *answered* common questions like a reasonable creature; so that those of his train there generally concluded it to be *witchery* or *possession;* and one of his chaplains, who lived long afterwards in Holland, would never, from that time, endure a parrot, but said *they all had a devil in them.* I had heard many particulars of this story, and assevered by people hard to be discredited; which made me ask prince Maurice, what there was in it? He said, with his usual plainness and dryness of talk, that there was something true, but a great deal false of what had been reported. I desired to know of him, what there was of the first? He told me short and coldly, that he had heard of such an old parrot, when he went to Brasil; and though he believed nothing of it, and it was a good way off, he had the curiosity to send for it: that it was a very great and very old one; and when it came first into the room where the prince was with a good many Dutchmen about him, it said presently, *What a company of white men are here!* They asked it, what it thought that man was, pointing at the prince—It answered, *Some general or other.* When they brought it close to him, he asked it, *Whence come you?* It

answered, *From Mirannan.* The prince, *To whom do you belong?* The parrot, *To a Portuguese.* The prince, *What do you do there?* The parrot, *I look after the chickens.* The prince laughed and said, *You look after the chickens!* The parrot answered, *Yes, I; and I know how to do it well,* and made the *chuck, chuck, chuck,* three or four times, that people use to make to chickens, when they call them.

"I set down the words of this worthy dialogue," continues sir William, "just as prince Maurice said them to me.* I asked him in what language the parrot conversed? And he said in Brasilian. I asked him, whether he understood Brasilian? He said no? but he had taken care to have two interpreters by him, the one a Dutchman who spoke Brasilian, the other a Brasilian who spoke Dutch;—that he asked them separately and privately; and both of them agreed in telling him just the same thing that the parrot said."

Mrs Ch——y, having subscribed for forty copies of Dr Johnson's Shakspeare, told Mr Murphy that she wished to pay the money in the Doctor's own hands, for the pleasure of being introduced to him. A day was accordingly appointed; and they called upon Johnson, who at this time lived in Gray's-inn, about one o'clock. They rapped at the outer door of his chambers for some

* Sir William gives the words in French, the language in which prince Maurice and he conversed. The above is a literal translation of them.

time: but no person appearing, they were on the point of going away, when they heard somebody bustling towards the door; which, when opened, exhibited the doctor just risen from his bed, in his shirt, without a night-cap, and in his hand a certain utensil, which (from some unaccountable absence of mind) he carried steadily before him. Startled at such a sight, the lady wished to retire; but the doctor, with great *sang froid*, desired them to step into the next room till he was dressed, and then very deliberately walked back to his bed-chamber.

Foote's Memoirs, v. 3, p. 38.

Tasso's first poem, Rinaldo, published in his eighteenth year, extended his reputation through all Italy, but his father was so displeased with his deserting the law for the society of the muses that he went to Padua on purpose to reprimand him. Though he spoke with great vehemence, and made use of several harsh expressions, Torquato heard him without interrupting him, and his composure contributed not a little to increase his father's displeasure. "Tell me" (said Bernardo) "of what use is that vain philosophy, upon which you pride yourself so much?" "It has enabled me" (said Tasso, modestly) "to endure the harshness of your reproofs." *Hoole's Life of Tasso, p. xxiv.*

Don Sancho, son of Alphonzo, king of Castile, having been proclaimed king of Egypt by the pope, who expected great things from his bravery, experience, and excellent education, asked the interpreter who accompanied him (for he understood

not the latin tongue) what was the reason of those shouts of applause. 'Sire,' replied he, 'the pope has created you king of Egypt.' 'We must not be ungrateful,' replied the prince. 'Go thou, and proclaim the holy father caliph of Bagdat.' 'This,' concludes Petrarch, 'is what I call a pleasantry well worthy of a king. They give to Don Sancho an ideal kingdom: he returns the favor with a chimerical pontificate.'

Dobson's Petrarch, v. 1, p. 269.

In the note underneath I have thrown together a few facts which may be passed over by those who have no taste for literary anecdotes.

'Voiture was the son of a vintner, and like our prior, was so mortified whenever reminded of his original occupation, that it was said of him, that wine which cheared the heart of all men, sickened that of Voiture. Rousseau, the poet, was the son of a cobler; and when his honest parent waited at the door of the theatre, to embrace his son on the success of his first piece, the inhuman poet repulsed the venerable father with insult and contempt. Akenside ever considered his lameness as an unsupportable misfortune, since it continually reminded him of his origin, being occasioned by the fall of a cleaver from one of his father's blocks, a respectable butcher. Milton delighted in contemplating his own person, and the engraver not having reached our sublime bard's "ideal grace," he has pointed his indignation in four iambics. Among the complaints of Pope, is that of "the pictured shape." Even the strong minded Johnson would

not be painted "blinking Sam." Mr Boswell tells us that Goldsmith attempted to shew his agility to be superior to the dancing of an ape, whose praise had occasioned him a fit of jealousy, but he failed in imitating his rival. The inscription under Boileau's portrait, describing his character with lavish panegyric, and a preference to Juvenal and Horace, is unfortunately known to have been written by himself.' *D'Israeli's Essay on the Literary Character.*

THERE is a singular and affecting trait in the character of the buffalo, when a calf; and my feelings have severely felt it. Whenever a cow buffalo falls before the murdering lead of the hunters, and happens to have a calf, the helpless young one, far from attempting an escape, stays by its fallen dam, with signs expressive of strong and active natural affection. The dam thus secured, the hunter makes no attempt on the calf, (knowing it to be unnecessary) but proceeds to cut up the carcase: then laying it on his horse, he returns towards home, followed by the poor calf, thus instinctively attending the remains of its dam. I have seen a single hunter ride into the town of Cincinnati, between the Miames, followed in this manner, and, at the same time, by three calves, who had lost their dams by this cruel hunter. *Turner's Account of the Buffalo of America.*

THE following is an account of the large ship, built by king James IV. of Scotland, and described by his historian with the greatest exactness.

The king of Scotland rigged a great ship, called the Great Michael, which was the largest, and of superior strength to any that had ever sailed from England or France; for this ship was of so great stature, and took so much timber, that except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in Fife, which were oak wood, with all timber that was gotten out of Norroway; for she was so strong, and of so great length and breadth, all the wrights of Scotland, yea, and many other strangers, were at her device, by the king's commandment, who wrought very busily in her, but it was a year and a day ere she was complete: to wit, she was twelve score feet in length, and thirty-six feet within the sides; she was ten feet thick in the wall, and boards on every sides so slack and so thick that no cannon could go through her. This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to sea. From the time that she was afloat, and her masts and sails complete, with tows, anchors, offering thereto, she was counted to the king to be thirty thousand pounds of expences; by her artillery which was very great and costly to the king by all the rest of her orders; to wit, she bore many cannons, six on every side, with three great bassils, two behind in her dock, and one before, with three hundred shot of small artillery, that is to say, myand and battered falcon, and quarter falcon, slings, pestilent serpenteas, and double dogs, with hagtar and culvering, crossbows and handbows.—She had three hundred mariners to sail her; she had six score of gunners to use her artillery, and had a thousand men of war by her, captains, shippers, and quarter-masters.

History of Scotland.

Dr Schmidt, of the cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the king of Prussia, couched in the following terms:—"Sire, I acquaint your majesty, first—That there are wanting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, second—That there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third—That the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous. *Schmidt,*

Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The king, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer:—"I acquaint Mr Sacrist Schmidt, first—That those who want to sing, may buy books. Second—I acquaint Mr Sacrist Schmidt, that those who want to be kept warm, must buy wood. Third—I acquaint Mr Sacrist Schmidt, that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river; and I acquaint Mr Sacrist Schmidt, fourth—That I will not have any more correspondence with him."

Life of Frederick.

When Faulknor returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of Swift's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him as a perfect stranger.—"Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?" "I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately after my arrival from London." "Pray, sir, who are you?" "George Faulknor, the printer." "You George Faulknor the printer! Why, you are the most impudent, barefaced imposter I

ever heard of. Faulknor is a sober sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars I do not send you to the house of correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and, having changed his dress, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on his return, went up and shook him by the hand with the utmost cordiality. "My good friend George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear." *Swiftiana, v. 2, p. 165.*

In Turkey the law, which condemns the murderer to death, permits at the same time the nearest relations of the murdered (one of whom, is, on these occasions the executioner) to grant him a pardon.

A Turk, in haste to inherit, had murdered his father, and was condemned, on the strongest proofs, to lose his head. One of his friends, the companion of his debaucheries, hastened to the judge, with a large sum of money; where he learned that the sentence had been already pronounced. Not discouraged by that, he continued to press the cadi, whom the sight of such a treasure had already persuaded. I cannot, said he to his client, acquit your friend without a proof of his innocence, stronger than the evidence on which he has been convicted. Be bold enough to declare yourself the murderer of his father, procure two witnesses, and I will condemn you to undergo the punishment to which

he has been sentenced; he will be immediately reinstated in all his rights, and have the power of granting you a pardon. The undertaking was certainly hazardous; no great confidence could be reposed in a parricide. Yet the convicted criminal pardoned the pretended murderer, and this villainy, conducted in due form of law, was completely successful. *Memoirs of Baron De Tott, v. 1, p. 199.*

When the rapid and dreadful conflagration happened on board the Boyne, a marine was peaceably sitting in his birth with his wife and son, a boy about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began, and finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, the man, with the greatest composure and presence of mind, took from the pens a sheep of the captain's live stock, and bracing the boy on the animals fleecy back, dropped them into the sea. "There," said he, "turn to the land, and God go with you." Encouraged by her husband's resolution, his wife leaped into the brine, and the man followed after, supporting his companion above water, till the boats arrived to their assistance, when they were taken up, little worse for the venture. The sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen making for the shore, with young Ben Bowline riding upon his back like an infant river-god, to the vast delight of the spectators on shore, who, from the tenderest motives, finding themselves interested in the boys safety, rushed into the watery element to meet the young navigator, whom they

presently unsheeped, and succoured with tenderness, till he again fell into the arms of his adventurous parents. The singularity of this event attached the patronage of a most liberal lady in the Isle of Wight, who, having prevailed on the mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared in the most friendly manner, " that as the boy had begun his naval career on a lamb, she would never leave him till he was able to end it like a lion." *Naval Anecdotes, p.* 150.

PETRARCH, in one of his letters, anno 1332, says: ' Liege is considerable from its wealth and the number of its clergy: as I had heard there were some good manuscripts to be met with, I stopped there. Is it not singular that in so celebrated a city, I could hardly find ink enough to copy two orations of Cicero? and what I did meet with was yellow as saffron.

Dobson's Life of Petrarch, v. 1, *p.* 55.

DR JAMES being once asked his opinion of the difference between a doctor and an apothecary, replied, " it did not become him to decide on such a delicate point; however, he would tell the company an anecdote which perhaps might elucidate the question.

" A monkey belonging to a gentleman's house in the country, observed the butler one day go into the cellar, take the spigot out of the barrel, draw himself a jug of ale, and then return it into the barrel again. When the butler went away, Jacko, who wished to be *an imitator without the capacity*

of his original, drew the spigot out of the barrel; but, *not knowing how to stop it again*, let the beer run all about the place, while he frisked up and down stairs in the greatest fright and confusion imaginable." *Foote's Memoirs, v. 3, p. 75.*

In 1770 when antiquarian curiosity was so urgent with the dean of Westminster as to prevail on him to permit several of the society to taste the pickle which had so long preserved Edward I. in so *lively* a manner—an antiquary well known, attempted to steal the king's thumb!!

Flim Flams, v. 1, p. 179.

In a conversation held before Charles IX. by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion" (said Tasso) "the most unfortunate condition is that of an impatient old man depressed with poverty; for," added he, "the state of that person is doubtless very deplorable, who has neither the gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the principles of philosophy to support himself under affliction." *Hoole's Life of Tasso, p.* xxvi.

I never dined at the mess when I was on the lakes, because it was kept on shore. At other times I did, and discovered that it is not true that "the Irish gentleman is linked to his bottle," any more than the English gentleman; for enjoying "perfect *liberty*," no one got *more* drunk than another. The only appeal to the chair was with regard to one gentleman's drinking unfairly,

but that was by no means a drunken Englishman's appeal; for when the chairman offered to fine him a bumper, the other cried, "Och by Jasus, that's not it—he drinks unfair I say, because he has drunk two glasses to my one."

My Pocket Book, p. 185.

A person, who had a suit in chancery, whilst sir Thomas More was lord chancellor, sent him two silver flaggons, not doubting the agreeableness of the present. On receiving them, More called one of his servants, and told him to fill up these two vessels with the best wine in his cellar; and turning round to the servant who had presented them, "Tell your master, (replied the inflexible magistrate,) that if he approves of my wine, I beg he will not spare it." *Lord Bacon's Essays.*

THERE is a witty satirical story of Foote. He had a small bust of Garrick placed upon his bureau. 'You may be surprised (said he) that I allow him to be so near my gold;—but you will observe, he has no hands." *Boswell.*

TWO sailors were one day disputing, on board his majesty's ship Abundance, off Woolwich, respecting the wisdom of king Solomon, and after having made some very original and singular remarks on this mighty monarch, one of them closed his argument as follows:—"Why, Jack, you may talk till the tongue drops out of your wooden head; but I'll tell you what perhaps neither you nor king Solomon ever knew; that is, that d—n my eyes

but the times are so altered, that if he was now alive, he would not know a jib-boom from a poop-lanthorn! *Naval Anecdotes, p.* 118.

During the siege of Newcastle, in the month of October, 1644, the general of the Scottish army sent a threatening message to sir John Marley, the mayor, telling him, 'that if he persisted in his refusal to deliver up the town, they would demolish the steeple of St. Nicholas' church.' Upon this the mayor, immediately ordered the chief of the Scottish prisoners to be taken to the lantern of the tower, and then returned his answer; 'that, if the steeple of St. Nicholas fell, it should not fall alone.—That their countrymen should preserve it, or be buried in its ruins.' This spirited reply prevented it from being demolished.

Brand's History of Newcastle, v. 1, *p.* 263.

In the quarrels of Italy the family of Colonna had been great sufferers, and there is a fine passage related of one of them whose name was Stephen. When in the heat of battle, and oppressed with numbers, one of his friends, terrified with the peril in which he saw him, ran to his aid, crying out, 'Stephen! where is your fortress?' 'Here it is,' he replied with a smile, laying his hand upon his heart.

Dobson's Life of Petrarch, v. 1, *p.* 22.

We talked of war. Johnson. "Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea." Boswell. "Lord Mansfield does not." Johnson. "Sir, if lord

Mansfield were in a company of general officers and admirals who have been in service, he would shrink; he'd wish to creep under the table." Boswell. "No; he'd think he could *try* them all." Johnson. "Yes, if he could catch them: but they'd try him much sooner. No, sir; were Socrates and Charles XII. of Sweden both present in any company, and Socrates to say, 'Follow me, and hear a lecture in philosophy;' and Charles laying his hand on his sword, to say, 'Follow me, and dethrone the czar;' a man would be ashamed to follow Socrates. Sir, the impression is universal: yet it is strange. As to the sailor, when you look down from the quarter-deck to the space below, you see the utmost extremity of human misery: such crouding, such filth, such stench!" Boswell. "Yet sailors are happy." Johnson. "They are happy as brutes are happy, with a piece of fresh meat,—with the grossest sensuality. But, sir, the profession of soldiers and sailors has the dignity of danger. Mankind reverence those who have got over fear, which is so general a weakness." Scott.* "But is not courage mechanical, and to be acquired?" Johnson. "Why yes, sir, in a collective sense. Soldiers consider themselves only as part of a great machine." Scott. "We find people fond of being sailors." Johnson. "I cannot account for that, any more than I can account for other strange perversions of imagination."

His abhorrence of the profession of a sailor was uniformly violent; but in conversation he always

* The present sir William Scott.

exalted the profession of a soldier. And yet I have, in my large and various collection of his writings, a letter to an eminent friend, in which he expresses himself thus: "My god-son called on me lately. He is weary, and rationally weary of a military life. If you can place him in some other state, I think you may increase his happiness, and secure his virtue. A soldier's time is passed in distress and danger, or in idleness and corruption." Such was his cool reflection in his study; but whenever he was warmed and animated by the presence of company, he, like other philosophers, whose minds are impregnated with poetical fancy, caught the common enthusiasm for splendid renown. *Life of Johnson, v. 3, p. 287.*

I was warned against visiting the Irish, who, I was told, were so ignorant, that a rebel barber, seeing an artillery-man about to apply his match to a cannon, ran up to the muzzle and thurst his wig into it, exclaiming "By Jasus, I have stopt your mouth, my honey, for this time." But he did not, for "he was blown to atoms."

Sir John Carr.

A man carrying a large beam on his shoulder, and striking, unintentionally, against Diogenes, said to him, "Take care." "How!" said Diogenes, "do you intend to hit me a second time?" Some time after, meeting with a like adventure, he gave a stroke with his stick to him who had hit him, saying, "Take care of yourself."

Fenelon's Life of Diogenes, v. 2, p. 134.

THE original of the following prayer, written about an hour before the commencement of the battle of Trafalgar, is said to be in the possession of sir William Scott, in the hand writing of lord Nelson.

" *May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe, a great and glorious victory! and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it. And may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet!—For myself, individually, I commit my life to him who made me; and may his blessing light on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To him I resign myself, and the* JUST CAUSE *which is entrusted to me to defend!* AMEN—AMEN—AMEN.

" Victory, Oct. 21, 1805, in sight
of the fleets of France and Spain;
distant about ten miles."

Life of Lord Nelson.

AFTER the conclusion of peace with America, when Mr Adams, as envoy from the United States, obtained his first audience, the king declared, that he anticipated the interview as the most critical moment in his life; but he received the new minister with gracious affability. " I was the last man in the kingdom, sir," said his majesty, " to consent to the independence of America, but now it is granted, I shall be the last in the world to sanction a violation of it." This noble and dignified sentiment, joined with the general deportment of the king, formed such a refutation of the calumnies a-

gainst him, by which the revolt had been rendered popular, that Mr Adams retired agitated and affected in the highest degree, and ever after expressed and retained a strong attachment to his person and character. *MS.*

Mr Wilkes was invited by a young man of fashion at Paris, to sup with him and a lady, who had been for some time his mistress, but with whom he was going to part. He said to Mr Wilkes that he really felt very much for her, she was in such distress; and that he meant to make her a present of two hundred louis-d'ors. Mr Wilkes observed the behaviour of Mademoiselle, who sighed indeed very piteously, and assumed every pathetick air of grief; but eat no less than three French pigeons, which are as large as English partridges, besides other things. Mr Wilkes whispered the gentleman, "We often say in England, *Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry,* but I never heard *Excessive sorrow is exceeding hungry.* Perhaps *one* hundred will do." The gentleman took the hint.

Boswell.

An Irishman being upbraided with *cowardice,* said, he had as bold a *heart* as any man in the army, but his cowardly *legs* always ran away with it. *Edinburgh Budget, p.* 120.

Nothing like travelling.—I used to have my prejudices, but now, since I've been in France, I know that the French are not *all lean men,* and Ireland has convinced me that an Irishman can

speak for some time without making a bull. If they make more bulls than the English, it is owing to the "quickness of their thoughts," or wit.—An Irishman frequently "discharges his answer," "*before* the question," and "another is ready to follow," which accounts for his always being beforehand with you. *My Pocket Book, p.* 120.

ROBERT, cardinal of Genoa, afterwards pope, was a distinguished Italian general about the year 1738. One day surveying some of the inhabitants of Camerino diverting themselves with a mock fight, he received a wound by a random arrow. When they had seized the culprit, and were on the point of cutting off his head, the general interposed, and ordered the man to be dismissed, observing, "That the punishment, to be of any *use* to him, should have *preceded* the wound." *Hist. of the Popes.*

A naturalist's house.—WE entered the house of Gobbo, the naturalist, not without trepidation; we had heard so many bloody stories concerning this great man, that Reynold's folio of "God's Revenge against Murder," records no murderer more red than him; nor the Newgate Calendar more abominable attempts than he had practised.

We found a great *snake* crawling about the floors, at which we started, but our conductor stroked him on the back, and assured us he was a most excellent *mouser*—it seems GOBBO preferred a snake to a cat! A number of *toads* were placed in different parts of the room, and there served instead of so many pots of fly-water—they caught the flies!

The next apartment excited some alarm. We found ourselves amidst 2 or 300 bats, some with large hoods on their long-ears; others we found with their ears sewed up; and some with their eyes carefully picked out of their heads! Our conductor told us, that this great philosopher, to shew that bats could perform their functions in the dark, picked their eyes with a red-hot wire, or scooped out the pupil with a pair of pincers. The philosopher owned the bats seemed to suffer greatly by their cruel operations; the observation evinced great sensibility in the bats, and the philosopher.

A very tedious enquiry whether FISH were *deaf* and *mute!* put us out of patience, (cried our conductor). Over a large tub of fish, we were ringing a bell all day, or tapping at its side, and yet the fish seemed to take no notice of the naturalists. One thing we discovered, that whenever they made *love* they made a *noise;* but we never could find their ears. Dr. Monro declared that their *hearing* is diffused over their *body;* so that by giving them a smart *stroke* on their back, you make them hear you. *Flim Flams, v.* 1, *p.* 182.

"DRY lodgings," written over a cabin, does not signify that the beds are dry, but that you can have no whisky posset there; merely because they have none. *My Pocket Book, p.* 90.

ONE day the two cardinals Cynthio and Aldobrandini held an assembly of several prelates, to consult among other things, of some method to put a stop to the license of the Pasquinades. One

proposed that Pasquin's statue should be broken to pieces and cast into the river. But Tasso's opinion being asked, he said, "it would be much more prudent to let it remain where it was; for otherwise from the fragments of the statue would be bred an infinite number of frogs on the banks of the Tyber, that would never cease to croak day and night." The pope, to whom cardinal Aldobrandini related what had passed, interrogated Tasso upon the subject. "It is true, holy father," (said he) "such was my opinion; and I shall add moreover, that if your holiness would silence Pasquin, the only way is to put such people into employments as may give no occasion to any libels or disaffected discourse."

Hoole's Life of Tasso, p. xlii.

WHILE at Plymouth a short time ago, a noble naval commander, who is a strict disciplinarian, accosted a drunken sailor in the street, with "What ship do you belong to?" Jack, who was a *dry* fellow, notwithstanding he was *drunk*, and had a very eccentric countenance, answered with much *sang froid*, "*Don't know.*" "What's your captain's name?" "*Don't know.*" "Do you know who I am?" "*No.*" "Why, I am commander in chief." "Then," replied he archly, "You have a d—d good birth of it,—that's all I know!"

Edinburgh Budget, p. 157.

FRENCH TEACHERS.—Catharine II. empress of Russia having been informed that there was in her states a great number of French tutors, who

not only did not understand Latin, but were even ignorant of the simplest elements of their own language, issued an order, that all the masters of the French language, and tutors in private families, should present themselves before a commission, which she named for the purpose of examination. Among the thousands of *Ignoramuses* that appeared before this tribunal, there were two that astonished the commissioners by their gross stupidity. One of these two having been examined on the modes of the verbs, answered that, *as he left Paris fifteen years ago, he could say nothing about the actual modes of his country, where they were changing from day to day.* The other was a Livonian, who had never been in France, and for two years had instead of French, taught the gibberish of his country, to the daughters of a nobleman, who lived in a southern province of Russia.

Chantreau's Trav. in Russia, v. 1, *p.* 264.

While the great Clarendon, after all the miseries and indignities he had experienced in France, lay extended in agony, the French messenger, who had accompanied him to Calais, appeared by his bedside, and informed him that he had received new orders from the king to insist upon his instant departure from France. Clarendon, shocked at the inhumanity of such a message, exclaimed, "You must bring orders from God Almighty as well as from your king, before I can obey. Your king," continued he, "is a very great and powerful prince, yet not so omnipotent as to make a dying man so strong as to undertake a journey."

He then sent for the chief magistrates and the lieutenant governor of the town; who, moved by the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, and blushing for the inhospitable policy of their government, united in a warm remonstrance to the court against the cruelty of his treatment."

Macdiarmid's Lives, p. 572.

CHOOSE a wife from a watering place where the company live under one roof. It is as safe a measure as buying a horse upon trial.

The serpent tempted Eve with fruit that would purchase knowledge. A modern Eve would much rather have had a guinea, to purchase what she liked.

Before the introduction of tea, the ladies spent their afternoons over a cup of good mulled wine, and perhaps it would have been well, if the practice had continued. Hystericks were then little known.

A woman who dances like a cow, had better sit down to cards, although she may play no better than a calf.

Do not brave the opinion of the world. You may as well say, that you care not for the light of the sun, because you can find a candle.

If you are of an indolent temper, breakfast upon cold pig. *Dr. Hunter's Men and Manners.*

IN October, 1799, during the escort of the treasure which had been taken in the Spanish frigates, Thetis and Santa Brigeda, to the dungeons of the citadel at Plymouth, where it was deposited for

safety, as the procession was passing through the market-place, some interruption occassioned a stoppage of the headmost waggon of the second division. This naturally drew a croud about the waggon; during which, a gentleman pushed forward to see how the dollars were packed, when the honest tar, who carried the British ensign over the Spanish, asked him in a goodnatured way, "if his honour wished to smell at the treasure;" the gentleman said laughingly, "he would much rather taste it:" the sailor immediately putting his unemployed fingers into his mouth, pulled out a small Spanish gold coin, and a quid; and putting both into the gentleman's hand, emphatically said, "By Jasus, in my country we find tasting better than smelling, and feeling is the naked truth; so your honour's welcome." The gentleman offered him more than the real value; but honest Patrick refused, and said "he had enough and to spare."

Naval Anecdotes, p. 282.

Two sisters, one of whom lived at Rotherhithe, and the other at Chelsea, had a present sent them from abroad, of two very fine young parrots. The family of the lady at Chelsea were of a religious turn; and from their conversation and devotional exercises, her parrot soon learned a great variety of pious phrases. The docility of the other bird was exercised in a very different manner at Rotherhithe. He became a wonderful proficient in the dialect of the watermen, who frequented the house of his mistress. Her sister some time after paid her a visit; and being quite shocked at the profanness of

her parrot, begged he might be sent to Chelsea, to learn some better lessons from a good master, and to whom he would probably listen more attentively as being one of his own species.

The matter having been agreed upon, the profane parrot was intrusted to the care of a waterman, to be conveyed to the school of piety at Chelsea. On the passage up the river, it happened to rain very heavily; and the waterman often exclaimed, "d—mn my mistress for sending me out such a wet day as this!" The words came from the man's heart, and were therefore very impressive. The parrot seldom let such things escape him. As soon as he got to Chelsea, and was hung up in his cage near his intended tutor, feeling a strong desire to give some specimen of his talents, he distinctly repeated, "d—mn my mistress for sending me out such a wet day as this!"—The other parrot with great fervor responded, "graciously hear us, O Lord!" *Light Reading at Leisure Hours, p.* 379.

When Charles II. was on a progress through his dominions, he was waited upon by the magistracy of a certain city in the north of England. The mayor had prepared, with no little study, a splendid oration for so memorable an occasion: kneeling down to deliver his address, the worthy magistrate (who was excessively fat) commenced by a *feu-de-joye* of rather a singular nature: Whether he deemed such an expression of *loyalty* tantamount to a *royal salute* of the present day, history is silent: Certain it is, he felt greatly embarrassed,

and blundered his oration most wofully. "I have, please your majesty, begun *at the wrong end*," (cried the good mayor, endeavouring to apologize for the incoherency of his speech.) "So I remarked," (replied the facetious monarch) but I fear the mistake can't now be corrected:—Rise up, *sir Walter Cannon!*" *H. A.*

"THE commonest women in Dublin are remarkable for the whiteness of the bosom."—A traveller should see every thing! They are fine stout *manly* creatures—"powerfully made, and able to protect themselves." They are "frequently *highly* educated; very few do not speak French fluently, and many speak it" so that it sounds like French. Their "*brogue*," is vastly agreeable.

My Pocket Book, p. 101.

THOMAS lord Cromwell was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, and was soldier under the duke of Bourbon, at the sacking of Rome, in the year 1527. While he was abroad in a military character, in a very low station, he fell sick, and was unable to follow the army; he was observed one day by an Italian merchant to walk very pensive, and had all the appearance of penury and wretchedness. The merchant enquired of him the place of his birth, and fortune, and upon conversing with Cromwell, was so well pleased with the account he gave of himself, that he supplied him with money and credit to carry him to England. Cromwell afterwards made the most rapid progress in state-preferments ever known. Honours were multiplied

thick upon him, and he came to have the dispensing of his sovereign's bounty. It happened that this Italian merchant's circumstances decayed, and he came to England to solicit the payment of some debts due to him by his correspondents; who finding him necessitous, were disposed to put him off, and to take the advantage of his want, to avoid payment. This not a little embarrassed the foreigner, who was now in a situation forlorn enough. As Providence would have it, lord Cromwell, then earl of Essex, riding to court, saw this merchant walking with a dejected countenance, which put him in mind of his former situation. He immediately ordered one of his attendants to desire the merchant to come to his house. His lordship asked the merchant whether he knew him? He answered, "No." Cromwell then related the circumstance of the merchant's relieving a certain Englishman; and asked if he remembered it? The merchant answered, that he had always made it his business to do good, but did not remember that circumstance.—His lordship then enquired the reason of his coming to England; and upon the merchant's telling him his story, he so interested himself, as soon to procure the payment of all his debts.—Cromwell then informed the merchant, that he was himself the person he had thus relieved; and for every ducat which the merchant had given him, he returned to the value of a hundred, telling him, that this was the payment of his debt. He then made him a munificent present, and asked him, whether he chose to settle in England, or return to his own country? The foreigner chose the

latter, and returned to spend the remainder of his days in competence and quiet, after having experienced in lord Essex as high an instance of generosity and gratitude as perhaps ever was known.

Edinburgh Budget, p. 68.

SWIFT has an odd blunt way that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature. It is so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, "Heyday, gentlemen (says the doctor), what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the lords that you are so fond of, to come here to see a poor dean?" "Because we would rather see you than any of them." "Ay, any one that did not know so well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose." "No, doctor, we have supped already." "Supped already, that's impossible! why it is not eight o'clock yet. That's very strange! But if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings: tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you have supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket." "No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you." "But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings—two

and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you; and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save any thing by you I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and, in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money." *Swiftiana, v. 2, p.* 183.

A Roman being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsman, was asked, "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you five children?" In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe he held it up, and interrogating them in his turn, "Is not this shoe," said he, "a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How then is it that none of you can tell me where it pinches?" *Plutarch.*

MEROPE is not yet printed: I am afraid it will not be so well received in the closet as on the stage. The success of the piece was not due to me, but to Mademoiselle Dumesnil. What do you think of an actress who kept the audience in tears through three successive acts? The public have been mistaken in giving *me* credit for the pleasure which they received from the excellence of the performers. The seduction was so great that the pit with loud shouts insisted upon seeing me. I was seized in the hiding-place where I had sheltered myself, and carried by force into Madame de Villar's box,

where she was with her daughter-in-law the duchess de Villars. The pit was mad; they called out to the young duchess to kiss me, and they made such a noise that she was obliged to comply by order of her mother-in-law. Thus have I been kissed in public, as was Alain Chartier by the princess Margaret of Scotland; but *he* was asleep, *I* was wide awake. *Voltaire to his friend M. D'Aiguebere.*

ARISTIPPUS was asked the difference between a learned, and an ignorant man. "To make the discovery at once," said he, "strip them both naked, and send them among strangers."

Fenelon's Life of Aristippus, v. 2, p. 69.

A learned gentleman who in the course of conversation wished to inform us that the counsel upon the circuit at Shrewsbury were much bitten by fleas, took, I suppose seven or eight minutes in relating it circumstantially. He in a plenitude of phrase told us, that large bales of woollen cloth were lodged in the town-hall;—that by reason of this, fleas nestled there in prodigious numbers; that the lodgings of the counsel were near the town-hall;—and that those little animals moved from place to place with wonderful agility. Johnson sat in great impatience till the gentleman had finished his tedious narrative, and then burst out (playfully however,) "It is a pity, sir, that you have not seen a lion; for a flea has taken you such a time, that a lion must have served you a twelvemonth." *Life of Johnson, v. 2, p. 197.*

HENRY VIII. having one day paid sir Thomas More an unexpected visit to dinner, and having afterwards walked with him, for an hour, in the garden, with his arm round his neck; Mr Roper, son-in-law to More, took occasion, after Henry was gone, to congratulate him on his rare good fortune, in being treated by the king with a degree of familiarity never experienced by any other subject. "I thank our lord," replied More, "I find his grace my very good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject in this realm. However son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to be struck off."

Macdiarmid's Lives, p. 53.

WHEN the late earl Howe, who was very remarkable for his presence of mind, was captain of the Magnanime, during a cruise on the coast of France, a heavy gale of wind obliged him to anchor. It was on a lee-shore, and the night was extremely dark and tempestuous. After every thing had been made snug, the ship rode with two anchors a-head, depending entirely on her ground tackle.

Captain Howe, at this time, laid up with the gout, was reading in his cabin, when, on a sudden, the lieutenant of the watch came in, with a countenance full of woe, and said, he was sorry to inform him that the anchors came home. "They are much in the right of it," coolly replied captain Howe, "I don't know who could stay out such a night as this is." *Naval Anecdotes, p.* 114.

CRITOLAUS relates that ambassadors came from Miletus to Athens upon public business, perhaps to request assistance. They engaged what lawyers they thought proper to speak for them, who, as they were instructed, addressed the people in behalf of the Melesians. Demosthenes replied with severity to the demands of the Melesians, and contended that they were unworthy of assistance, nor was it the interest of the state to grant it. The matter was deferred to the following day. The ambassador in the mean time came to Demosthenes, and with great earnestness entreated that he would not oppose them. He asked for money, and they gave him what he demanded. On the day following, when the business was again debated, Demosthenes came into public with his neck and jaws wrapped up in woollen, complaining that he had a quincy, and could not speak against the Melesians. On this, one of the people called out, that Demosthenes was troubled with the "*silver quincy.*" *Aul. Gell. lib.* xi. *cap.* 9.

ALEXANDER passing through Corinth, on one occasion, had the curiosity to see Diogenes, who happened to be there at that time. He found him basking in the sun, in the grove Craneum, where he was cementing his tub. "I am," said he to him, "the great king Alexander."—"And I," replied the philosopher, "am the dog Diogenes." "Are you not afraid of me?" continued Alexander.—"Are you good or bad?" returned Diogenes. "I am good," rejoined Alexander.—"And who would be afraid of one who is good?" replied Diogenes.

As Diogenes was, one day, going to Egina, he was taken by pirates, who brought him to Crete, and exposed him to sale. He did not appear to be in the least disconcerted, nor to feel the least uneasiness on account of his misfortune. Seeing one Xeniades, corpulent and well dressed, "I must be sold to that person," said he, "for I perceive he needs a master.—Come, child," said he to Xeniades, as he was coming up to purchase him, "come, child, buy a man."

Being asked what he could do, he said, he had the talent of commanding men. "Crier," said he, "call out in the market, *If any one needs a master, let him come here and purchase one.*" He who was selling him, desired him not to sit. "What matters it?" said Diogenes; "people buy fishes in any posture; and it is very surprising, that though one will not buy even a pot, without ringing it, to know whether it be good metal; he will buy a man upon simply seeing him." When the price was fixed, he said to Xeniades: "Though I be at present your slave, you must prepare to obey my will; for whether I serve you as physician, or steward, it matters not whether I be a slave, or a free man;—my will must be done."

Xeniades charged him with the instruction of his children; a task which Diogenes performed with great fidelity. *Fenelon's Life of Diogenes, v. 2, p. 126.*

M. Boudou. This eminent surgeon was one day sent for by the Cardinal du Bois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation

upon him. The cardinal, on seeing him enter the room, said to him, "You must not expect, sir, to treat me in the same rough manner as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hôtel Dieu."—"My lord," replied M. Boudou with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes." *Supplement to Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons, p.* 216.

THE following advice which Madame Terein, a woman of great literary discernment, gave to Marmontel, when a young man, with respect to *authorship*, should be a perpetual lesson to all writers by profession. "Secure yourself," said she, "a livelihood independent of literary successes; and put into *this lottery* only the overplus of your time: for woe to him who depends wholly on his pen! Nothing is more casual. The man who makes shoes, is sure of his wages; but the man who writes a book, or a tragedy, is never sure of any thing." *Life of Marmontel.*

AN assuming pedantic lady boasting of the many books which she had read, often quoted *Lock upon understanding*; "a work," she said, "she admired above all things; yet there was one word in it, which, though often repeated, she could not distinctly make out; and that was, the word *ide-a*" (pronouncing it very long;) "but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation."—"You are perfectly right, madam," said Foote; "it comes from

the word *ideaousky*."—" And pray, sir, what does that mean?"—" The *feminine of ideot*, madam."
Memoirs of Foote, v. 2, p. 119.

A gentleman in the country who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expences of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarves, &c. " Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote, gravely. " Yes, to be sure we do: how else?"—" Oh! we never do that in London." " No!" said the other, much surprised; " how do you manage?"—" Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."—" Indeed!" said the other in amazement; " what becomes of him?" " Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a *strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning*."
Cooke.

A son-in-law of sir Thomas More having, between jest and earnest, complained that he did not allow his friends to make any profit under him; not that he, for his part, would be guilty of perverting justice, but that he saw no harm in receiving a small present for speaking in behalf of suitors: More applauded the scrupulousness of his conscience, and told him that he should endeavour to provide for him otherwise; " for this one thing I

assure thee," said he, "that if the parties will call for justice at my hands, then though it were my father, whom I love so dearly, stood on one side, and the devil, whom I hate extremely, stood on the other; his cause being just, the devil of me should have his due." "For your sake," he would say to his children, "I will do justice to all men, and leave you a blessing." *Macdiarmid's Lives, p.* 67.

MARY queen of England. The turn of the English nation for humourous political prints first shewed itself in this reign. An engraving was published representing this queen extremely thin, with many Spaniards hanging to her and sucking her to the bone. *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons, p.* 16.

SWIFT used to call Whitehaven his second birth-place. When he was about a year old, he was carried thither by his nurse, who, finding it necessary to visit a relation there who was ill, and from whom she expected a legacy, conveyed him on shipboard privately, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle; and, as is usual among Irish nurses, bore such an affection to the child that she could not think of going without him. He retained his affection of the place till the last, and when one of his friends, who had spent a little time there in 1739, told him, in the spring following, that a merchant from thence, with his son and daughter, were then in Dublin, he invited them to dinner, and shewed them many civilities while they stayed in that city. *Swiftiana, p.* 160.

Dr Johnson being asked by a lady, what love was? replied, "it was the wisdom of a fool, and the folly of the wise." Dryden, being once asked the same question, said, "It was a thing he had often seen, felt, and heard of, but never could understand." *Life of Johnson.*

Zacharias Boyd, whose bust is to be seen over the entrance to the royal college in Glasgow, while professor in that university, translated the Old and New Testament into Scotch metre; and from a laudable zeal to disseminate religious knowledge among the lower classes of the community, is said to have left a very considerable sum to defray the expence of the said work, which, however, his executors never printed. The following are specimens of that truly elegant translation:

He thus introduces the celebrated patriarch Job:

'There was a man called Job,
Dwelt in the land of Uz.
He had a good gift of the gob,
The same thing happened us.'

Describing Job's determination to persevere in his confidence in the *mercy* and *goodness* of the Supreme Being, he says,

'Job's wife unto Job did say,
Curse God and die!
Job unto his wife replied,
No, you b—h,—not I!'

Jonah, in the belly of the whale, begins his soliloquy in the following words:

'What house is? here's neither coal nor candle;
Where I nothing but fish guts do handle!'

Another passage, he versifies,

'The Lord, unto my Lord, did say,
Sit thou at my right hand,
My Lord unto the Lord replied,
I'd rather chuse to stand.'

But the highest flight of his muse appears in the following *beautiful Alexandrine:*

'And was not Pharaoh a saucy rascal? That would not let the children of Israel, their wives and their little ones, their flocks and their herds, go out into the wilderness forty days
——to eat the Pascal.'
H. B.

More generally found his wit and thorough command of temper the most effectual defence against Wolsey, who was to the last degree impatient of contradiction. After a transaction in the house of commons, which had drawn out much bitterness, and which More had strongly opposed as unjust, the cardinal happening to meet with him, complained loudly of his behaviour, and at length exclaimed, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr More, when I made you speaker." "Your grace not offended," replied the other, "so would I too; for then I should have seen an antient and famous city, which I have long desired to see."
Macdiarmid's Lives, p. 48.

Conjugal Love.—A person praising the affections of the widows of Malabar, who burn themselves on a funeral pile in honour of their husbands' memory; Foote observed, "that the women of England claimed a higher honour; for they frequently *burned* before marriage for their *first husband,* and afterwards for a *second.*"

Memoirs of Foote, v. 2, p. 112.

MENAGE gives the following advice to authors. "Never send well-written copy for the press, for then masters give it to their apprentices, who make a thousand faults; but, if it is difficult to read, the masters do it themselves."—This advice has been mentioned to several printers by the writer of this, and they have uniformly to a man, been angry. *Port Folio of a Man of Letters.*

A curious anecdote is told respecting the late inhabitant of Chononceau, belonging to the family of Villeneuve; which, if *any thing* can justify suicide, certainly does. Monsieur de V*** was cast into prison during the revolution, in common with most of the other respectable people of France, at a moment when every person who had the misfortune to be a nobleman was, if apprehended, led to the guillotine. While in confinement, he reflected that if he shared the fate of many of his fellow prisoners, his fortune would be confiscated and his children become beggars; but that if he should destroy himself, as his children were minors, their inheritance could not legally be seized, and he only shortened the period of his existence by a few hours. These

considerations were so powerful in his mind, that he effected his destruction with a razor, and thus secured his property to his children.

Williams's Travels through France.

When Madame de Boufflers was first in England, (said Beauclerk,) she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple-lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and eager to shew himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple-gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

Life of Johnson, v. 2. p. 420.

Vivacity seems to be the common property of every Frenchman, and never did it appear more striking than in the following circumstance: upon

an English surgeon some years since visiting an hospital at Paris, he saw in one of the wards three Frenchmen who had received some very severe contusions by the fall of a scaffold a few days before, lying in bed; upon approaching them he found one dead, another dying, and the one in the middle sitting upright in the bed, fiddling to several invalids, who were dancing at the foot of it as well as they were able.

Carr's Travels through Holland, &c.

Sir Thomas More was so remarkably attentive to the education of his daughters, and brought them up with such strict attention to every thing that can charm or be admired in a female, that 'the school of More' was praised no less for its novelty than the accomplishments of its pupils. Erasmus, from whom we derive these particulars, and who was often an inmate of that delightful society, greatly captivated with the easy manners, the animated conversation, and extraordinary accomplishments of these young ladies, could not help owning himself a complete convert to More's sentiments of female education. Yet, while he admired their improvement, and shared in the pleasures it diffused, he could not help remarking one day to his friend, how severe a calamity it would be, if, by any of those fatalities to which the human race is liable, such accomplished beings, whom he had so painfully and successfully laboured to improve, should happen to be snatched away! "If they are to die," replied More, without hesitation, "I would rather have them die well-informed

than ignorant." "This reply," continues Erasmus, "reminded me of a saying of Phocion, whose wife, as he was about to drink the poison, according to his sentence, exclaimed "Ah! my husband, you die innocent!" "And would you, my wife," he rejoined, "rather have me die guilty?"

Macdiarmid's Lives, p. 32.

ENGLAND is the country for religious toleration. Of late years the worship of the old heathen gods has been revived here and Orpheus is adored instead of Christ, Homer and Hesiod instead of the prophets, Plato and Plotinus instead of the apostles? There is a story of an Englishman at Rome, who pulled off his hat to a statue of Jupiter, saying, "I beg, sir, if ever you get into power again, you will remember that I paid my respects to you in your adversity." *Letters from England, v. 3, p. 164.*

DEAN SWIFT, at dinner, once turning his eye towards the looking-glass, espied the butler opening a bottle of ale, and helping himself; "Ha, friend," said the dean, "sharp is the word with you, I find: you have drank my ale; for which I stop two shillings out of your board-wages this week, for I scorn to be outdone in any thing, even in cheating." *Swiftiana, p. 30.*

RUSSIAN weather makes a man alert. It was a very severe winter, when I was first at Pleskow, and after leaving a party, I was making the best of my way to my own lodgings. "My God, how quick he runs!" called a little girl behind me.

Here, at Grodno, being obliged to sit so long in the toll-house, I took out my pocket-book, and noted some little occurrence on the road. "My God, how quick he writes!" said one of the men near me. *Seume's Tour.*

The Retort.—Queen Elizabeth was provoked by one of many beggars to say, *Pauper ubique jacet*—the poor lie every where! when the mendicant, to her surprise, exclaimed,—

In thalamis, Regina, tuis hac nocte jacerem,
Si foret hoc verum, "Pauper ubique jacet."
Thy bed then, queen!—this night I should lie there,
If it were true, *the poor lie every where!*
M. Mirror, Aug. 1808.

Some time since the priest of Falmouth was applied to to bury a certain person from the adjoining country. "Why, John," said he to the sexton, "We buried this man a dozen years ago:" and in fact it appeared on referring to the parish books of the church that his funeral had been registered a dozen years back. He had been bed-ridden and in a state of dotage all that time; and his heirs had made a mock burial to avoid certain legal forms and expences which would else have been necessary to enable them to receive and dispose of his rents.
Espriella's Letters, v. 1, *p.* 5.

Cardinal Wolsey was as remarkable for his artful and submissive conduct before Henry VIII. as sir Thomas More was for simplicity and

an inflexible adherence to right. On one occasion, it is said, that the cardinal, with much self-complacency, laid before More the draught of a measure which he was about to carry into execution, at the same time requesting his sentiments freely on every part of it. More, having attentively considered it, began, with his usual sincerity, to point out some things to be suppressed, others to be amended, others to be added; till at length, Wolsey, unable to suppress his mortification and wrath, asked him if he was not ashamed to prove himself a fool, by objecting to what all the other wise men of the council had approved? "Thanks be to God," replied More gravely, "that the king's majesty hath but one fool in his right honourable council!"

Macdiarmid's Lives, p. 44.

It was the intention of Appius to tear the chaste Virginia from her father, under the pretext that she was the daughter of a slave, and to dishonour her. Every method for her rescue had been tried in vain; the indignation of her hoary sire and her betrothed bridegroom was the subject of ridicule to the brutal officer. The moment had arrived in which they were preparing to drag Virginia away. The father suddenly turning to the decemvir —"Stop!" he exclaimed, "but one moment: pardon, Appius, the distress of a father, if I addressed thee with harshness; permit me only to put a few questions to the girl in the presence of her attendant, to convince myself that I am not her father, and then depart from the place in peace." "Thy request is granted," replied the decemvir.

Virginius instantly conducted his daughter to a neighbouring shop, and seizing the knife of a butcher, plunged it into her bosom with these words: "This is now the only method of effecting thy deliverance!" Then turning to the tribunal, he extended his bloody fist still holding the reeking blade to the decemvir, and exclaimed: "*Te, Appii, tuumque caput, hoc sanguine consecro!* This blood, O Appius, be upon thy head!" *Livy—Kotzbue.*

THE well known miser, Daniel Dancer, having been once reluctantly *bound over* by a magistrate to prosecute a horse-stealer at Aylesbury assizes, he set out with a respectable neighbour, who undertook to accompany him. Himself and his horse, on this occasion, exhibited a grotesque appearance, for the movements of the latter were regulated by a halter instead of a bridle, while a sack fastened round him served instead of a saddle; as for shoes, this was a luxury that Daniel's rosinante had never been accustomed to.

On their arrival at Aylesbury, having stopped at an inn of decent appearance, Dancer addressed his companion in the following manner:

"Pray, sir, do you go into the house, order what you please, and live like a gentleman, I will settle for it readily; but as for myself, I must go on in my old way."

He accordingly did so, for he bought a pennyworth of bread for himself, slept under his horse's manger, and paid fifteen shillings, being the amount of his companion's bill, with the utmost cheerfulness.

During the last twenty years, Daniel's house is said to have been entered at least fourteen times by thieves, and the amount of his losses is calculated at two thousand five hundred pounds. As the lower part was in such a ruinous state as to admit a person with ease, it was recommended to him to get it repaired; but he replied, "that this would be only throwing away more money, for then they would get in at the windows."

In order to employ the attention of the marauders, until he should escape to his *hiding-place*, he was accustomed to strew the ground floor with farthings and sixpences wrapped up in paper.

Annual Necrology, p. 160—1.

Dr Johnson would not allow Scotland to derive any credit from lord Mansfield; for he was educated in England. "Much (said he,) may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught* young."

Life of Johnson, v. 2, *p.* 197.

Dr Boldero, one of the masters of Jesus College, in the last century, had been treated with particular severity during the *Protectorate*, for his attachment to the royal cause, in which also, the *bishop of Ely*, at that time had been an equal sufferer. On a vacancy of the mastership, Boldero, without any pretentions to the appointment, in *plain English*, plucks up his spirits, or in Homer's language, "speaks to his magnanimous mind," and presents his petition to the bishop. "Who are you?" says his lordship, "I know nothing of you; I never heard of you before." "My lord! I have

suffered long and severely for my attachment to your royal master, as well as your lordship has. I believe your lordship and I have been in *all the gaols in England.*" "What does the fellow mean? Man! I never was confined in any prison but the *tower.*" "And my lord!" said Boldero, "I have been in all the rest myself."—The bishop's heart relented, and he good-naturedly admitted the claim of his petitioner. *Memoirs of the Life of Gilbert Wakefield, v.* 1, *p.* 80.

Potemkin, the favourite of Catharine II. having become vice president at war, with a seat in the council, happened to be once summoned to council, while engaged at a party of cards; he refused to stir. The astonished messenger, unaccustomed to such an instance of disobedience, and afraid of being implicated in his guilt, humbly besought Potemkin to furnish him with an excuse. On this the favourite referred him to the bible; and, on being requested to mention the passage, he gaily replied, "In the first psalm, and the first verse, there you will find it said,—*Beatus vir qui non abiit in consilio impiorum.*" (Happy is the man who participateth not in the counsels of the wicked.) *Life of Catharine* II.

Of the opulence of the citizens of London at this early period of commerce an instance occurs that is not to be paralleled in any history in the circumstance of sir Henry Picard, a vintner, having the singular honour of entertaining, in the year 1363, in one day, four kings, viz. Edward III.

John, king of France, David, king of Scots, and the king of Cyprus. This person had been lord mayor in the year 1357, and the feast was given at his house in the Vintry, at which Edward, prince of Wales, and many of the nobility, also attended. Sir Henry Picard, upon this occasion, kept his hall for all comers that were willing to play at dice and hazard, and lady Margaret kept her chamber to the same effect. This solemnity is mentioned as the most glorious that had ever been seen. The kings, &c. went in grand procession; the mayor and aldermen met them in their formalities; the city pageants were displayed; and in the streets through which they passed the citizens hung out plate, tapestry, armour, &c. *Barnes, p.* 526. *Stow, p.* 165. *Lon.* 1618.

Scævola, the great Roman lawyer, being one day asked, what work might be done on an holy day, replied, "That which if left undone would occasion mischief, *quod omissum nosceret.*"

Marcrobius.

Peter the Great was so much affected with the death of his son Peter by Catherine I. that he, shut himself up at Petershoff, intending to starve himself to death; and forbid every person, of whatever description, under pain of death to disturb his retirement. The senate assembled on this desperate resolution of the prince, and Dolgorouki undertook to drive him from it. He went and knocked at the door of the room where Peter was shut up.—"Whoever you be," cried the czar with a

terrible voice," fly off, or I will open the door and knock out your brains."—" Open, I say," replied Dolgorouki in a firm tone, " It is a deputy from the senate come to ask you whom you wish to have named as emperor in your room, since you have resigned." Peter, struck with the courageous zeal of Dolgorouki, opened, embraced this faithful courtier, yielded to his councils, and resumed the reins of government. *Chantreau's Travels in Russia, v. 2, p. 52.*

It is well known that the late admiral, sir Samuel Cornish, rose entirely by his merit, from a very low situation in life, to a very high command in the navy; and as his abilities as an admiral were undoubted, so his acquisitions as a scholar were but very slender. At the surrender of Manilla, in 1763, his colleague, colonel Draper, who was shortly afterwards sir William Draper, who was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age, and prided himself highly on his literary attainments, carried on all the negociations relative to the ransom of the city, in the latin language, with the Spanish archbishop. On the shameful evasion of the payment of this ransom, admiral Cornish declared, he would never accept a command again in conjunction with a man who understood latin.

Naval Anecdotes, p. 119.

Capability Browne.—This celebrated layer out of ground, whose christian name was Launcelot, but who was commonly called *Capability Browne,* from his favourite phrase (when he ap-

proved of the ground) of saying, " it had its capability," was no less distinguished in his profession than for the plainness and integrity of his mind in all transactions. Being one day consulted by a baronet, of an antient family but no very large estate, about improving his grounds; and the baronet having suggested a number of very expensive alterations, Browne heard him with great attention, and thus replied: " Why, sir John, I grant the ground has its capabilities, and all of what you propose may be done, and even more, and what is still better, I must get a great deal of money by the job, which willl take up several years; but I have one question to ask you, previous to our commencement on this business,—Have you provided for your younger children?" This blunt question had its proper effect. The baronet shook him by the hand, and led him back to the dining parlour, where they drank another bottle, and the improvements were totally laid aside. *Anecdotes of illustrious Characters.*

On an application made to Louis XVI. by Tippoo Saib, not long before he suffered, to assist him in taking possession of some provinces in India from the English, and annexing them to the crown of France, Louis nobly refused his assent, and said, ' In the American war, my ministers took advantage of my youth and inexperience. Every calamity that we have suffered in France took its rise from that event.'

During his infamous mock trial, this prince was asked, what he had done with a certain sum of

money—a few thousand pounds. His voice failed him, and the tears came into his eyes at this question; at last he replied, '*J' aimais à faire des heureux.*—I had a pleasure in making other people happy.' He had given the money away in charity.

On the night preceding his execution he said to M. Edgeworth, 'I do not know what I have done to my cousin the duke of Orleans, to induce him to behave to me in the way in which he has done; but he is to be pitied; he is still more wretched than I am; I would not change situations with him.'

A few hours before he died, he said to the same gentleman, 'How happy am I to have retained my faith in religion. In what a terrible state of mind should I have been at this moment, had not the grace of God preserved this blessing to me. Yes, I shall now be able to shew my enemies that I do not fear them.' *Original Anecdotes, European Magazine,* 1797.

Dr Johnson sitting one evening at sir Joshua Reynolds's, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance, the former, by way of heightening the good-humour of the company, agreed to toast *ordinary women*, and to have them matched with *ordinary men*. In this round, one of the ladies gave Mrs Williams (the well-known inmate of Dr Johnson, who was both very plain in her person and nearly blind,) when another instantly paired her with Dr Goldsmith. This whimsical union set the company laughing, and in particular so pleased the lady who gave the first toast, that though she had some pique with the lady

who gave Dr Goldsmith, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing past for the *apropos* of her last toast. Johnson, who saw and heard all this, and who did not like to have two of his most intimate friends thus made the butt of ridicule, growled out, "Aye, this puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's, who says, that the quarrels of women are made up like those of antient kings: *there is always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*" *M. S.*

In the history of the church I had heard of many strange baptismal ceremonies, and among the rest that of baptising corn, which I had here an opportunity of seeing for the first time at Easter. A man walked up and down the field with a vessel of holy water, and sprinkled it upon the seed. Another from time to time stuck something in the earth, which, as I afterwards heard, were consecrated wooden crucifixes, and on fixing these in their places, he muttered some form of prayer. If the ground be well tilled, the seed properly sown, and the weather favourable, this pious ceremony will do no harm. *Seume's Tour—Lithuania.*

When general V——— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggarwoman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity, and the general's patience, were nearly exhausted,

but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—" Agh! my lady; success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning, of all days in the year; for sure didn't I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of t*a*, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

" But, my good woman," said the general, " do not you know, that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

" Do they so, plase your honour," rejoined the old woman. " Then it must be your honour that will give me the t*a*, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a bon mot is always worth something, even more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream. *Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls.*

When Philip of Macedon vanquished the Athenians, in a pitched battle, they sent next morning to demand their baggage; the king laughed, and ordered it to be returned, saying, " I do believe the Athenians think we did not fight in earnest." *Memoirs de Grammont.*

One of those booksellers in Paternoster-row, who publish things in numbers, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-street, sent up his name, and was admitted. " Sir," said he, " I am now

publishing a history of England, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack at them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement."

As soon as Gibbon recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to shew this encourager of learning down stairs.

Walpoliana, v. 2, p. 136.

THE art of physic, is properly enough compared by Hippocrates to a battle, and also to a farce, acted between three persons, the patient, the doctor, and the disease. The doctor and the disease, however, risque nothing; the risque is always upon the patient. *Rabelais.*

A lady of high rank and fortune, too anxiously careful of the health of an only son, as well as partial to his merits, sent for Dr Ratcliffe relative to his health. On a previous consultation with the lady about the malady of his patient, she very gravely told him, "that although she could not say her son was immediately affected with any disorder, yet she was afraid, from the excess of his spirits, and the very great *prematureness of his understanding*, he might, without the doctor's medical interference, verify the old proverb—"Soon ripe, soon rotten."

The doctor by this time having pretty well taken measure of the lady's *understanding*, as well as the *wants* of her son, desired to see his patient—when presently a servant introduced a strong chubby boy, between nine and ten years of age, eating a large

piece of bread and butter. "Well, sir," says the doctor, "what's your name?" "Daniel, sir," (says the boy.) "And pray, master Daniel, who gave you that fine piece of bread and butter?" "My godfathers and godmothers, who did promise and vow three things in my name, &c. &c." and so was going on with the answer in the catechism. "Very well, indeed," continued the doctor, very gravely—"Now, master Daniel, let me feel your pulse—Quite well there too——So that, my dear madam (turning round to the mother,) you may make youself perfectly easy about your son, as he is not only in good health at present, but in no danger of losing that health by too *premature knowledge.*" *European Mag.* 1796.

MISERS, says the Editor of the Annual Necrology, are generally bachelors. This circumstance undoubtedly originates in a peculiar species of *economy;* for, possessing the faculty of retention in an eminent degree, they seem averse to the idea of even squandering away their *affections!*

A person in Falmouth when his house was on fire, and he saw it impossible to save any thing from the devouring element, went upon the nearest hill and made a drawing of the conflagration. An admirable instance of English phlegm.

Espriella's Letters, v. 1, p. 6.

NOTHING is more common than for men to be blinded to their own particular failings, and to censure that vice in others to which they are most

addicted themselves. The modern French are incessantly declaiming against the insatiable *ambition* of England. A republican of this description, impressed with the most alarming ideas on the subject, recently related the following anecdote:—My lord Hervey, when in Italy, passing over a lake near the sea, dipping his finger into the water, "Oh!" he cried, "this is salt water, this belongs to us!"—"You may see," continued the terrified Frenchman, "what a nation these English must be, and that they have got it into their heads that the sea is their domain! and I am told," he gravely added, "that they have a song, indicating as much, which they sing to the tune of the Marseillois." *Naval Anecdotes, p.* 321.

The late lord chancellor Hardwicke, as soon as the register had called on the first cause, upon the sitting of the court, told him he had received a letter with a bank note of 500l. inclosed:—the letter solicited the chancellor to determine the cause in the writer's favour. His lordship, after the letter had been read, and he had ordered the register to present the note to one of the public charities, heard the cause, and decided in favour of the party who had really bribed him.

Life of Sir M. Hale.

The *Society for the Reformation of Manners* which was set up in the latter end of king William's time and continued to the present day, though instituted upon good principles, yet in many instances acted upon refinements as unserviceable to the

cause of real morality as to that of common sense. This was exemplified in the case of Leveridge, the well-known popular vocal performer of that time, whom they prosecuted merely for singing an ode of Dryden's, the subject of which was, *the praise of love and wine.* The public, in a degree, caught the spirit of the reformers, as the grand jury found a bill against him.

When the trial came on before sir John Holt, he at once saw the narrow spirit of the prosecution; and finding the fact of the singing, &c. fully proved, he thought of the following stratagem to get poor Leveridge out of the scrape: he accordingly called for the printed song; and, after reading it over very attentively, he observed, that as he saw nothing in the words very culpable, he imagined the offence must lie in the manner of singing it: he therefore desired Leveridge might sing it before the court. The performer readily took the hint, and sung it with so much power of voice and taste, that the jury, without ever going out of the box, acquitted him, and he was carried home on the shoulders of the mob, in triumph.

Anecdotes of Illustrious Characters.

In the year 1711, early after the commencement of a war between the czar Peter and the Turks, the army of the former was so completely surrounded by the greatly superior army of the latter, on the banks of the Pruth, as to render the escape of the Russians almost impossible. At this period, Charles (who since the fatal battle of Pultowa, had resided amongst the Turks, and who

then resided at Bender, about fifty leagues from the scene of action,) was apprized by his friend, count Poniatowsky, then in the Turkish camp, of the critical situation of the Russian army. It happened, however, through the intervention and intrigues of the great Catharine, the wife of the czar, then in his camp, that he and his army were snatched from almost instant destruction, and the most favourable terms of peace were granted by the grand vizier to the czar, who with his army was allowed to return to his dominions without interruption.

At the moment when the czar, having thus fortunately escaped destruction, was retiring with drums beating, colours flying, *artillery, ammunition, baggage,* &c. &c. the king of Sweden arrived at the Turkish camp, and was acquainted by Poniatowsky with the terms which had been granted to the czar. The king, incensed with passion, immediately proceeded to the grand vizier's tent, and, with an enraged countenance, reproached him with the treaty he had just concluded. "*I have the power,*" said the grand vizier, with a mild demeanour, "*to make war and peace.*" "But hast thou not the whole Muscovite army in thy power?" replied the king. "Our law orders us," rejoined the vizier, seriously, "to grant protection to our enemies when they implore our compassion," "Ah, but does it order thee," insists the king, in a rage, "to make a bad treaty when thou hadst it in thy power to prescribe what conditions thou hadst pleased? Did it not lye in thy power to carry the czar and his army prisoners to Constantinople?"

Charles threw himself on a sofa, and looking at the vizier with an eye full of anger and contempt, he stretched his leg towards him, and designedly intangling his spur in the Turk's robe, he rent it furiously, immediately rose up, remounted his horse, and returned to Bender in a state of despair.

In consequence of this shameful treaty, the grand vizier was afterwards deprived of his office and banished, and Osman, the second in command, lost his head. *Voltaire.*

THE young count Apraxin being bold enough to make a declaration of love to Anne Petrowna, princess royal of Russia, and receiving an answer that destroyed all hopes of the success of his passion, he watched till she should be alone, threw himself at her feet, presented his sword, and begged her to end his sufferings by plunging it into his heart.—" Give," said Petrowna, in the coolest manner, " Give it me, and you shall see the daughter of your emperor wants neither courage nor resolution to punish a forward fellow, who dares be deficient in respect to her." He shewed himself a bragger, sheathed his sword, and begged the princess would pardon a delirium, the effect of her charms. Anne pardoned him, but exposed him to ridicule by publishing his adventure.

Chantreau's Trav. in Russia, v. 1, *p.* 64.

ABOUT the time of Dr Johnson bringing out the tragedy of " Irene," he was told it would be necessary for him to make a genteeler appearance than he used to do; upon which he made up a

rich gold-laced waistcoat, with a blue coat, red collar, &c. &c. which was the fashionable undress of that time. On the second day of this transformation, a friend, looking in upon him, found him before a glass in the following soliloquy:—— "No, this won't do, this is both troublesome and expensive; it may lead me into vanity, and when once in, 'tis not so easy to get out. I'll therefore return to my old brown again;" which colour, with an occasional suit of black, he continued during the remainder of his life. *M. S.*

As I entered Twer, a young man was seated with a party not far from the Volga, and sung in a pleasing voice the old French air, "*Oh Mahomet, ton paradis de femmes est le sejour de la felicité.*" I forget whether you know the music—it is one of the liveliest airs ever composed even by a Frenchman. The notes were still vibrating on the drum of my ear, when I arrived at the gate, where the centinel treated me with a counterpart, which he bellowed loudly forth, and the burden of which frequently repeated, was droll enough, after what I had just heard: "*I ya schenilsa kak durak.*" I took a wife, and was a fool. *Seume's Tour.*

On the first parliament of lord Wentworth, afterwards earl of Strafford, when deputy of Ireland in 1633, he issued a proclamation, that none of the members, either peers or commoners, should enter with their swords on: and the black rod accordingly stood at the door of the lord's house to take away their swords. As my lord of Ormond came

in, he demanded his; but being refused, black rod shewed the proclamation, and made some rough reply. To this his lordship answered, "That if he needs must have his sword, it must be in his guts;" and so marched on to his seat, where he sat as the only peer with a sword that day.

The lord deputy being informed of this, took fire, and called his lordship at night to answer for it. His lordship shewed him his writ which called him to parliament, "*Cinctus cum Gladio.*" Upon this answer, the deputy and his two friends, sir George Ratcliffe and Mr Wandesford, consulted whether to suppress or oblige so daring a spirit: but sir George advising the latter, it was resolved on: and this begot such an intimacy through life between lord Ormond and Strafford, that the latter made it one of his dying requests to the king, "That his garter might be given to the earl of Ormond." His majesty accordingly did offer it; and his lordship's refusal of it was very honourable to his character:—"That at such a time of danger, such a mark of royal favour might tie some other nobleman to the crown, who by principles was less resolved than himself: he begged his majesty, therefore, to bestow this garter as his service required, and to reserve his bounty for him till all the dangers were over." He therefore had no garter, till 1649, when it was given him by Charles II. who soon after created him a marquis.

European Mag. July, 1797.

It is related of lord chief justice Holt, who had been very wild in his youth, that being once at the

bench at the Old Bailey, a fellow was tried for a highway robbery, and very narrowly acquitted, whom his lordship recollected to have been one of his early dissipated companions. After the trial was over, curiosity induced him to send for the man in private, in order to inquire the fortune of the cotemporaries with whom he was once associated: he therefore asked the fellow what was become of Tom such-a-one, and Will such-a-one, and the rest of the party to which they belonged? when the fellow, fetching a deep sigh, and making a low bow, replied:—"Ah! my lord, they are all hanged, except your lordship and myself."

Anecdotes of Illustrious Characters.

BEFORE the prince of Wales's palace are thirty columns planted in a row. The architect of this building was employed to build a palace for the second prince of the blood, and in the front, towards the street, he constructed a large oven-like room, completely obscuring the house to which it was to serve as an entrance-hall. These two buildings being described to the late lord North, who was blind in the latter part of his life, he facetiously remarked, "Then the duke of York it should seem has been sent to the round house, and the prince of Wales is put into the pillory."

Letters from Spain, v. 1, p. 79.

WHEN Forbes met Wilkes at a coffee-house in Paris, he first asked him, "Whether his name was Wilkes!" To this he made no answer. The other however, softening his tone a little, asked him,

"Whether he was not the celebrated John Wilkes?" This took him in; but did not entirely take him off his guard: for, when the other immediately challenged him, Wilkes told him he did not think himself engaged to fight every adventrous Scotchman, merely for giving general opinions on particular countries: and when the other said he would not be trifled with, but that he must meet him directly, Wilkes again parried the attack by gravely pulling out his pocket book, and seeming to look over some memorandums, told him he must wait for his turn, for that he had *nineteen* upon his list before him.

This raised the laugh against Forbes, when Wilkes quitted the coffee-house, and very prudently kept out of his way ever after.

Anecdotes of Wilkes.

CAPTAIN VANCOUVER used to say, that he had been nearer the pole than any other man—for that when the immortal Cook, in latitude 72, was stopped in his progress by impenetrable mountains of ice, and was preparing to tack about, he went to the very end of the bowsprit, and waving his hand, exclaimed—*Ne plus ultra.*

Naval Anecdotes, p. 277.

PRICE of wines, set and appointed by the vice-chancellor of the University of Oxford, Oct. 21st, 1667, according to which they are to be sold rateably in all measures:

Canary wines, Allecent and Muscadel, 1s. 8d. the quart, and no more.

Sack and Malagoes, 1s. 6d. the quart, and no more.

French wines. 1s. the quart, and no more.

Rhenish wines, 1s. 6d. the quart, and no more.

John Fell, Vice-Chanc.

Oxoniana.

Sir John Meade, the ancestor of the great Dr Meade, was bred to the law in Ireland, and was deservedly distinguished as one of the finest orators that ever that nation produced. It happened that sir Edward Seymour had an estate of 5000l. a year fallen to him in Ireland; but this was a fortune too considerable to hope to get possession of without difficulty, as there were other claimants under the same title, and therefore he found his personal appearance in that kingdom absolutely necessary. It is to be observed, that sir Edward Seymour was accounted the proudest man in England; and sir John Meade was no less remarkable for that same fault in Ireland.

Sir Edward landed at Dublin, filled with that sovereign contempt which Englishmen generally have for the whole country; and meeting with some of his old friends, who held the principal posts of honour here, he enquired, "Whether there were any such creatures as lawyers to be met with in this damn'd place?" They answered, "Yes, and those very good ones; but if he had any cause of importance to try, he must apply himself to sir John Meade if he hoped to carry it." "Well, (said he) let one of my fellows go and fetch him." "Your fellows! sir Edward, (said one of the gen-

tlemen;) why 'tis odds if you can get access to him yourself."—"What the devil! (returned he,) do Irish lawyers take such state upon them?" "You are to consider, sir Edward, (said the other,) he is a gentleman of family, has a noble fortune, and is so eminent in his profession, that should he be employed against you, you may bid far well to your cause."

This last argument had such force with it, that sir Edward condescended to wait on Meade the next morning; who being apprised of what the other had said, resolved to be as stately himself, and accordingly sent him down word, that he was then very busy, but if he was pleased to stay till he was at leisure, he would see him: so sir Edward was shewn into a parlour, where he remained for an hour, to mortify him, before he could obtain an audience. When Meade thought he had humbled him enough, he then sent to let him know that he should be glad to see him; and received him with a politeness natural to him; but when sir Edward went to open his case, he told him, he must leave his brief, for he could not spare time to hear him. Sir Edward laid down his brief with a purse of gold upon it; and then taking his leave, departed full of indignation that he had now met an Irishman prouder than himself.

When the day appointed for trial came, there were several eminent council engaged on the opposite side; and sir John, resolving to try the patience of his client to the utmost, permitted every one of them to speak before him, without interruption, and sat drawing of birds with a pencil, while sir

Edward could hardly dissemble his resentment, thinking himself betrayed, and judging by the pleadings that the cause must inevitably be determined against him. At length, however, sir John stood up, and desired to be heard; and having made himself master of the subject he was to speak upon, he so fully refuted all sir Edward's antagonists, and made his title to the estate so evident, and with such masterly eloquence, that he obtained a decree to be put in immediate possession.

On the breaking up of the court, sir Edward pressed sir John to give him his company that evening; but he excused himself, telling his client he was that night engaged to a club. "Well, then, (said sir Edward,) let me accompany you, if you think it will not be disagreeable to your friends." Sir John made answer, "They would all, he was sure, think he did them honour." So accordingly sir Edward met them. Some of his friends finding him in bed at twelve o'clock on the ensuing day, he told them, he had been up all night. "With whom, sir Edward?" "Why, (returned he,) with Homer, Plato, Socrates, Cicero, and all the ancient Greek and Latin poets, philosophers, and orators."

Anecdotes of Illustrious Characters.

SOME one says, that the disposition of a person is to be known by his hand-writing. The hand-writing of the great prince of Condé perfectly agreed with the impetuosity of his character. Segrais says of him, that he used to write without stopping, so that those who read his letters were

obliged to take breath occasionally, and that he only added a point when he changed his subject. He wrote without putting strokes or dots to his letters.

Drossiana.

A subscription was raised through the diocese of Salisbury to repair the cathedral. The king having inquired of the bishop how it succeeded, proceed to ask, why he himself had not been applied to for a contribution. The prelate, with courtly submission, disclaimed such presumption as highly improper. I live at Windsor, said the king, in your diocese, and though I am not rich, can afford to give you an organ, which I know you want; so order one in my name, and let it be suitable to so fine a cathedral.

Espriella's Letters, v. 1, p. 51.

Johnson was told one day of the French equivoque of an English lady at Spa, who was asked by a German lady, on what account she drank the waters of that spa. She meaning to say, because she had no spirits, replied, because she had no understanding—*parce que je n'ai point d' esprit.* The doctor laughed heartily at the mistake, but said, that after all it was the true reason, perhaps, why she and many other persons frequented that and other watering-places. *M. S.*

Dr Ratcliffe attending the lady of lord chief justice Holt with a diligence remarkable for one of his situation as a physician, was asked by one of his intimate friends the cause of it—"Why,"

says Dr Ratcliffe, " to be sure I have brought her through a very obstinate disorder, though I have no particular regard for the woman; but I know her husband hates her, and therefore I wish to plague him. *European Mag.* 1796.

It is an extraordinary fact, and redounds highly to the credit of the new system of education, that the whole disbursements of Mr Lancaster's school, from Midsummer 1806 to Midsummer 1807, were only 156l. 10s. with which sum he educated 900 boys and 250 girls; being an expence of rather less than 2s. 9d. each. *Univ. Mag.* 1808.

Johny Groat's house was so called from the name of a man who for a long time kept the ferry boat, which passes between Scotland and the Orcades. The family of the Groats were of Dutch extraction. Three brothers of that name emigrated from the south of Scotland to Caithness, where they realized considerable estates. This property came afterwards to be divided among eight individuals of the same family. The eight chieftains held an annual meeting, at which there arose a dispute, which should first take the door, and which should take the top of the table. The dispute would have probably ended in bloodshed, had not Johny Groat, the ferry-man, interfered, and promised that the quarrel should be settled to their mutual satisfaction. Before the anniversary of the next meeting, Johny built a room in the form of an octagon, with eight doors and eight windows; he placed also in the middle a table of the same

figure.—When the day of meeting arrived, John desired each to enter at his own door, and sit at the top of the table; and when all were seated, John took the empty place. Finding thus no room for envy or jealousy, they spent the day in harmony and mirth, and parted with sentiments of mutual affection. The building was afterwards called John o' Groat's house, and though not a vestige of it remains, the place where it once stood, still retains the name. *Notes on the Poem of the Siller Gun.*

SOME years since Mrs Jordan was playing at Margate theatre with a new performer, an Irishman, and when he was to have kissed her, she turned her head so as to present little more than her ear. "Och, by Jasus, then," exclaimed the Hibernian, "I'll be d——if I kiss you at all.—If you won't let me play my part as a man should—you may do it all yourself." And with this he walked off amidst a roar of laughter.

R—— M. Mirror, 1808.

THE following curious anecdote is given on the authority of a record in the consistorial court of Cork. The picture of the bishop to whom it relates, in his captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, with his name and date of appointment, are also still to be seen in the episcopal palace of that city.

Dr William Lyons, who was preferred to the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne and Ross, towards the conclusion of the reign of queen Elizabeth, was

originally the captain of a ship, who had so highly distinguished himself by his gallantry in several actions with the Spaniards, that on being introduced to the queen, she told him he should have the *first vacancy that offered.*

The honest captain, who understood the queen literally, soon after hearing of a vacancy in the see of Cork, immediately set out for court, and claimed the royal promise. The queen, astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against its impropriety, declaring it was what she never could think of as an office suitable for him. Her objections were, however, in vain. He urged that the royal word was passed, and that he relied on its fulfilment. Her majesty then said she would take a few days to consider of the matter. On enquiring into his character, and finding him a sober, moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishopric, saying, —" She hoped he would take as good care of the church as he had done of the state."

Lyons accordingly repaired to his see, which he enjoyed above twenty years with great reputation; but never attempted to preach except once, and that was on the death of the queen. On that occasion, he thought it his duty to pay a tribute of respect to his royal mistress. He accordingly mounted the pulpit of Christ Church, in the city of Cork, where, after delivering a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the queen, he concluded in the following energetic, but whimsical manner:—

" Let those who feel this loss deplore with me

on this melancholy occasion, but if there be any that hear me who secretly wished for this event, as perhaps there may be, they have now got their wish, and the devil do them good with it."

Anecdotes of Illustrious Characters.

London Newspapers.—THERE are, at a medium, published in London every morning 16,000 newspapers, and every evening about 14,000. Of those published every other day, there are about 10,000. The Sunday newspapers amount to about 25,000; and there are nearly 20,000 other weekly papers, making in all the enormous sum of 245,000 per week. At a medium, twenty newspapers are equal to one pound. Hence the whole amounts to about 5 tons per week, or 260 tons per annum.

European Mag. Sept. 1808.

Advertisement Extraordinary.—WHEREAS divers *epigrams, jokes,* and *witticisms,* of *great value,* have been stolen from the SATIRIST; this is to give notice, that all those editors of newspapers and other offenders, who have been concerned in such depredations, shall receive our most gracious pardon, provided they acknowledge their offences, and on all future occasions prefix the following words to every article which they may think worthy of transplanting into their respective journals—"*From the Satirist of this month.*"

To those who have cruelly mutilated and disfigured our property, to make it pass for their own, our gracious forgiveness cannot extend.

Satirist Office, Sept. 25.

Availing ourselves of the liberality of the editors, we select the following precepts, drawn up by the celebrated lady Wildfire, for the regulation of my wife's conduct.

"The principal use of a husband to a woman of spirit, is to enable her to pursue her pleasures unmolested by scandal. A fashionable husband of generous sentiments is merely a convenient automaton, subservient to the impulses of that prime mover—his wife. He is only a superior kind of secretary—a purse-bearer, accountable for the debts of his consort, but equally unauthorised to investigate her conduct or her bills. His proper province is the turf, the cockpit, or the regulation of the laws of pugilism. He may frequent the theatre, the tavern, the gaming-table, the—— in short, any place but a church: he must not, however, be troublesome or intrusive at home. There his interference is not only inexpedient but impertinent; for it is the peculiar privilege of a woman of spirit to rule the house and all that it contains."

That my wife has profited by the advice of her fashionable minerva is but too evident.

HENRY WHIMSEY.

Bath, Sept. 1808.

Evangelical text.—SOME little time back, when the ladies wore higher ornaments on the head than at present, the "*Sinner saved*" took occasion to preach on the ungodliness of that fashion, and delivered his text as follows. In the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, and seventeenth verse, are these words—"*Top-knot come down!*" He then

proceeded, after the pious manner of the methodists, to prove that this was an interdiction of God against high head-dresses or "*top-knots.*" A clergyman, whom curiosity induced to be present, was completely puzzled by this text; and when he returned home instantly examined the chapter and verse from whence it was taken, where he found it thus written:

> "*Let him which is on the house*-top not come down—*to take any thing out of his house.*"

What an admirable expounder of the gospel!!

From the Satirist of October, 1808.

GARRICK once gave a dinner at his lodgings to Harry Fielding, Maclin, Havard, Mrs Cibber, &c. &c.; and vails to servants being then much the fashion, Maclin, and most of the company, gave Garrick's man (David, a Welshman) something at parting—some a shilling, some half a crown, &c. whilst Fielding very formally, slipped a piece of paper in his hand, with something folded in the inside. When the company were all gone, David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him how much he had got. "I can't tell you as yet, Sir," said Davy: "here is half a crown from Mrs Cibber, Got pless hur—here is a shilling from Mr Maclin—here is two from Mr Havard, &c.—and here is something more from the poet, Got pless his merry heart." By this time David had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw it contain no more than *one penny!* Garrick

felt nettled at this, and next day spoke to Fielding about the impropriety of jesting with a servant. "Jesting!" said Fielding, with a seeming surprise: "so far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real piece of service; for had I given him a shilling, or half a crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a *penny*, he had a chance of calling it his own."

The Cabinet.

Scale of Literary Merit.—We are told of a *learned* gentleman who, in his anxiety to be esteemed a Mœcenas of literature, made it a practice to entertain all the writers of the day at his table, which mode of patronage was not unpleasant to the objects of it. In order however to prevent *all unpleasantness* the patron judged it proper to arrange his guests according to etiquette; he therefore gave the highest place to those who had written a folio, after these came the quarto authors, the octavo, &c. This may be the reason why *some* authors are so anxious to sport their quartos and broad margins, when twelves or eighteens would contain all they produce worth reading. *Omniana.*

The windows of the apartments of that eccentric character, Dr Monsey, who was for half a century physician to Chelsea hospital, looked into the college court and walks. When he had arrived at a very advanced age, many members of the faculty, who thought this situation extremely *desirable*, and the doctor literally an *incumbent*, most naturally looked forward to the termination of his existence;

and the applications to the minister to succeed Dr Monsey, were innumerable.

In consequence of their ardent hopes of the place, the court of Chelsea college used to be the favourite walk of the medical condidates. Here they used to enjoy themselves in the contemplation of the advantages of the situation, its vicinity to the metropolis, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Coach-houses *gratis*, and a hundred other *agrémens*, had certainly their due weight; while the doctor, sitting at his window, used to enjoy his own thoughts, and smile at their presumption. One day, this humourist saw, from his observatory, a physician, accompanied by his friend, who were taking a survey of the spot. The friend was pointing out to the candidate the pleasant situation of the medical apartments, and enumerating the various advantages of the college residence. As Monsey was fond of teizing, he immediately descended. A few words served for his introduction; when, turning to the physician, he said,

"So, sir, I find you are one of the candidates to succeed me."

The physician bowed, and he proceeded.

"But you will be confoundedly disappointed."

"Disappointed!" said the physician, with quivering lips.

"Yes," returned Dr M. "you expect to outlive me, but I can discern from your countenance, and other concomitant circumstances, that you are deceiving yourself—you will certainly *die first:* though, as I have nothing to expect from that event, I shall not rejoice at your death, as I am persuaded you would at mine."

This was actually the case: the candidate lived but a short time. But, to return to the doctor: he was so diverted with checking the aspiring hopes of his brethren of the faculty, that whensoever he saw a physician on the *look out*, he used to go down and *comfort* him in the like manner. He had done so to several, and which is very extraordinary, his prognostications were in every instance verified: the medical speculators shrunk aghast from Chelsea; so that, at the death of Dr Monsey, the minister was not engaged by a single promise, nor had for some time had a single application for the place of physician to the college. *M.*

In the rolls of parliament, A. D. 1445, is a petition from the commons of two counties, showing, that the number of attorneys had increased from eight to twenty-four, whereby the peace of those counties had been greatly interrupted by suits: the commons, therefore, petitioned that it may be ordained, that there shall be no more than *six* common attorneys for Norfolk, *six* for Suffolk, and *two* for the city of Norwich. Any other person, acting as an attorney, to forfeit 20s. They granted the prayer of the petition, provided the judges thought it reasonable! *Stultifera Navis.*

Knighthood was originally conferred in England by the *priest* at the altar, after confession, and the consecration of the sword, during the Saxon heptarchy. The first knight made by the sovereign, with the sword of state, was Athelstan, on whom Alfred conferred this new dignity. The

custom of ecclesiastics conferring knighthood was abolished at a synod held at Westminster in 1100 —and in the reign of Henry the third, 1254—all persons having a yearly income of *ten pounds*, were *obliged to be knighted, or pay a fine to be excused.*

W.——M. Mirror, 1808.

AMONGST the many *facetiæ* related of Dr Radcliffe, it has been noticed that when set in for a drinking bout, he was very unwilling to leave the company, even though sent for by persons of the highest consequence. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern a person called in order to induce the doctor to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill, but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius, to postpone his sacrifice to the god of the vine. Enraged at the doctor's obstinacy, the man who was strong and athletic took him in his arms, threw him over his back, and carried him off in spite of his resistance. Radcliffe was at first much enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the spectors; having cooled a little however before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the anxious husband, who excused himself for his rudeness by the extreme illness of his wife; he then exclaimed, with a rough oath in his usual manner, " now you impudent dog, I'll be revenged of you, for I'll cure your wife!" *Anecdotes of distinguished Persons.*

IT is a most mortifying reflection, says Dr Johnson, for any man to consider *what he has done*, compared with what *he might have done.*

Table Talk.

THE Cutter, a work lately published in five lectures, says,—"A *cut*, in the metaphorical sense conferred upon it by the fashionable world," is the intentional slighting, or overlooking, of any one connected with us, either by acquaintance, friendship, or relation."—"The *cutter* signifies the agent, or inflictor of a *cut;* by the *cuttee* is meant he on whom the *cut* is made." The author proceeds;

"If you are riding on horseback, and would *cut* an acquaintance, whom you might perhaps condescend to notice in a lane, give your eyes a direction parallel with the two sides of the street, or turn your body obliquely to the opposite side of the horse, and examining very closely the parts adjacent to the hoof, look seriously, as if you suspected lameness, or the grease."

"As relatives are not a little obtuse in their nerves, and very apt to misunderstand, and not receive a *cut*, it will be often requisite to assist their weak minds with a frowning stare, a significant shrug of the shoulders, which will elevate the cape of your waistcoat to the vicinity of your ears; and, if more needful, a smile of the most profound contempt. But should they presume to speak and stop you, your only means of escape is to hear them out, to measure them all over with a lack-lustre eye, and with a buzzing sort of whistle to cross over the way." *Cutter, p.* 12, 23, 74.

THE popularity of Wilkes ran so high at one time that many people thought him a *handsome man*, and that his *squinting* became him; a laughable instance of this is recorded: In a conversation

between two of his followers at Guildhall one day, after he had made a considerable speech, "Tom," says the one to the other, "What a d——d fine handsome fellow master Wilkes is!" 'Handsome!' says Tom, 'Nay, not much of that, for he *squints* most horribly.' "Squints!" says the other, taking a steadier view of him, "Why yes, to be sure he squints a little; but, d—mn my eyes, not more than a gentleman should do!"

Anecdotes of Wilkes.

Soon after Mr Burnet, afterwards judge, was called to the bar, he went the home circuit, when he unfortunately happened to lodge next door to a tall man, who shewed himself as an exhibition, and whose trumpeter kept blowing before the door from eight o'clock in the morning till night. Burnet, who yet loved his bottle, and did not return home from the tavern till late, found himself so annoyed from this circumstance, that he scarcely could get a wink of rest. At last a thought struck him to get rid of so troublesome a neighbour, by very formally sending the giant (as he was called) a *subpœna* to appear as a witness in a cause which was to have come on the next day.

The man, though conscious of his knowing nothing about the business alluded to, yet had sense enough to know, that if he once made his appearance in court, the novelty of his person was at an end, very prudently decamped from his lodgings in the night, and took up his quarters at the next country town.

The judge being one day at a circuit dinner, a

petulent young lawyer of family was every now and then interrupting the conversation by asking, "Who had seen the elephant that was then shewing at the king's arms tavern, one of the greatest curiosities in the world." After talking about this for some time at the bottom of the table, he put the same question to the judge. Burnet saw the young man's folly, and very gravely replied, "He had not; but that he was very glad he mentioned the circumstance, as he was puzzled to know how to act, and would be obliged to him for his advice. The point is this:—As the showman and I have both entered this town *preceded by trumpets*, the *great* question is, who should pay the first visit? Pray, sir, can you inform me?"

Being once applied to by an old farmer in his neighbourhood for his advice in a law suit, he heard his case with great patience, and then asked him, whether he ever put into a lottery? "No, sir," says the farmer, "I hope I have more prudence than to run such risks." "Why then take my advice, my good friend, and suffer any inconvenience sooner than go to law, as the chances are more against you there than in any lottery."

Drossiana.

James Colonna, the friend of Petrarch, had nobly distinguished himself in a dispute between the emperor and the pope, and had even exposed his life to the fury of the emperor's troops, which surrounded him, while he was the only man who ventured to read the pope's bull to a thousand persons assembled; and after this he boldly said, "I

oppose Lewis of Bavaria; and maintain that pope John XXII. is the catholic and legitimate pope; and that he who calls himself emperor is not so." No one replied, and this adventurous step proved successful.

Dobson's Life of Petrarch, v. 1, p. 30.

A shoemaker of Dublin had a longing desire to work for dean Swift: he was recommended by Mr James Swift, the banker, and Mr Sican, a merchant. The dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?" "On Saturday next," said the shoemaker. "I hate disappointments," said the dean, "nor would have you disappoint others: set your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your reverence," (said Bamerick, for that was his name) "I desire no longer time than Saturday se'nnight, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time; but, through the hurry of business, Mr Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, "Mr Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at sir Arthur Axheson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day. "Indeed, and indeed, sir, (said Bamerick) the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The dean gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause asked him, whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick, an-

swered, " No, sir: but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." " Come (said the dean, in a good humoured tone) I will shew you improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the dean started, as if recollecting something, " I must step in, (said he) stay here till I come back;" then he run out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked, and called several times to no purpose, he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the dean remained in his study till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss, and other fire arms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. " Robert, (said he) I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side, I fear some robbers have broke in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders. Then the dean took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men came. " Arm yourselves (said he) and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the dean roared out, " There's the robber, shoot him, shoot him."

Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life. The dean held the lanthorn up to the man's face, and gravely said, "Mercy on us! Mr Bamerick, how came you here?" "Lord, sir, (said Bamerick) don't you remember you left me here in the evening?" "Ah! friend (said the dean) I forgot it, as you did the boots;" then turning round to Robert (who was butler) he said, "give the man some warm wine and see him safe home." *Darby Coleman, one of Bamerick's workmen.*

When Ann of Brittany made her entry into Paris, the precautions taken by the Parisians were so great, that troops of ten or twelve females were stationed with chamber utensils, for the dames and demoiselles of the procession. *St Foix.*

After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry sent for Dr Franklin to consult with; and offered this proposal: "That if the Americans would engage *to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper,* &c. the parliament would then repeal the act."

The doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—

"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, '*Hah! monsieur, voulez-vous* give me de *plaisir,* de *satisfaction,* to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?'—'My body!' re-

plied the Englishman: 'what do you mean?'—'*Vel den*, only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.'—'*Vel den*,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; 'vil you, my good sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and *expense* of heating this poker?'"

Memoirs of Foote, v. 3, p. 70.

Mr Serjeant Cochill, like many others, had conceived a great desire to be in the company of Morland to see him paint; and having a picture of his, which by some accident had been injured, Mr Wedd, with much difficulty, prevailed on the artist to go to the serjeant's house, to touch upon it; though not till he had stipulated that he should not be obliged to receive any money, as the serjeant had always behaved in a very friendly manner toward him, and had offered his professional assistance, should he ever stand in need of it. Morland in a few hours finished the picture, highly to the satisfaction of Mr Cochill, who presented him with a purse of guineas. This no persuasion could induce to accept. So much however did he mistrust his resolution, that he whispered his friend not to leave him, lest in his absence he should be overcome by the temptation. Mr Wedd was at last obliged to interfere, and inform serjeant Cochill of the conditions under which alone Morland had consented to come.

On one occasion, about two years after this, during his confinement in the king's bench, while

out upon a day's rule, Morland, having become inebriated as usual, quarrelled with a Mr Clifton, at a public house. A captain Cunningham, of the royal waggon train, who was also a fellow prisoner, and on a day's rule, took the part of Morland. The dispute ended in blows, and Mr Clifton brought an action against the captain, which Morland, having been the cause of it, felt himself bound to defend. He now availed himself of serjeant Cochill's kind offers, who held a brief in this cause; but, when it came on, the plaintiff proposed by his counsel that each party should pay their own costs, which was agreed to. In lieu of a fee, Morland presented the serjeant with a drawing, under which were written the words endorsed on the brief—"Clifton versus Cunningham; brief for the defendant, Mr Serjeant Cochill; Wedd, attorney." This drawing the serjeant received with much satisfaction, declaring that he should consider it of more value than any fee he had ever received.

Dawe's Life of Morland, p. 154, 157.

If a negro is asked even an indifferent question by his master, he seldom gives an immediate reply; but affecting not to understand what is said, compels a repetition of the question, that he may have time to consider, not what is the true answer, but what is the most politic one for him to give.

Edward's West Indies.

Advertisement.—Wanted for a family, who have bad health, a sober, steady person, in the capacity of doctor, surgeon, apothecary, and man-

midwife. He must occasionally act in the capacity of butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required to read prayers occasionally, and to preach a sermon every Sunday. The reason of this advertisement is, that the family cannot any longer afford the expences of the physical tribe, and wish to be at a certain expence for their bodies and souls. A good salary will be given.

Enquire for W. D. at the Pine-Apple,
Orchard-Street.

Morning Herald.

A gentleman riding near his own house in Ireland, saw a cow's head and fore feet appear at the *top of a ditch* through a gap in the hedge by the road's side, at the same time he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow: the gentleman rode up closer to the scene of action, and he saw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," said he, "that's a fine cow." "Oh, faith, that she is," replied the boy, "and I'm teaching her to get her own living, please your honour." The gentleman did not precisely understand the meaning of the expression, and had he directly asked for an explanation, would probably have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged an exhibition of her talents: she was made to jump across the ditch several times, and this adroitness in breaking through fences was termed "getting her own living." As soon as a cow's education is finished she may be sent loose into the world to provide for herself; turned to graze in the poorest pasture, she will be able and

willing to live upon the fat of the land; and what is scarcely credible, this character is openly given of a cow, to enhance her value at a fair, by one poor person to another of his own rank. *Edgeworth's Practical Education, v.* 1, *p.* 326.

A west country collier's description of a church, accidentally visited in a shower of rain at Bristol—

"I have been in a place where I never was before, and where I never design to be again; for there I zaw twelve vellows cock'd up in a sort of hay-loft, shouting and zinging away for dear life. I ax'd 'em if they had got any thing to drink there—and a zort of a dog-whipping vellow came up to me with a zwitch in his hand, and told me in a huff, I could get nothing to drink there. How dost know that? says I—thee beest not land-lord—beest thee? So then he took my hat off my head. Dang it, I had a great mind to a given un a douse o'th' chops, and zet un a spinning like a whirligigg. But I thought I wouldn't kick up a doust. Zo I went a little varther, and I zaw a zet of men and women penn'd up together like zo many ewes and wethers at a vair. In the middle of 'um there was a little mon lock'd up in a tub—a was, as true as I'm a living zoul of a zinner, lock'd up in a tub breast high, with a shirt as black as a coal, and a little white zlobbering bib, slit in two, and stuck under his chin. Turning up his eyes, he prayed away to be delivered. Below there zat a little mon mocking of 'un; for whatever one said t'other said too. By and bye, the little man in a black shirt pull'd it off, and then there was another as white as a clout

—and then with a twist of his wristippes, he opened the tub and came down, and took a little baby out of a woman's arms, and carried it to a zort of a hog trow, and splashed his *vace* over and over again with cold water. Dang it, thinks I, who knows where this frolick may end? Mayhap, if the maggot bites, they'll duck me too, and zo I took to my heels and scampered away. And if they do catch I within zide of a church again, I'll give 'um leave to zous and zop me o'er and o'er again." *Lee Lewis' Comic Sketches, p.* 152.

It is fourteen years since the last snow fell in Lisbon. Dr H. was in his chaise when it began; the driver leapt off: "You may get home how you can," said he, "as for my part, I must make the best use I can of the little time this world will last;" and away he ran into the next church. *Southey's Letters from Spain and Portugal, v.* 2.

Mr Steevens, who, for some particular reason, did not feel any great predilection for the Antiquarian Society, caused a cup to be constructed of stone, on which he engraved some rude Saxon characters, apparently intimating, from broken syllables, that it was the vessel, out of which Hardi-Knute used to drink to his knights at his *round table.* This vessel, by the manœuvres of Mr Steevens, was conveyed to Somerset House, for the inspection of the learned body of antiquaries, after undergoing every necessary transfiguration, to give it the appearance of having imbibed the mould of age, the solemn hue of antiquity. Upon this cup the

erudite Mr Pegge wrote a very elaborate and learned disquisition, stamping it, indelibly, the vessel of Knute. *Stultifera Navis.*

A servant was sent with an invitation from a lady of fashion to Garrick, one evening, when he was dressed for the part of Abel Drugger. Garrick desired him, in the voice and manner of the character he was about to personate, to leave the card. The mimickry was so consummately executed, that the servant refused to leave the message, as he was sure that it was not Mr Garrick, whom he had often seen, and with whose person he was well acquainted.

The story being related by Garrick to Dr Hawkesworth, the latter gentleman seemed entirely to discredit it, alledging that such a deception was altogether impossible. The actor immediately laid a wager with the doctor, that he would practice with success the same piece of humor with him. Accordingly, not long after this conversation, he habited himself in the character of the farmer, in his interlude of that title, and put up his horse at a public house on the Hampton road, not long before he passed, on the way to Garrick's house. When the doctor was gone by, he mounted and overtook him. In the course of their conversation, the farmer enquired to what house he was going; to which the doctor answered, to Mr Garrick's! I know him well, replied his companion, for he is my landlord, and I am going in a day or two to pay him my rent. They parted, and Garrick having changed his dress, received his friend, who was entirely ignorant of

the deception. The next morning Garrick put on the same dress; and coming into the parlour, where Hawkesworth was sitting, was immediately recognized by the doctor, who entered into a conversation with him. At length Garrick revealed himself, and the doctor confessed that he had lost the wager." *Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, v. 2, p.* 145.

During the month of October, 1795, a sort of relief to the dull round of Portsmouth presented itself, in a company of equestrians, who opened a circus, or theatre for horsemanship. Of the spectators, no small proportion consisted of sailors (drunk or sober) and the *lovely* cyprians of the place. The low buffoonery of the clown, you may believe, was suited to his audience, and certainly, it was coarse and vulgar as even Portsmouth might desire. One evening, a jolly tar, in a fit of mirth, let himself down from the gallery, snatched off the fool's cap—which he put upon his own head, and, usurping the place and character of the clown, desired him to "*budge*," for he was "*too great a fool to keep the deck*." This introduced a very ludicrous scene between Jack and the clown. The clown met the adventure as mere sailor's fun, bore it patiently, and, in his own way, endeavoured to turn it to the amusement of the audience: while Jack made many hits of humour and drollery, and seemed, not altogether, unworthy of the cap. For some time they maintained a very ridiculous and sportive contest, who should wear it, Jack repelling the rough wit and sarcasm of the clown with con-

siderable effect. But at length the latter observing that "*two fools*" were "*too much for so genteel an audience,*" abruptly seized the cap from the head of the merry tar, and poor Jack, thus deprived of necromantic influence, reeled off the stage, a mere drunken sailor, stammering by way of apology; "D—d damme, ladies and g—gentlemen, I'm o—b—b—liged to strike, for t'others the b—b—biggest fool." *Pinkard's Notes on the West Indies, v. 1, p. 55, 1st ed.*

In the province of Munster it is a common thing for the women who follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask "Arrah! who is it that's dead?—who is it that we're crying for?"

Certain old women, who cry particularly loud and well, are in great request, and, as a man said to the Editor, "Every one would wish and be proud to have such at his funeral, or at that of his friends."

When Lee the poet was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to shew him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison, Lee, moralising philosophically enough all the time to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended together to the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the pe-

rilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm, "Let us immortalize ourselves!" he exclaimed; "let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend, coolly; "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down, and try if we can jump up again." The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which he had himself proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs full of a new project for securing immortality. *Edgeworth.*

A friend of mine, who travelled into Spain, recited to me an extraordinary epitaph on the king of Spain's precentor, which he had seen himself at Saragossa: "Here lies John Cabeça, precentor of my lord the king. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels, "Cease, ye calves! and let me hear John Cabeça, the precentor of my lord the king." *Segrais.*

Maximus, a lady of Smyrna, enraged at her husband and son for having put to death a son of her's, by a former marriage, a youth of great promise, poisoned both the murderers. The lady was convicted of the crime, and pleaded her cause as well as she could. Cn. Dolabella (who was then Pro-consul in Asia, and before whom the cause was brought,) unwilling to acquit a woman of two crimes, which she had fully confessed, and at the

same time loath to condemn a mother who avenged the murder of her son, transmitted the decision to the court of the Areopagus.* The judges, sympathising with the embarrassment of Dolabella, decreed, that "The prosecutor and the culprit should appear before them again at the end of one hundred years, and then judgement should be passed on the criminal. *Valerius Maximus, c.* 14. *b.* 8.

At Edinburgh, a performer, one of those who are ever studying to take an audience by surprize with introducing what they call *some new stroke of acting*, had taken the part of Hamlet, for the benefit of a public charity, when the stage was crowded by all ranks and descriptions. On the appearance of the ghost, he, as the hero, made his tragedy start, struck off his hat in a most pantomimical manner, and began in the usual way—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

A Scotch pedlar, standing just behind him, took up his hat, saying—"Hoot awa mon! donna fash your noddle!—but keep your bonnet on your heed; for gin he bee your faither's spirit, the de'el a my saul mon, he wou'd na wish you to get cold, sir."

This so disconcerted the poor actor, that, instead of addressing the ghost, as he should have done, he turned about and fixed his eyes upon the pedlar—and continued—

"Be thou a spirit or goblin damn'd," &c.

"Damn your gooblins!" said Sawney; "to the reeght about, mon, and mind your business; for gin

* Areopagus was the high criminal court at Athens, wherein murders were arraigned. Harwood.

ye make a gooblin or a deel a me, the de'el dom my saul, but I'll crack your croon."

Lee Lewis' Comic Sketches, p. 131.

THE following anecdotes illustrate the propriety of giving barbarous nations the examples as well as the precepts of religion, morality, and industry. A chief of one of the north American tribes was solicited to admit a French missionary to convert more of his subjects. "No," said the chief: "there are too many converted already; my praying subjects have all of them forgot to pay me their taxes."

A British American priest attempting to convert an Indian, the inhabitant of the forest turned short upon him, and replied sharply: "When I find that the English are good by means of the religion they profess, I will then adopt the same. When I go to Quebec to sell my furs," continued the Indian, "the towns-people do not ask me to their houses, and entertain me as we do them. When they visit our country, we kindle a fire to warm the stranger, we spread a matt upon which viands are heaped for his food, and, when the hour of rest draws near, furs for his bed and his repose. What is our return from the christians? If I enter their houses and call for victuals and drink, they enquire whether or not I have got money to pay for them; and shew me an account of the expence, instead of taking friendly farewell, when I am going to depart. The fur merchant, at whose house I called upon the sabbath, told me he would transact no commercial business upon that holy day; at the same time, he hinted, that he would not give me above a certain

price for the furs. He went to church, at which I much rejoiced, seeing the good things he was to hear might soften his heart, and induce him to give me a more conscientious price. Having nothing to do, I went to church likewise: but the congregation stared at me so, that I went out again, and waited at the church door for my merchant. I could hear the priest speaking with great vehemence: no doubt, said I to myself, he is desiring them to be honest and fair in their dealings, both to their God and to the Indians. Well, my merchant at last came out: I asked him if he would give me a higher price: to my astonishment he offered less than before. Now it was evident from this what the priest had been saying, *and that you christians go to church only to learn how to cheat the Indians in the price of beaver.*" *Letters from Scandinavia, v. 2,* p. 10.

Cyran, amused himself one day with cracking nuts, and in endeavouring to throw the shells through the bars of his chamber window, in which attempt he was seldom or ever successful. His failure occasioned him to make the following *sublime* reflection: "Thus it is that Providence takes a delight in frustrating my designs." *Sorbiere.*

The Lord Treasurer Burleigh. The consummate abilities of this great minister were always directed to the maintenance of the true interests of the nation. War he abhorred; and, to the extent of his power, avoided increasing the burthens of the people for unnecessary purposes. "I do not

love," was his expression, " to see the treasury swell like a disordered spleen, while the other parts of the commonwealth are in a consumption."* His private virtues were equal to his public conduct, and his actions were regulated by temperance, moderation, industry, and justice. His magnificence was accompanied by hospitality; and the sums he consumed in deeds of alms amounted to 500l. annually. His conduct, as a judge, was exemplary and just. " He would never," says his biographer,† " suffer lawyers to digress or wrangle in pleading; advising counsellors to deal truly and wisely with their clients; that if the matter was naught, to tell them so, and not to soothe them; and when he found such a lawyer, he would never think him honest, nor recommend him to any preferments, as not fit to be a judge that would give false council."

Beauties of England, v. 1, *p.* 318.

Dean Swift, although not an amateur of music, was nevertheless very fond of exercising his choir on Sunday evenings. On one occasion it happened, that a choirister was in disgrace, and durst not appear;—the dean however, having given peremptory orders for a full attendance on the next Sunday evening, he was obliged to be in his place, when the choir having assembled, and the dean being enthroned, the cathedral service began and continued till the anthem was given out, when the poor culprit rose up, and, looking very earnestly at the dean, began, accompanied by the or-

* Camden's Annals. † Collins.

gan in a very soft and plaintive strain, "Whither shall I fly from thy presence, or whither shall I go,"——the dean instantly answered in a rough voice; "To gaol you dog:"—the choirister dropt on his knees, pardon was granted, and he was restored to favor. *Life of Swift.*

THEY have a good regulation in Lisbon with regard to fires. The watermen, who sell the water in barrels that they carry on their shoulders, are divided into wards, of each of which the individuals take the command in rotation. Every man is obliged at night to carry home his barrel full, and, in case of fire, it is the business of the head of the ward to collect all who belong to it. An English sailor happened to see a fire there; assistance came late, and the house burnt slowly. "Curse it," cried he, squirting out his tobacco, "there's no spirit in this country; why we should have had a dozen houses burnt down by this time."

Southey's Letters, v. 2, p. 158.

A member of the Quorum in Cumberland, who was the very mouth-piece of eloquence *in his own country*, when he went up to London, enquired at a shoemaker's shop in Cranbourn Alley, if he could not meet with a pair of small shoes for his little girl in the country, with *pink heels, pointed toes,* and *cropt straps for clasps,* which he expressed in the following provincial dialect.

"I pray yee noo, han yee gatten any neatly, feetly, shoen, poainted toen, pink'd at heel and cropped strops for clopses?"

" Sir," answered the shopkeeper, " what's that you say?"

" Why, I pray yee noo," [*repeats as before.*]

" The family who speaks French," said the shoemaker, " lives at the next door."

Lee Lewis' Comic Sketches, p. 150.

CONCEIVE to yourself a country formed as it were by a collection of mountains from all the other parts of the world, and covered, or rather loaded, with ice and snow, from the pole—this is Lapland. Conceive too the most uncouth squat figure possible, clothed in dirty skins of beasts—this is the Laplander. But this country, say the natives, was the paradise in which our first parents dwelt, and from which all nations have their origin. Placed upon the top of the globe, they esteem themselves *above* all mankind. They are of divine origin! Probably the gods of the ancients were supplied from Lapland: their chief arts at this day prove them of celestial breed: they are manufacturers of thunder, lightning, hail, and storms.

We made haste to get back to the Torneo; which at our arrival, 30th December, had a most frightful appearance. The little houses were buried in snow; which, if there had been any day-light, must have effectually shut it out. The snow continually falling, or ready to fall, hid the sun for the few moments he remained above the horizon. In January the cold was increased to such an extremity that M. Reaumur's thermometer, which at Paris in the great frost, 1709, it was thought strange to see fall to 14° below the freez-

ing point, was now got down to 37°. The spirit of wine in the others froze. If we opened the door of a warm room, the external air instantly converted the vapour of it into snow, whirling it round in white vortexes. If we went out, we felt as if the air was tearing our breasts asunder. The solitude of the streets was not less than if the inhabitants had been all dead.

Such is a Lapland winter! The soul is chilled with the idea of it, and retreats to more hospitable climes. *Le Monnier's Travels.*

Henry Cromwell was the fourth son of the protector, by whom he was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, in which station his integrity and talents procured him the esteem of every party. After the restoration, he retired to Chippenham, where he resided with his father and his brother-in-law nearly six years. He then removed to his estate at Spinney Abbey, where he passed the remainder of his days, "descending," says Dr Gibbons, "from the toilsome grandeur of governing men, to the humble and happy occupation of husbandry." In this retirement he was visited by Charles the II., who, on returning to Newmarket after the diversion of hare hunting in the vicinity of Spinney Abbey, in September, 1671, expressed a wish for refreshment, and being informed by a courtier, that a very honest gentleman resided in the neighbourhood, who would think it an honor to entertain his majesty, desired to be conducted to his mansion. On entering the farm-yard, which led to the house, one of the king's attendants took

up a muck-fork, and throwing it across his shoulder, walked in a stately manner before Mr Cromwell, who was then in the yard, wondering at the number of his visitors, and still more so at this ceremony, which even surprised the laughter-loving Charles, who enquired its meaning. "Sire," said the muck-fork bearer, "the gentleman before whom I now carry this implement of husbandry, is Mr Henry Cromwell, to whom I had the honor of being mace-bearer when he was in Ireland." The monarch smiled; but Mr Cromwell thrilled with confusion. This, however, was soon removed by the ease and gaiety of his royal guest; and the hungry company having been treated with much hospitality by the generous Henry, departed from his table with expressions of gratulation and pleasure. *Noble's Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell.*

At the commencement of the troubles in France, it is a curious fact, that the lieutenant-general of the national police, as well as that of the Metropolis, had upon his registers the names of not less than twenty thousand suspected and depraved characters, whose pursuits were known to be of a criminal nature; yet, by making this part of police the immediate object of the close and uniform attention of one branch of the executive government, crimes were much less frequent than in England; and the security extended to the public, with regard to the protection of life and property against lawless depredation, was infinitely greater. To elucidate this assertion, and to shew to what a won-

derful height the system had advanced, the reader is referred to the following anecdotes; which were mentioned to the author by a foreign minister of great intelligence and information, who resided some years at the court of France.

" A merchant 'of high respectability in Bourdeaux had occasion to visit the metropolis upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount.

On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a genteel looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addressed him to this effect:—*Sir, I have been waiting for you some time; according to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau, exactly answering the description I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to Monsieur de Sartine.*

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more so at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what Monsieur de Sartine wanted with him; adding, at the same time, that he never had committed any offence against the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him.

The messenger declared himself perfectly ignorant of the cause of the detention; stating, at the same time, that when he had conducted him to Monsieur de Sartine, he should have executed his orders, which were merely ministerial.

After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him accordingly. Monsieur de Sartine received him with great po-

liteness; and after requesting him to be seated, to his great astonishment, he described his portmanteau; and told him the exact sum in bills and specie which he had brought with him to Paris, and where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of other circumstances, which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himself.—Monsieur de Sartine having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary question to him—*Sir, are you a man of courage?*—The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of such an interrogatory, demanded the reason why he put such a strange question, adding, at the same time, that no man ever doubted his courage. Monsieur de Sartine replied,—*Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night!—If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour: but be careful that you do not fall asleep; neither will it be proper for you to look under the bed, or into any of the closets which are in your bed chamber;* (which he accurately described;)—*you must place your portmanteau in its usual situation, near your bed, and discover no suspicion:—Leave what remains to me.—If, however, you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure you a person who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead.*

After some further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that Monsieur de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refused to be personated, and formed an immediate resolution literally to follow the directions he had re-

ceived: he accordingly went to bed at his usual hour, which was eleven o'clock.—At half past twelve (the time mentioned by Monsieur de Sartine) the door of the bed-chamber burst open, and three men entered with a *dark lantern*, *daggers*, and *pistols*.—The gentleman, who of course was awake, perceived one of them to be his own servant.—They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death.—The gentleman hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may naturally be supposed, was under great perturbation of mind during such an awful interval of suspense; when, at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police officers, acting under Monsieur de Sartine's orders, who were concealed under the bed, and in the closet, rushed out and seized the offenders with the property in their possession, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder."

Another anecdote was mentioned to the author by the same minister, relative to the emperor Joseph II.: that monarch having in the year 1787, formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and civil offences; and having also established what he conceived to be the best system of police in Europe, he could scarcely ever forgive the French nation, in consequence of the accuracy and intelligence of Monsieur de Sartine, having been found so much superior to his own; notwithstanding the immense pains he had bestowed upon that department of his government.

"A very notorious offender, who was a subject

of the emperor, and who committed many atrocious acts of violence and depredation at Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police established by his majesty, who ordered his ambassador at the court of France to demand that this delinquent should be delivered up to public justice.

Monsieur de Sartine acknowledged to the imperial ambassador, that the person he enquired after had been in Paris;—that, if it would be any satisfaction, he could inform him where he had lodged, and the different gaming-tables, and other places of infamous resort, which he frequented while there;—but that he is now gone.——

The ambassador, after stating the accuracy and correct mode by which the police of Vienna was conducted, insisted that this offender must still be in Paris; otherwise the emperor would not have commanded him to make such an application.

Monsieur de Sartine smiled at the incredulity of the imperial minister, and made a reply to the following effect:——

Do me the honour, sir, to inform the emperor, your master, that the person he looks for left Paris on the 10th day of the last month; and is now lodged in a back room looking into a garden in the third story of a house, number 93, in —— street, in his own capital of Vienna; where his majesty will, by sending to the spot, be sure to find him.——

It was literally as the French minister of police had stated.—The emperor, to his astonishment, found the delinquent in the house and apartment described; but he was greatly mortified at this

proof of the accuracy of the French police; which, in this instance, in point of intelligence *even in Vienna*, was discovered to be so much superior to his own." *Colquhoun's Police of the Metropolis, p.* 352.

It is well known that chastisements which Peter the Great inflicted with his own hand were never supposed to disgrace those who suffered them. When a courtier was soundly drubbed, or pulled by the nose, or had a tooth torn out by the emperor, at all which exercises Peter was remarkably dextrous, he suffered only the bodily pain of the operation. His honour was not in the least affected. And as it seldom happened that his master put less confidence in him after such an accident than he had done before it, his credit suffered as little as his honour.

Peter had summoned a meeting of his council, I have forgot on what occasion, at seven in the morning. When he entered the senate-house, he was astonished to find not one of those arrived whom he had ordered to attend. By the time he had waited about ten minutes, and wrote himself up to a proper degree of rage, the president appears; who, seeing the storm that was about to fall on him, begins to make an apology. But in vain. Peter, whose passions never listened to excuses, instantly seizes and belabours him most severely. Every member shared the same fate according to the order of his arrival, until general Gordon appeared. The general was not a little alarmed at the appearance which the council-room

presented. But the emperor's rage was by this time pretty well exhausted, and he only told Gordon, that, as he had not been punctual to his time, he was very lucky in being *so far* behind it. "For," added he, "I am already sufficiently fatigued with beating these scoundrels; and I understand that a Scotch constitution does not agree well with a drubbing."

Letters from Scandinavia, v. 1, p. 23.

AMONG the extraordinary instances of the singular tastes and partialities of certain men, may be adduced that of choosing enormous large bells. Several are still preserved as curiosities in England; but all of these are surpassed by some on the Continent. The great bell at Moscow weighs 432,000lb. that at St Peter's in Rome, re-cast in 1785, is 18,667lb. Another of 17,000lb. weight is placed in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, and is 275 feet from the ground. The great Tom of Oxford weighs 17,000lb. the great bell of St. Paul's, London, is only 8,400lb. The great bell of Exeter weighs 12,500lb. and the great Tom of Lincoln weighs 9,894lb.

THE great power which the captains of the Isle of Wight had, may be instanced by the curious anecdote respecting attorneys, quoted by sir Richard Worsley from the papers of sir John Oglander, a descendant from one of the most ancient families in this island, and who lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century. "I have heard," observes the knight, "and partly know it to be true, that

not only heretofore there was no lawyer nor attorney in owre island; but in sir George Carey's time, an attorney coming in to settle in the island, was by his command, with a pound of candles hanging att his breech lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the island: insomuch that our ancestors lived here so quietly and securely, being neither troubled to London nor Winchester, so they seldom or never went owte of the island; insomuch as when they went to London, thinking it an East-India voyage, they always made their wills, supposing no trouble like to travaile." In another part of his writings, sir John remarks, that "peace and *law* hath beggared us all;" but since his time, the legal practitioners have so greatly increased, that many of the inhabitants make little scruple of wishing that sir G. Carey was alive again. *Beauties of England and Wales, v. 4 & 6, p. 69 & 343.*

On the death of Hardicanute, (son of Canute, and Emma, Ethelred's widow,) Edward his half brother, surnamed the *Confessor*, from his presumed sanctity, was called to the throne by the general voice; and his coronation was conducted with great rejoicings in the city of Winchester. On this occasion, Edward granted a charter to the cathedral, ordering the donation of half a mark to the master of the choir; and a cask of wine, and 100 casks of white bread, to the convent, as often as a king of England should wear his crown in the city of Winchester.

During the reign of this monarch, a remarkable trial of the fiery ordeal is registered to have been

made on the person of queen Emma, who had been accused, among other calumnies, of a criminal intercourse with bishop Alwyn, her kinsman.

The particulars of this singular story, as detailed in the pages of Rudborne, and the Winchester Analist, are thus given by Milner. "Emma having succeeded in her request to clear herself, and bishop Alwyn, by the fiery ordeal, came from the abbey of Wherwell to the cathedral church, and there spent the night, preceding her trial, in fervent prayer. The morning being come, the king, the bishops, and an immense multitude of persons, of all descriptions, assembled in the cathedral, to be spectators of the event. The pavement of the nave being swept, nine plough-shares red with heat, were placed in a line upon it, while Emma, having invoked the Almighty to deal with her accordingly as she is innocent or guilty of the crimes laid to her charge, prepares herself for the trial, by laying aside her robes, and baring her feet. She is then conducted by two bishops, one having hold of each of her hands, to the glowing metal. In the mean time, the vaults of the church thunder with the voices of the assembled multitude, who, in loud shouts, call upon the Almighty to save the royal sufferer, and their cries are echoed through the whole city, by the crowds who were unable to gain admittance into the church. She herself ,raising up her eyes to heaven, and walking slowly on, thus makes her prayer: 'O God, who didst save Susannah from the malice of the wicked elders, and the three children from the furnace of fire, save me, for the sake of thy holy servant Swithin, from

the fire prepared for me.' In a word, she is seen to tread upon each of the burning irons, and is not even sensible that she had touched them, but addressing herself to the bishops, who had now led her almost to the end of the church, she exclaims. 'When shall I come to the plough-shares?' They turn round, and shew her that she has already passed them: the lamentations of the multitude then ceasing, the air resounds with acclamations of joy and thanksgiving, still louder than their former prayers had been. The king alone is found overwhelmed with grief, and bathed in tears, lying upon the ground in the choir; to whom Emma being conducted, he begs her forgiveness, in terms of the utmost humility and sorrow, for the injurious suspicions that he had entertained concerning her, and the rigour with which he had treated her. Not content with this, he requires of her, and the bishops there present, to strike him with a wand, which he presents to them. She accordingly gave her son three blows; when, having embraced him, both she and bishop Alwyn were put into full possession of their former rights and property, and ever after enjoyed the royal favour and respect in the degree they merited." *Related also in the Poly-Chronicon of Ranulph Higden.*

THE following popular account of curious service, and which still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person, is thus given in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whitby: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the

conquest of England by William, duke of Normandy, the lord of Ugglebardeby, then called William de Bruce; the lord of Sneton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Allatson, did, on the 16th October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desart place, belonging to the abbot of Whitby: the place's name was Eskdale-side; and the abbot's name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar being very sorely pursued, and dead-run, took in at the chapel door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being put behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door, and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough; but at that time the abbot being in very great favour with the king, removed them out of the sanctuary; whereby they

came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged, but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him. The abbot so doing, the gentlemen came; and the hermit being very sick and weak, said unto them, 'I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me.' The abbot answered, 'They shall as surely die for the same.' But the hermit answered, 'Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.' The gentlemen being present, bade him save their lives. Then said the hermit: 'You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner: That, upon Assension-day, you, or some of you, shall come to the wood of the Stray-heads, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sun-rising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven strout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some for you, with a knife of one penny price; and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid; and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and

service shall cease; and, if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your strout stowers, that they may stand three tides, without removing by the force thereof. Each of you shall do, make, and execute, the said service, at that very hour, every year, except it be full sea at that hour; but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, *Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!* for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you, or yours, shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service; and I request of you to promise, by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you, and you and your successors, as is aforesaid requested; and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man.' Then the hermit said, 'My soul longeth for the Lord; and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words: '*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemptisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen.*' —So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of

December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen." *Charlton's History of Whitby, and Whitby Abbey, p.* 125, 6, 7.

THERE is among the Jews, a law concering jealousy; and the rabbis have written comments upon it, and argue the point with such nicety, that the exact number of minutes is allotted which a married lady may spend with a gentleman, before her husband has any right to suspect her. It is, those precise casuists determine, just as long as it takes to boil an egg, and to swallow it.

J. P. Andrews' Anecdotes, p. 188.

THE Rev. Mr Patten was a very extraordinary character. He had been chaplain to a man of war, and was during many years, curate of Whitstable, at a very small stipend, and used every Sunday to travel, in a butcher's cart, to do duty at another church. Whitstable, lying close to the sea, is very aguish, so that had he been dismissed, it would have been very difficult for the archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the living belonged, to have provided another curate at the same low rate: this he well knew, and presuming upon it, was a great plague to every new primate.

When Dr Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and, among other articles, found great fault with the scanty allowance often paid to curates. Mr Patten, who was there, (though not summoned, as his usual boldness at these meetings, occasioned an order for him to be left out of the list) arose from his seat, and bowing

to the archbishop, said with a loud voice, " I thank your grace." After the charge was over, this troublesome subaltern, bustling through the croud, came up to the metropolitan, who seeing that he could not avoid him, began with the usual question, " You are, sir, I apprehend, curate of Whitstable?" " I am so," returned Mr Patten, " and have received the paltry sum of thirty pounds per annum from your grace's predecessors, for doing the duty of a living which brings in full three hundred." " Don't enlarge, Mr Patten," said the archbishop; " No, but I hope your grace *will*," rejoined the curate.

In his illness, being in extreme distress, archbishop Secker sent him ten guineas by the archdeacon. The dying humorist thanked him sincerely, and, in the style of the age of James I. " Tell the primate," said he, " that now I own him to be a man of God, for I have seen his angels." *G.*

THE following piece of grave advice notwithstanding the great name of the counsellor, will not we think have many followers.

In a fracture of the thigh, " the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong that, notwithstanding the effect of the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I would advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, in order to have them both of one length." *Hippocrates.*

ST CUTHBERT was, in the choice of his se-

pulchre, one of the most mutable and unreasonable saints in the calendar. He died A. D. 686, in a hermitage upon the Farne Island, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before. His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 763, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The Monks fled to Scotland, with what they deemed their chief treasure, the reliques of St Cuthbert. The saint was, however, a most capricious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone-coffin, which landed him at Tillmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swam. It still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tillmouth. From Tillmouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-street, to which the bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a season; and it was in return from thence to

Chester-le-street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immoveable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardilaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said, that the Northumbrian catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulchre, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depositary of so valuable a secret.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those *Entrochi* which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St Cuthbert's beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. *Marmion—Notes, p.* 47, 8, 50.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state, have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth. It is then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamschatskan, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a

cabin which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of cloaths or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin, till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alledged. It is meant to put the person to a trial, whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expence of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an insupportable degree; and for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment he exacts more cloaths and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shews, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out, "*Tana!*"—There! and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

Curiosities of Literature, v. 1, *p.* 288.

Gaming-Houses.—It may be some sort of amusement to present our readers with the following list of officers established in the most notorious gaming-houses, as far back as the year 1731. Since that period, the English nation, having made rapid advances towards improvement in every branch of commerce, the polite arts, and public amusements, the gaming-houses of the present day, the resort of the whole world of fashion, must undoubtedly have banished all persons of the following description, and established themselves on a much more polished and liberal plan:—

1. A commissioner, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night, and the week's account is audited by him, and two others of the proprietors.—2. A director, who superintends the room.—3. An operator, who deals the cards at a cheating game called Faro.—4. Two crowpees, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the bank.—5. Two puffs, who have money given them to decoy others to play.—6. A clerk, who is a check upon the puffs, to see that they sink none of the money that

is given them to play with.—7. A squib, who is a puff of lower rank, and serves at half salary, whilst he is learning to deal.—8. A flasher, to swear how often the bank has been stripped.—9. A dunner, who goes about to recover money lost at play.—10. A waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend in the gaming-room.—11. An attorney, a newgate solicitor.—12. A captain, who is to fight a gentleman that is peevish for losing his money.—13. An usher, who lights gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter.—14. A porter, who is generally a soldier of the foot guards.—15. An orderly man, who walks up and down outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constables.—16. A runner, who is to get intelligence of the justices' meeting.—17. Linkboys, coachmen, chairmen, drawers, or others, who bring the first intelligence of the justices' meetings, or of the constables being out, at half-a-guinea reward.—18. Common bail, affidavit men, ruffians, bravoes, assassins, *multus cum aliis*.

THE following whimsical notice was sent a few days ago to the parish clerk of a town in the west of England:

"Sir, the negotiation respecting the Hymeneal bands being terminated betwixt —— on the one part, and —— on the other, you are hereby requested to cause the preliminaries to be published to-morrow, in the temple, as a prelude to the ratification of the definitive treaty."

Morning Chronicle.

In the cathedral at Saragossa is the tomb of a famous inquisitor; six pillars surround this tomb; to each is chained a Moor, as preparatory to his being burnt. On this St Foix ingeniously observes, if ever the Jack Ketch of any country should be rich enough to have a splendid tomb, this might serve as an excellent model.

Curiosities of Literature, v. 1, p. 281.

The following is a literal copy of a card lately sent to the Grand Allies office in this town:—

"I Willy Woff wishes te naw whe has te de wi the houses at Tantovy, for Jack Steinson leives abuin me and he lifts up the bords every morning wi a pore, and lets his bugs fa down amang ma crowdy."

"Grand alize Offies Newcastle."

The following petition, written by lord Chesterfield, is perhaps the most severe satire that ever was couched in respectful terms, and is recommended as a pattern to the patriots, in all their remonstrances and petitions, to observe the graces.

To the KING'S most excellent Majesty.

The humble petition of Philip, *earl of* Chesterfield, *knight of the most noble order of the garter,*

Sheweth,

That your petitioner, being rendered, by deafness, as useless and insignificant as most of his equals and cotemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to share your majesty's royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled

either to save or to spend, as he shall think proper, more than he can do at present.

That your petitioner, having had the honour of serving your majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate;* that is, leisure, and a large pension.

Your petitioner humbly presumes that he has, at least, a common claim to such a pension. He has a vote in the most august assembly in the world; he has an estate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the same time, (though he says it) an elevation of sentiment, that makes him not only desire, but (pardon, dread sir, you are used to) *insist* upon it.

That your petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to speak advantageously of himself; but, as, after all, some justice is due to one's self, as well as to others, he begs leave to represent, That his loyalty to your majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times; that, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of at least 3000 *undisciplined men,* the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry, your petitioner did not join him, as unquestionably he might have done, had he been so inclined; but, on the contrary, raised *sixteen companies,* of one hundred men each, at the public expence, in support of *your majesty's undoubted right to the imperial crown of these realms;* which distinguished proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your majesty's petitioner is well aware, that your

civil list must necessarily be in a low and languid state, after the various frequent and profuse evacuations which it has of late years undergone; but, at the same time, he presumes to hope, that this argument, which seems not to have been made use of against any other person whatsoever, shall not, in this single case, be urged against him; and the less so, as he has good reasons to believe, that the deficiencies of the pension fund are by no means the last that will be made good by parliament.

Your petitioner begs leave to observe, that a small pension is disgraceful and opprobrious; as it intimates a shameful necessity on one part, and a degrading sort of charity on the other; but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one side, on the other, regard and esteem; which, doubtless, your majesty must entertain in the highest degree for those great personages whose respectable names stand upon your eleemosynary list. Your petitioner, therefore, humbly persuades himself, upon this principle, that less than 3000l. a year will not be proposed to him; if made up gold, the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your petitioner persuades himself, that your majesty will not suspect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence. No, sir, he confesses his own weakness. Honour alone is his object. Honour is dearer to him than life. To honour he has always sacrificed all other considerations; and, upon this generous principle singly, he now solicits that honour, which, in the most shining times, distinguished the greatest men in

Greece, who were fed at the expence of the public. Upon this honour, so sacred to him as a peer, so tender to him as a man, he most solemnly assures your majesty, that, in case you shall be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support and promote, with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst minister can ever suggest to your majesty; but, on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the wisest and best measures that your majesty yourself can ever dictate. And your majesty's petitioner, &c.

Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1775.

A very worthy gentlewoman, who, like many of her sex, thought no great harm in a good bargain from a smuggler, remarked to a few of her friends one evening after supper, that her gin cost only 8s. 6d. a gallon. One of the guests professing that stern sort of *never deviating* sanctity, commonly called Methodism, took the opportunity of sermonizing on the subject, and concluded by saying, the lady had, beyond all doubt, been tempted by the devil. Mr W. who is an equal connoisseur both in gin and joke, replied, though I cannot believe, sir, that our good hostess has been under influence of the devil, yet I really do think she has been tempted by *some bad spirit*. *M. S.*

A Yorkshire baronet extremely fond of trinkets, was diverting the tedium of a Sunday evening, by

admiring in the glass a very beautiful broach, which radiated with uncommon brilliancy from his shirt bosom: Miss S——, who often rallied her friend on his foible, attacked him in the fact, and he, to avoid a direct answer himself, referred to a third person, whether there were not many worse modes of consuming the afternoon of the Sabbath day, especially after having been twice at church. Indeed, sir, replied the referree, I've ever understood there were few better ways for a man to spend the Sunday evening, than by *looking into his own breast.*

M. S.

A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like.

She should be like a town's clock, keep time and regularity; she should not be like a town's clock, speak so loud, that all the town may hear.

She should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to; she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word.

She should be like a snail, keep within her own house; she should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back.

FRUIT seems to have been very scarce in the time of Henry VII. It appears that apples were paid for at a high rate, not less than one or two shillings a piece; that "a red rose," cost two shillings, and that a man and woman had eight shillings and fourpence for strawberries. At the same time the gay arts were not neglected: as for example:

To "a strange taberer," were given sixty-six shillings and eight-pence.

To "a strange tumbler," twenty shillings.

And to "Master Barnard, the blind poete," one hundred shillings. *From an original MS signed by Henry VII. and kept in the Remembrance office.*

NAUDE affirms that linen was so rare in the reign of Charles VII. (who lived about the time of our Henry VI.) that the queen, alone, could boast of *two* shifts.

FIVE holy sisters, buxom, young, and fair,
Were given to fri'r Antonio's pious care.
They edified so fast, 'ere Sol had run
Thro' ten celestial signs, each bore a son.
The friar called to answer these misdeeds,
Them in excuse before the bishop pleads:
Five talents, reverend sir, from heaven are given,
Five more are gained, so well my case hath thriven.
The bishop smiled, and called the fri'r to grace,
For faith it seems 'twas once his lordship's case.
MS.

ABOUT the year 1759, a remarkable adventurer, named Amine or Immen, found his way from India to London. His story, though very curious and interesting, is too well known, to be a proper object for minute narration in this work, and it is only touched upon here, in order to introduce the account of a laughable error into which his ignorance of the English language betrayed him. Although descended from an opulent family, a wild

effort of juvenile patriotism had incited him to work his passage to Britain, in search of military knowledge, and experience. He found his way, after many distresses, to Wapping; he met with still more distresses there; but at length his persevering spirit surmounted all obstacles; he became known and regarded; he received supplies from his father; and he rendered himself master of the science in the pursuit of which he set out. In the hours of his gaiety, the editor, who was introduced to him, has heard him with great humour relate the following tale: On his first landing in Wapping, the landlady desired to know his name; this puzzled him. His own country name, he thought might sound ill in English ears; he therefore determined to give in that appellation by which the sailors had called him during the whole voyage, and which he supposed, though he did not comprehend it, must be entirely applicable to him. So he innocently told the landlady that his name was "Cock-eyed-son-of-a-b-tch," that having been the term bestowed on him, in the ship, by his marine associates. *J. P. Andrews' Anec. p.* 100.

He that fears the Lord of heaven and earth, walks humbly before him, thankfully lays hold of the message of redemption by Jesus Christ, and strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience.—He is sorry with all his soul, when he comes short of his duty. He walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any lust, or known sin: if he falls in the least measure, he is restless till he has made

his peace by true repentance. He is true to his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, sincere in his devotion. He will not deliberately dishonour God, although secure of impunity. He hath his hopes and his conversation in heaven, and dares not do any thing unjustly, be it ever so much his advantage; and all this, because he sees him that is invisible, and fears him because he loves him; fears him as well for his goodness as his greatness.—Such a man, whether he be an episcopalian, or a presbyterian, an independant, or an anabaptist; whether he wears a surplice, or wears none; whether he hears organs, or hears none; whether he kneels at the communion, or for conscience sake stands or sits, he hath the life of religion in him; and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Saviour, and go along with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice, or non-practice of things indifferent.—On the other side, if a man fears not the eternal God, he can commit sin with presumption; drink excessively, swear vainly or falsely, commit adultery, lye, cozen, cheat, break his promise, live loosely, though at the same time he may be studious to practise every ceremony, even to a scrupulous exactness, or may perhaps as stubbornly oppose them. Though such an one should cry down bishops, or presbytery; though he should be rebaptized every day, or declaim against it as heresy; and though he fast all the lent, or feast out of pretence of avoiding superstition: yet, notwithstanding these, and a thousand external conformities, or zeal-

ous oppositions of them, he wants the life of religion. *The sum of religion, written by judge Hale, lord chief justice of England, and found in the closet, amongst his other papers after his decease.*

MANY reasons have been assigned for the earthquake and darkness at the crucifixion, but to me this appears the only rational cause. The blessed Virgin, who always in humility was accustomed to look upon the ground, lifted up her eyes to the cross. Deprived of the light of her eyes, the earth trembled, and the sun hid himself, ashamed to behold superior radiance. *Southey, p. 77. From a Spanish Sermon of an Irish Priest.*

Passing Bell.—THE passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes, one to bespeak the prayers of all good christians for a soul just departing, the other to drive away the evil spirits, who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence perhaps exclusive of the additional labour was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest bell of the church; for that being louder, the evil spirits must go further off to be clear of the sound.

Encyclopædia Britannica.

Family.—Our island can produce in the royal line of Stuart, a race as steadily unfortunate as ever were recorded in history. Their misfortunes have continued with unabated succession, during 390 years.

Robert III. broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive.

James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

James II. was slain by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.

James III. when flying from the flield of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murthered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

James IV. fell in Flodden field.

James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army, at Solway Moss.

Henry Stuart, lord Darnley, was assassinated, and then blown up in his palace.

Mary Stuart was beheaded in England.

James I. and VI. died, not without suspicion of being poisoned by lord Buckingham.

Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

Charles II. was exiled for many years.

James II. lost his crown and died in banishment.

Ann, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favoured servants.

The posterity of James II. have remained wretched wanderers in foreign lands.

J. P. Andrews' Anecdotes, p. 111.

About twenty years ago, some French merchants at Cadiz having received a consignment of leather from one of our manufactories, were much alarmed at seeing the officers of the inquisition enter their houses. They desired to see the leather newly arrived, and having observed that it bore the image of the holy virgin, which was the mark of the manufactory, exclaimed against the profanation. They remarked that the leather being intended to make shoes, the image of the Mother of Christ ran the hazard of being trodden under foot, and therefore confiscated it. The affair was referred to the supreme tribunal at Madrid. The merchants, much alarmed, had recourse to the court, by means of their ambassador. The court and the tribunal received the complaint in the manner it merited. The officers of the inquisition were enjoined not to molest strangers under such trifling pretexts, and the merchants recovered their leather without farther trouble. *Bourgoing's Travels in Spain.*

Letter from the Jews of Spain to those of Constantinople.—Honoured Israelites, health and greeting! Know that the king of Spain by force obliges us to turn christians, and deprives us of our effects, and destroys our synagogues, and works us many other vexations, so that we are altogether confused and uncertain how to act. We therefore intreat you by the law of Moses to give us some assistance, and send us, with all speed, the result of your deliberations to regulate our conduct.

Chamorra, Chief of the Jews in Spain.

The Answer.

Beloved Brethren in Moses,

We have received the letter, in which you have acquainted us with the troubles and misfortunes that oppress you; and we sympathize with you in your sufferings. This is the opinion of the chiefs and rabbis.

You say that the king of Spain by force obliges you to turn christians. Do so, therefore, because you can do nothing else. You say that he deprives you of your effects; make your sons tradesmen, that so by little and little you may deprive them of theirs. You say that he takes away the lives of many of your brethren; make your sons physicians and apothecaries that they may take away theirs also. As they have destroyed your synagogues, make your sons divines and priests that you may destroy theirs; and as they work you many other vexations, make your sons notaries, and lawyers, and councellors; if you follow the advice that we give, you shall well revenge yourselves, and by this submission you will gain wealth and possessions, and we shall see that from being abject and despised you will become respected.

USSUS, Chief of the Jews in Constantinople.

Southey's Letters, p. 271.

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